

THE STIRLING NEWS-ARGUS.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE;
\$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1903.

Vol. XXV, No. 8.

A READY-MADE AD.

—FOR—

READY-MADE MEN AND BOYS

—WHO WEAR—

READY-MADE CLOTHING

We want to introduce you to one of the finest stocks of Ready-To-Wear Clothing ever brought to Stirling. We have gained the reputation of doing well anything we do, and when we concluded to add a Ready-To-Wear Clothing Department to our increasing business, we did that well, and wish to prove it to you if you will give us the opportunity.

The Swallest Overcoats in town at \$5.00 to \$15.00, in all the leading styles. 300 Men's Tweed and Worsted Suits, \$4.00 to \$15.00. 250 Boys' and Children's Suits, \$1.75 to \$6.50. Extra Pants, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00 to \$3.00. Pea Jackets, \$3.50 to \$5.00. Smocks, Overalls, etc. Working Shirts of all descriptions, 25c. to \$1.50.

Look in and see what we are doing at

FRED. T. WARD'S,
YOUR CLOTHIER, FURNISHER & FURRIER.

For Children's Wear.

CLOAKINGS—Eiderdown Curl Cloth, sealette and bear, in white, cream, pink, crimson and grey, price from 50c. to \$1.75 and \$2.50.

In Fur Trimmings we have White and Grey Lamb, Wool Ruching, Swans down, Thibet and Fur Fringes. A very large assortment.

Baby Hoods, in all materials, wool, fur, eiderdown, silk and velvet, 25c. to \$2.50.

Baby Wool Toques, silk trimmed, extra heavy fleeced lining, 50c.

Two only, little boys' White Lamb Caps, \$1.75 were \$2.50.

Children's White Lamb Ruffs and Collars, 75c. and \$1.25.

Children's Wool Boas, 25c. White Wool Shetland Falls, 10c.

Children's White Wool Gloves and Mittens, 15c. and 20c.

Children's Mittens, cardinal, navy and black, 12½c.

Boys' Heavy Ribbed Toques, 35c.

Ladies' and Children's Wool Hoods, colors navy, black and cardinal, 35c.

and 40c.

GROCERIES.

Banner Oats, fancy china bowl with each package, 25c.

All kinds of Breakfast Foods—Oatmeal, Flaked Wheat, Germ Wheat, Force, Malta Vita, Grape Nuts, etc.

A fresh consignment of cakes just arrived. Choice mixed, 3 lbs. for 25c.; Snaps, 4 lbs. for 25c.

Highest price paid for Poultry, Apples, Eggs, and all kinds of produce.

C. F. STICKLE.

NOTE.—A few Men's Heavy Overcoats and Suits to clear at Half Price.

BARGAINS IN Dinner Sets.

All our DINNER SETS are now opened up and they are a fine lot. Sets from \$10.00 up.

Also a fine assortment of 6 and 10 piece BEDROOM SETS from \$2.50 up to \$5.00. These goods have to be seen before you can really appreciate them. Grand value.

CHINA.

The largest assortment, best quality and the lowest price ever offered in Stirling. A look will convince anyone.

Come and see tons of Crockery and China displayed.

JOHN SHAW.

THE NEWS-ARGUS

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS,

To 1st of Jan. 1905, for \$1.00.

Your Opportunity

EXECUTORS' Notice to Creditors

In the matter of the Estate of ELLIAS MCKIM, deceased, it is hereby given pursuant to the Statute that requires that all persons having claims against Elias McKim, late of the Township of Rawdon, in the County of Hastings, yeoman, deceased, who died on the 17th day of November, 1903, are required to deliver or send by post, prepaid, to F. E. Parker, or Peter Graham Sharp, of Rawdon, Stirling, or Earl Halliwell, Esq., of Campbellford, said deceased, their names and addresses, also the amount of their accounts, and full particulars of their claims, and the date when the same (if any) held by them; and that immediately after the 17th day of November, 1903, the said Executrix will have the right to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the claimants, according to the amounts of the claims of which she shall have been received, and that the said executors will be bound to pay for the said assets, or any part thereof, that may be necessary, the notice shall not have been received at the time of such distribution.

1. All persons indebted to the said estate are notified to settle their indebtedness with the executors before the 7th day of November, 1903.

J. EARL HALLIWELL,
Esq.,
Collector for Executors.
Dated the 12th day of October, A.D. 1903.

Our HARNESS and VEHICLES command your attention.

Come and see us.

J. E. DIAMOND,
CAMPBELLFORD.

News-Argus to Jan. 1, '05, \$1.



Special Attention given to Business with Farmers. Advances made at reasonable rates.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.

We accept deposits of One Dollar and upwards and allow interest from day of deposit. Absolute security.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS CONDUCTED.

STIRLING AND MARMORA.

W. M. CHANDLER, Manager.

THE SOVEREIGN BANK OF CANADA.

(Incorporated by Act of Parliament.)

Capital Authorized - - - \$2,000,000.

Capital Paid Up - - - 1,300,000.

Reserve Fund - - - 325,000.

HEAD OFFICE, D. M. STEWART, General Manager.

TORONTO.

"Sterling Hall."

Headquarters for Reliable Goods at Reasonable Prices.

WINTER BUYING.

Buyers of Fall and Winter Goods will find our stock the largest and values the best we have ever offered. Now is the time to prepare for Winter by making selections before stocks and assortments are broken. We invite comparison of stocks and prices.

MEN ADMIRE WOMEN

WHO DRESS WELL!

ALL WELL DRESSED WOMEN WEAR

Priestley's

Dress Goods

The Name Stamped Every 5 Yards.

NONE OTHER GENUINE

BLANKET VALUES.

In both Cotton and Wool Blankets our stock is complete and values unsurpassed.

10/4 Cotton at 75c., 11/4 \$1.00, 12/4 \$1.25.
7 lb. size Wool at \$2.50.

7 lb. size Extra Wool at \$3.00.

Dress Goods Specials.

PRIESTLEY Flaked Goods, Black and White, White on Blue, White on Brown, etc., special at 50c. per doz.

PRIESTLEY's Black Goods in Broadcloths, Cheviots and Venetians, at 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.

White Quilts.

Bed Spreads—a full and complete line of excellent values.

Canadian made Quilts at 65c., \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

English Satin Quilts at \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50.

FLANNELETTE VALUES.

Extra Heavy Flannelette Shirting, in dark patterns, regular 12½c. for 10c.
29 inch Flannelette, in light and dark patterns, at 5c. yd.

36 inch Heavy Flannelettes, at 8c. yd.

FURS.

MEN'S FUR COATS—See this line. Our assortment is large and varied and includes Saskatchewan, Buffalo, Imitation Persian Lamb, Russian Dog, Wolverine, Kangaroo, Bulgarian Lamb, Indian Buffalo, Russian Calf, Coon, etc. Prices, \$15, \$18, \$20, \$22, \$25, \$35, \$40, \$60.

LADIES' JACKETS AND CAPERINES.

Astrachan and Bokharan at \$15.00 to \$50.00.
Bulgarian and Persian Lamb Combinations at \$30.00.

Electric Seal Jackets, \$30 to \$35. Greenland Seal Jackets, \$30 to \$35. Special value in full-sized Caperines, in various furs and combinations at \$10.

SPECIAL FUR ORDERS.—We give particular attention to orders for High Class Furs, made to special measure, both ladies' and gentlemen's, in Persian Lamb, Seal, etc. If you wish to secure the highest possible qualities in style, make and finish, at the lowest possible cost—consult us.

CHILDREN'S CLOAKINGS.

It is important in this line to procure proper styles in the best make at right prices. We have them here in fancy and plain cloths at \$5, \$7, \$8, Remnants in Curl Cloths, \$1.25 yd. \$10, \$12.50 to \$15.

LADIES' WINTER COATS.

It is important in this line to procure proper styles in the best make at right prices. We have them here in fancy and plain cloths at \$5, \$7, \$8, Remnants in Curl Cloths, \$1.25 yd. \$10, \$12.50 to \$15.

MEN'S WANTS.

Heavy Etoffe Pants at \$1.25 and \$1.50.
Wet Stop Reefs at \$1.90, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00.

Lined Smocks, made of Heavy Mole and full canton lined, special, \$1.25.

Cardigan Jackets, of British manufacture, in all sizes, at \$1.00 to \$2.50.

Winter Caps, fur lined, for 75c. Top Shirts, in all makes, at 35c. to \$1.25.

Gloves, silk lined, wool lined, fur lined, at 50c. to \$2.00 pair.

Fancy China and Lamps.

We have just opened out a few dainty lines of Fancy China, Fancy Glass, Jardinières, Vases, Lamps and Dinner Sets. The goods and prices will please you. See the special Fancy Lamp we sell at 75c.—it's a dollar value.

FEATHERS—We buy any quantity of Turkey, Chicken, Duck and Goose Feathers. Prices on application.

POULTRY—Will ship Live Poultry from station on Nov. 18th and 27th. Turkeys will not be taken alive before Nov. 27th. For particulars enquire here or of T. J. Thompson, Spring Brook.

W. R. MATHER,

Direct Importer of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods.

N. B.—Gentlemen requiring suits or other garments pressed and cleaned can leave them here and have the work attended to in the best manner at most reasonable charges.

NOTICE.

Having leased the late John A. Joyce's Blacksmith stand for a term of years, I am now prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmith Work and Repairing. Trusting to see all of my old customers and as many new ones as see fit to give me a call.

MASSEY-HARRIS IMPLEMENTS in connection. JOHN A. FRENCH, Salesman.

N. LANKTREE, Massey-Harris Agent.

Farm for Sale.

A fifty acre farm, known as the McConnell Homestead, situated in the immediate vicinity of Springbrook. Upon the premises are a good frame house, frame barn, and frame implement and other outbuildings. The place is well watered, and within one-half mile of church and three-quarters of a mile of school.

Sale on easy terms, and possession given on receipt of purchase money.

For particulars apply on the premises to MANLEY McCONNELL, Springbrook P. O.

Flour and Feed.

Although the prices on these goods have advanced considerably, we are prepared to supply you with different grades at very reasonable prices.

CROCKERY.

Among the newest arrivals in this line are some very pretty TEA SETS.

JARDINIERES, FANCY JUGS, TOILET SETS, etc.

TEAS.

We are keeping up our reputation for having the best 25c. Japan Tea in town.

Are paying 50c. for Eggs.

FRESH OYSTERS in stock.

S. HOLDEN.

STRONGER THAN DEATH OR A RANSOMED LIFE

CHAPTER XVI.

The sportsmen passed on. Ardel still chatting gaily, as if nothing had happened, and Wickham rousing himself to anger. As Harry and Lucy moved more slowly through the pine woods, the voices in front gradually died away in the distance. She was still pale and faint from the shock of Ardel's danger, and in a frank sisterly fashion, she took Trevor's hand for support. At the touch of her hand, the great passion that underlay all his thoughts, his life itself, wailed up tumultuously, raging against all barriers of reason. Her mere presence close beside him thrilled him with unutterable rapture; he knew not why or how. Love and hope and fear filled his soul with tumult. One moment his heart throbbed with ecstasy at the thought of winning her for his own—but the next came the dread pain of loss: the yielding of her to another chilling him to the very marrow of his bones.

Yet, by the fierce strain of his strong will, he kept his passion under.

"How lightly he laughs at death," he said; for even yet the faint echoes of Ardel's laughter reached them on the still air.

"Is it not strange?" she answered, "Eve—your mother, I mean—has often told me that to the Dr. Ardel of the old days the mere thought of death was an abiding horror. There are two Ardels, unlike in everything except mere outward form.

"Which Ardel do you love best, Lucy?" he asked abruptly. She looked up at him in surprise. "Don't talk of love, like a good boy. Oh, if you knew, even for an hour, the Dr. Ardel I once knew, you could not ask that question!"

"If he could come to you again, and loved you?" he began eagerly; but checked himself, as he met her startled eyes.

"The real Dr. Ardel is dead," she answered softly, after a pause, speaking rather to herself than to him; "only his body lives. It's too sad to talk of. Do you know, Harry, you sometimes strangely remind me of him, in thought and word? Did no one ever tell you this before?"

"No, Lucy; and I am glad to hear it first from you. It gives me courage to say what I have got to say. I want you to let that resemblance plead for me. You cannot know how I love you; with a love that is more than half my being. My soul is weak with longing. I feel that you are the best part of my life, and lacking you, I must die."

She stopped short, dismayed, as this fervent declaration reached her, trembling and growing pale and red by turns, at the intensity of the man's passion in his words and voice.

But when she looked again at the boyish face of the young lad who spoke so earnestly, a half-amused smile dimpled her cheeks, and sparkled for a moment in her blue eyes.

"My dear Harry," she said very gently, "is it as bad with you as all that? I thought you had more sense. I thought you had clean forgotten this folly. But all boys are the same, I suppose. So you want to marry your grandmother, and this is the 'great love' of your life; your long life of eighteen years. I suppose you think yourself in earnest, my poor boy, and I must not laugh at you."

Her playful words stung him to the soul. He felt how true they seemed; how powerless he was to dispute their truth; and all the time he knew how false.

He stood for a moment, abashed and dumb, before her, looking the foolish schoolboy that she thought him.

"Oh!" he cried at last, "how I wish I could make you understand!" "Understand what?" she asked; and there was no reply.

Then she looked at him pityingly. Foolish as she thought it, his pain was very real.

"My dearest Harry," she said, "I don't doubt you believe all you say for the moment, most boys begin like that, I am told. Presently you will meet some nice girl of your own

age, and you will laugh together, and I will laugh with you, over this folly about an old maid."

He grew desperate. "Lucy," he cried, and again the earnestness of his voice thrilled her, "can you really think me a raw schoolboy, who doesn't know his own mind? Cannot you understand?"

"What is there to understand?" she repeated, more and more puzzled over the wildness of his words. "You are not like other boys. Sometimes you almost cheat me into the belief that I am talking to a man, not merely wise, but older than myself. But I cannot long forget that you are in truth, a boy scarce half my age—a boy whom I dangled on my knee when Dr. Ardel first brought me to Lavella, fifteen years ago."

"But is there no hope for me, even if—I am the age the only obstacle? Answer me this one question, Lucy. Do you still love Dr. Ardel?"

She blushed softly. "Is this fair, Harry?"

But he was too fiercely in earnest to care.

"Answer me! answer me!" he cried; "my whole life hangs on your answer."

The strange power his earnestness gave him, in spite of his youth, had its way with her.

"Do you still love Dr. Ardel?" he persisted. She was the schoolgirl now, and he was the master.

"I hardly know," she answered musingly. "Sometimes the mere sight of him seems to revive the feelings of long ago, and tender thoughts and memories storm my heart. But, at a word or a laugh, the feeling passes as swiftly as it came. Often and often I mourn for my dead love. But it is in truth dead. There is no one living whom I like better than yourself, Harry, if you would only not spoil our friendship. There is Jeannette."

"But Jeannette loves Ardel?" She noticed the strange eagerness in his voice.

"Sometimes I half fear she does; but his age frightens her. It is all a terrible tangle now. But if you chose Jeannette, may—" Lucy never; that can never be. Yet still there may be a way found out of this maze, and happiness at the end for all."

"And you will forget this folly, Harry?"—very earnestly.

"My love is part of my life," he answered slowly; "it can only cease with my life. I can wait and hope; I cannot change, dare not despair. When I next speak to you, perhaps—"

"Never, never, never, you poor mad boy. Cannot you see that every day that goes by this folly becomes more foolish? I cannot, I will not have your young life wrecked by such madness."

"You have no choice in this, Lucy, and I have no choice. So long as you are free I must strive to win you. Strange as it may seem to you what you have said just now has given me new hope. I must see Ardel at once. Don't look frightened. I shall tell him no secrets of yours. Oh! if the past could be recalled!" The last words were muttered under his breath, as if forced from him by a sudden pang of torturing remorse, and did not reach her ears.

A brief space they walked on in silence. Then Trevor lightly touched on some outside topic, and she answered, shyly at first, for her heart was still in a tumult. But presently their talk glided smoothly into familiar channels. Was it altogether chance that, over and again, some stray turn of thought—a phrase—brought her memory back to that summer evening long ago, when she and Ardel walked for the first and last time together under the trees at Lavella?

They parted at the great stone steps, and Lucy in her room, alone, repented of that pleasant walk, and cast about for means to end his folly, half fearing for her own heart, till, with a sudden trembling, it came upon her that she had found

the desperate remedy she sought, and she wept bitterly at finding it.

Meanwhile, Harry Trevor, passing round to the court-yard, found Ardel in pleased contemplation of a great pile of slaughtered game that had been emptied from the carts.

"Seventy-five brace to my own gun—not a bad bit of shooting," he said complacently as he ran his arm through Trevor's and turned with him towards the house.

"Can I have a word or two with you, old chap, to make fun of a fellow. She's sixteen and I'm forty-seven. There are thirty strong reasons why: she's a young girl and I'm an old man."

Harry Trevor winced again at the word "old."

"Well," he said slowly, "what cannot be cannot be, I suppose. But there are other women of a more suitable age. There's Miss Ray, for example."

"Don't chaff. There is only one woman in the world for me. It is her or nobody, and that spells nobody. Don't laugh at me, Harry, like decent fellow, but I feel as if Lucy Ray was years older than I am. Instead of years younger, I seem to have a kind of dream of another life, when I was a wee chap, and she was a grown woman, and read fairy tales to me. I'm sometimes more than half afraid of her, I cannot help it. I fear I must be a little mad," he wound up ruefully.

"Look at things from the bright side, not the black"—he had brightened up wonderfully himself. "Have you never said a word of all this to Jeannette?"

"Never, and never will. It would be too absurd."

"Why not, at least, give her the chance to choose?"

"Look here, Harry; whatever I am I hope I'm not a cad, and that would be the act of a cad. I don't believe she cares two straws about me in that way, but if I thought she did, all the more reason for saying nothing—for going clean away out of this. It would be mean to take advantage of her youth. Why, I'll be an old man without hair or teeth when she is still a young girl."

"You put it unpleasantly, Vivian." Harry answered with a grim smile, "but you put it straight. I agree husband and wife should grow to old age together—yet—"

"There is no 'yet' about it. I feel now I ought to cut and run out of temptation, but I feel, too, as if I could not live out of her sight. I haven't pick enough in me to try."

"Vivian," said Trevor after a long pause, and the intense earnestness of his voice fixed the other's attention at once, "believe me there is hope for you even yet. I am glad you spoke out so freely. It helps me in what I may have to say to you, when I can find strength and courage. I have a secret to tell, and a choice to offer—a grim secret; a strange choice that may utterly change both our lives, but it will be for you to choose."

Ardel looked at him, utterly mystified, with wide-open eyes and lips apart.

"I don't know in the least what you mean, Harry, but nothing you can say, nothing you can do, can give me the love of Jeannette or the right to take it."

"Don't be too sure, even of that," the other answered, and passed from the room abruptly, leaving Ardel still utterly bewildered. But he pulled himself together quickly, for no trouble troubled him long.

At luncheon he was again the gayest of the gay, chatting and laughing with Jeannette in the volatile exuberance of youth, as if no serious thought had ever touched him in all his life.

(To be continued.)

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(To be continued.)

KEEPING FLOORS WHITE.

An unpainted wood floor should never be touched with soap or soapy water, as this darkens it and dulls the clearness. If the floors are darkened or very dirty, sharp sand should be thrown over it, wetting with a few quarts of water. Then with stubby brooms nearly worn out, scour hard the way of the grain. Do not stand until the sand bites into the wood, then dash with little water at a time to get the sand up. Sweep it into the dustpan and pour it into a pail. Use a newer broom for this.

Trevor laughed, outright at him. "Jealous!" he said. "Well, you need not be; she's ten times as much with you, and ten times as happy in your company."

"Oh! yes, I know. We get on pretty well together, sometimes," the other answered with lover's modesty.

"She often seems to forget how old I am, and I generally manage to get it myself, till all of a sudden I catch her looking at me in a half-frightened kind of way, and I know right well what she is thinking of. I might have a chance, perhaps, if I were not an old man, but—why, Harry, I'm at least three times as old as she is."

"Not quite," the other answered curtly. He did not seem to like the topic of Ardel's age.

"Well, you know what I mean. It's a lie to say 'a man is as young as he feels.' In that case I'd be under twenty; I feel like a boy. I love to be with young people, and do what they do, and get laughed at for my pains."

"You know, Harry, I sometimes feel quite miserable about it? I'd like to be young. I feel as if I never had any real youth."

Trevor started off to speak, but thought better of it.

"Well, I suppose I was young once like everybody else, but I have the least remembrance of it."

"Not the least?"

"Sometimes I have the queerest notion. I seem to remember in a vague, misty kind of way, as if it were, about somebody else, that I was a little kid called Harry, and that is nonsense, of course. But it stops there. I have tried till my head ached to get a glimpse into the past, to really remember you, a little boy, teaching me a big man, to read words of one syllable. That tells me I was a wonderful lesser once upon a time, that I was a great doctor, we made all sorts of discoveries, and saved people's lives. Lucy especially is always trying to recall those days, but they have gone clean out of my head. I'm nothing now but a blundering dunder, with the brains of a schoolboy, and to crown all I must needs fall head over heels in love with a schoolgirl, whom I can never marry, of course."

"Alps DEATH TOLL."

Never in the history of the Alps have death and disaster been common on the mountains as during the present season. Over 300 accidents have occurred, resulting in the loss of no fewer than 150 lives.

Some weeks ago an lecturer, being unable to fulfill an engagement at a certain town, wired: "Impossible to come to-night; give the audience back their money." He received the following reply: "We have given the audience back their money, and he has gone home perfectly satisfied."

Mother: "Tommy, what's the matter?" Tommy: "I'm crying because I'm eating my cake and won't give it back." Mother: "Is it your own cake finished?" Tommy: "Yes, I'm, and I cried while I was eating it, that's all."

Some weeks ago an lecturer, being unable to fulfill an engagement at a certain town, wired: "Impossible to come to-night; give the audience back their money." He received the following reply: "We have given the audience back their money, and he has gone home perfectly satisfied."

THE PIG'S DEATH TOLL.

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THE PIG'S FOOD.

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THE WORLD'S MARKETS.

REPORTS FROM THE LEADING TRADE CENTRES.

Prices of Cattle, Grain, Cheese, and Other Dairy Produce at Home and Abroad.

Toronto, Nov. 8.—Wheat—The market is quiet, with offerings limited. No. 2 white and red winter quoted at 77¢ to 78¢ low. No. 2 Spring is quoted at 76 to 77¢ east, and No. 2 goose at 70 to 71¢ east. Manitoba wheat is dual. At upper lake ports No. 1 Northern is quoted at 89¢, and No. 2 Northern at 84¢. No. 1 hard normal at 92¢.

Oats—The market is firm, with offerings moderate. No. 2 white is quoted at 29¢ west, and at 29¢ to 29¢ low freight to New York. No. 1 white, 30¢ west.

Bailey—The demand is moderate, with offerings fair. No. 2 quoted at 43 to 44¢ middle freights, and No. 3 extra, 42¢ middle freights, and No. 3 at 41¢ east.

Rye—The market is quiet, with prices steady at about 50¢ high freights, and at 51¢ east.

Peas—Trade is dull and prices unchanged. No. 2 white quoted at 61 to 61¢ high freights, and at 63¢ east.

Corn—The market is quiet, with prices steady. No. 2 yellow American is quoted at 54¢ on track, Toronto; No. 3 yellow at 54¢, and No. 3 mixed at 53¢ Toronto.

Buckwheat—The market is firm, with quotations 41 to 42¢ at outside points.

Flour—Ninety per cent. patents are firm at \$10.30 middle freights. In buyers' sacks, for export. Straight rollers of special brands for domestic trade quoted at \$3.40 to \$3.55 in bbls. Manitoba flours are steady: No. 1 patents, \$4.50 to \$4.75; No. 2 patents, \$4.20 to \$4.45, and strong bakers', \$4.15 to \$4.30 on track.

Milled—Bran steady at \$16, and shorts at \$18 here. At outside points bran is quoted at \$14, and shorts at \$17. Manitoba bran, in sacks, \$18 and shorts at \$20 here.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Milwaukee, Nov. 8.—Wheat—The low;er, No. 1 Northern, 85¢; No. 2 Northern, 82 to 88¢; December, 80¢. Rye—Firm, No. 1, 57¢. Barley—No. 2, 65¢; sample, 42 to 62¢. Corn, December, 44¢.

Buffalo, Nov. 8.—Flour—Firm. Wheat—Spring quiet; No. 1 Northern, 86¢; Winter, nothing doing. Corn—Strong; No. 2 yellow, 51 to 51¢; No. 2 corn, 49¢. Oats—Steady; No. 2 white, 41¢; No. 2 mixed, 38¢. Barley—52 to 64¢. Rye—No. 1 on track, 61¢. Canola—Steady.

St. Louis, Nov. 8.—Wheat—Cash 86¢. December 87¢. May 82¢.

Minneapolis, Nov. 3.—Wheat—December, 80¢; May, 78¢ to 79¢; on track, No. 1 hard, 83¢; No. 1 Northern, 82¢; No. 2 Northern, 80¢; No. 3 Northern, 74 to 76¢. Flour—First patents, \$4.60 to \$4.70; first clears, \$3.40 to \$3.50; second clears, \$2.60 to \$2.70. Bran—in bulk, \$18.25.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—The demand is chiefly for choice qualities of dairy and creamery prices of which rule firm. Other grades quiet and steady. We quote: Finest 1-in. rolls, 18 to 19¢; selected dairy tubs, 16 to 17¢; secondary grades, 13 to 15¢; creamery prints, 21¢ to 22¢; solids, 19 to 20¢.

Eggs—The market is firm, with sales of hens at 17 to 18¢. Fresh are quoted at 20 to 21¢.

Cheese—Market is quiet, with prices steady. We quote: Finest, 11¢ to 12¢ per lb. and seconds, 11¢.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Apples—The market is quiet, with no change in prices. Winter fruit quoted at \$2 and \$2.50 per bbls. in car lots, and at \$2.50 to \$3 in small quantities.

Beans—There is a quiet trade, with prices steady. Unpicked, \$1.75 to \$1.80 a bushel, and hand-picked \$2 to \$2.15.

Honey—The market is quiet at 6 to 6½ per lb. for bulk, and at \$1.25 to \$1.50 for comb. Choice clover honey 7 to 7½ per lb.

Hay—Demand fair, with receipts only moderate. No. 1 is quoted at \$0.50 to \$1.00 on track, Toronto.

Hay—The market is quiet at 35¢ to \$5.50 per ton for car lots on track.

Hops—The market is quiet, with this season's crop quoted at 20 to 25¢.

Potatoes—The offerings are fair, but quality as a rule bad. Quotations 50 to 53¢ per bag the latter for choice stock.

Poultry—The market is steady; turkeys quoted at 10 to 12¢ per lb. in case lots; geese 64 to 73¢ per lb.; ducks, 8 to 9¢; chickens, 8 to 9¢, and fowls 6 to 7¢ per lb.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, Nov. 8.—Manitoba wheat has eased off a little, and is now quoted at 83¢ for No. 1 Northern 78¢; No. 2 Northern and 74¢ for No. 3 Northern, ex store. Fort William early November delivery. The continued cold weather causes a farm feeling in butter, cheese and eggs, though there is no quotable advance as yet. Chickens are a little easier, though turkeys are still scarce and firm. Grain—Wheat, 62¢ high freight; 72¢ above hard rye, 58¢ east, 58¢ about here; buckwheat, 58¢; oats, No. 2, 34¢ in store, and 32¢ to 34¢ about; flaxseed, \$1.15 on track here; No. 3 barley, 56¢. Flour—Manitoba patents, \$4.80; seconds, \$4.50; strong bakers, \$4.25 to \$4.50; Ontario straight rollers, \$3.90; \$3.75; rolled oats, \$1.80 per bag, \$1.80 per bbl. Fresh—Manitoba bran, \$17 to \$18; shorts, \$8 per bag included; Ontario bran in bulk, \$15.50 to \$16.50; shorts in bulk, \$20.50 to \$21.50. Beans—Choice prunes, \$1.60 to \$1.624 per bushel in car lots. Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut, \$20.50; compound refined

lard, 8¢; pure pork, \$20.50 to \$21; candle short cut, \$20.50 to \$21; Canadian bacon, 8¢ to 10¢; kettle rendered, 10 to 12¢; ham, 12¢ to 14¢; bacon, 14 to 15¢; fresh killed abattoir hogs, \$7.50 to \$7.75. Eggs—Candied selected, 22¢; and straight receipts, 19¢; Ontario, 11¢ to 11½¢; Townships, 10½¢; Quebec, 10¢ to 10½¢. Butter—Townships creamery, 21¢; Quebec, 20¢; Western dairy, 16¢.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Toronto, Nov. 8.—Exporters' cattle of choice quality were scarce at the market to-day. Medium and rough animals of this class were mostly offered, and all were sold at prices ranging from \$4 to \$4.50 per cwt.

Many loads of distillery feeders were brought forward, and in these was the most of the business transacted. Values held steady, but the heavy offerings had a widening effect on the quotations.

Several consignments of light and poorly finished exporters were sold as shortkeep feeders, there being many buyers from a distance on the market. The lighter class of feeders and stockers also were in demand, and many loads were shipped out to various parts of the country. Little change in the values of these was reported.

Choice butchers' held up well in price, the offerings being limited, and the enquiry active. Medium to fair grades also continued fairly steady, while the rougher classes were plentiful, and hard to sell above a certain price. Many lots of these were held over till the next market.

Liberal receipts of sheep and lambs were reported, and the values of the latter had a tendency to go down a little. Calves were unchanged.

Numbers of buyers were on the market looking for milch cows, and choice ones would have brought good figures. The buyers said that the quality of what was on sale did not average up well, and that not enough good cows to supply the demand were received.

Receipts broke all previous records. They amounted to 138 cars, 2,024 cattle, 4,006 sheep and lambs, 2,454 hogs, and 151 calves.

Prices for exporters' ranged from \$4 to \$4.50 per cwt., while \$4.65 was given as the nominal top price of anything really choice.

Little change was reported in the values of butchers', choice grades of which were in good demand. Quotations follow: Good to choice butchers', loads of 950 to 1,150 lbs., \$3.75 to \$4.25; fair to good, \$3.25 to \$3.75; common, \$2.50 to \$3.15; canners and rough stock, \$1.50 up. Export bulls sold at \$3.75 to \$4.25 per cwt.

Export cows were quoted at \$3.65 to \$3.85 per cwt.

Feeders and stockers continued in demand. A number of light and unfinished exporters sold as shortkeep at \$4 per cwt. We quote as follows: Feeders, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs., \$3.25 to \$3.75; choice stockers, 700 to 800 lbs., \$2.50 to \$3.75; export bulls sold at \$3.75 to \$4.25 per cwt.

Calves were quoted at \$2 to \$10 each and 4 to 5¢ per lb.

Hogs advanced 10¢ per cwt., and the market closed steady. Wm. Harris received 2,000. We quote as follows: Selects, 160 to 200 lbs., of prime bacon quality, off cuts, \$5.50; fats and lard, \$5.25; sows, \$3.75 to \$4; stags, \$2 to \$3 per cwt.

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FELL FROM MAST.

Wheelsman on C.P.R. Liner Meets Instant Death.

An Owen Sound despatch says: Mrs. Emma Booth-Tucker, widow of Commander Booth Tucker, and second daughter of William Booth, founder of the Army, was killed in the wreck of the eastbound California train, No. 2, near Dean Lake, Mo., 85 miles east of Kansas City, at ten o'clock on Wednesday night. Col. Thomas C. Holland, in charge of the Salvation Army at Amity, Colo., was fatally injured. Fifteen others were more or less seriously hurt. The dead and injured were taken to Fort Madison, Iowa. Mrs. Booth-Tucker was rendered unconscious, and died within half an hour after being injured. Her skull was fractured, and she was injured internally. Mrs. Booth-Tucker was on her way from the colony to Amity, Colo., to Chicago, where she was to meet her husband to-day.

UNCLE SAM ON THE LAKES.

Will Have Formidable Fleet of Revenue Cutters.

A despatch from Washington to the Chicago Record-Herald says: A formidable fleet of revenue cutters is to be maintained upon the great lakes. Not long ago the old Michigan was the only Government vessel upon those waters. Now, however, the United States has the Tuscarora, the Morris, and the Dallas upon the lakes, and to this fleet will soon be added the Mackinaw. The Tuscarora is to be assigned to Lakes Superior and Michigan, the Morris to Huron and Erie, the Dallas to Ontario, and the Mackinaw to the Great Lakes' anchorage as station ship.

The fleet will be augmented as fast as available appropriations will permit, it being the purpose of the Government to have American interests protected, especially by means of recent developments, which indicate that the Canadians will attempt a stricter enforcement of their laws.

At the question of boundary is involved in most of the cases, and as the Canadians are quick to fire upon American vessels, it is deemed imperative that our force of revenue cutters should be augmented until it is adequate to grant prompt protection to all American ships upon the great lakes.

BIG WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Quebec and Lake St. John Rail-way Shipments.

A Montreal despatch says: The Quebec and Lake St. John Railway last week carried over 600 cars of lumber and pulp to Quebec, and the business from the Lake St. John region shows an increase of more than 50 per cent. over last year.

WELCOME TO AYLESWORTH

Canadian Commissioner Calmly Explains Alaska Decision.

A Toronto despatch says: Those worthy Canadians who have made the unfortunate result of the Alaskan boundary award an occasion for denunciation of England, had their answer on Monday night at the mouth of Mr. A. H. Aylesworth, K.C., who, in a speech lasting an hour and a half, couched in the most temperate language, thoughtful, logical, even judicial, a speech that from its literary quality was a masterpiece of English, a speech eloquent and convincing in delivery, elucidated his view of the Alaskan award, explained his action and that of Sir Louis Jette, and finished by an impassioned glorification of the Motherland, and of the good old Union Jack, which should be the pride and boast of every Canadian.

Said the Canadian commissioner at the banquet tendered by the Canadian Club in his honor: "It would be a sad day indeed if from any failing of childish resentment we should say, This is the end, or this is the weakening of British connection."

Those ties which, in the eloquent words of Burke, 'though light as air,' are still, thank Heaven, strong as iron. Surely they are strong enough to stand the strain of even many Alaskan awards. Two thousand years ago it was the pride and glory of a man to be able to say 'Cui Romanus Sum.' So we, met here under the folds of the British Empire."

To such eloquent, loyal, and patriotic words, the assemblage gave most enthusiastic assent, and the distinguished Canadian who said them was greeted with a spontaneous outburst of cheers.

The banquet, which was attended by about 350, was held in the European dining-room of the King Edward, the president of the Canadian Club, Mr. A. Bruce Macdonald, in the chair, on his right Mr. Aylesworth, and on his left Hon. Thos. Hodges, K.C.

The address of Mr. Aylesworth was first with the pleasant nature of the associations with the other members of the tribunal, especially with Lord Alverstone. He then spoke of the peculiar constitution of the tribunal, likening it to the submission of a lime fence dispute between two farmers to a board of six composed of three sons of each farmer. In such a case there would be an inevitable bias on the part of each of the members of the Board of Adjudication. He spoke of the distinct provision of the treaty that the tribunal should be an adjudication, not an arbitration, and when he and Sir Louis Jette thought that they had taken the course that was forced upon them by their feelings of duty to themselves and to the people of Canada.

Mr. Aylesworth then discussed the three questions in dispute, what was Portland Channel, what was meant by the coast, and what mountains were meant in the treaty in 1825, showing why he thought the decision was not based on the evidence offered.

In taking the step they had taken the Canadian commissioners had not acted impetuously, but with the fullest realization of the responsibility of their act, he said. After denying in the strongest terms the many newspaper reports alleging personal conflict between the members of the tribunal, after emphatically stating that the relations between the commissioners were most cordial from beginning to end, and after a high compliment to the counsel who presented the British case, Mr. Aylesworth urged the award as graciously as possible.

Then after a vigorous repudiation of the cock and bull story that there would be no British flags at the banquet, the speaker uttered the eloquent and patriotic oration which has already been quoted.

It was drawn up to the mast, which is of wood, snapped off close to the stem lower mast. His skull was crushed. Currie came from near Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., and joined the crew of the Manitoba last spring. A sister resides here.

C.P.R. LAYS OFF MEN.

Complaints of Unusual Number Dismissed.

A Montreal despatch says: A larger number of men than usual off this time of year were laid off on Monday by the C.P.R. at the Don-Lorimier shops in this city. As a result complaints are made from the men. It seems, however, that the company is merely pursuing a course of economy, and that the action applies more to the men than to other parts of the system.

S. H. Corser was found drunk on the street at Hamilton on Saturday, and taken to the police station, where he died on Sunday morning.

CREAMERIES IN THE WEST

A NUMBER UNDER GOVERNMENT CONTROL.

A Large Increase in the Output of Butter This Year.

Owing to the necessity of breaking the new land, the lack of capital and the distance from markets, many settlers in the North West naturally find the first few years rather trying.

In order to assist the pioneer farmers to keep a few dairy cows which yield a modest cash income monthly, the Dairy Division of the Dominion Department of Agriculture several years ago established a number of creameries under government control.

At the present time there are eighteen creameries of this sort in operation in the Territories, situated at Calgary, Innisfail, Edmonton, Tindstell, Wetaskiwin, Red Deer, Blackfalds and Lacombe in the Territory of Alberta, at Churchbridge, Moose Jaw, Whitewood, Regina, Moosomin, Saltcoats, South Qu'Appelle and Grenfell in the Territory of Assiniboin, and at Prince Albert in the Territory of Saskatchewan.

Three creameries formerly managed were closed by the Department in 1902, owing to the lack of sufficient patronage.

The failure of the farmers in these districts to support the creameries does not appear to arise from any lack of confidence in the dairy business, but simply because they are in a position to go into stock raising and grain growing, and because they prefer the latter means of livelihood.

The changes of the past few years have altered the aspect of farming operations in many parts of the Northwest. Last year five carloads of butter from the government creameries were exported to Great Britain, one carload was sold to Queensland, Australia, and shipments were also made to China, Japan and the Yukon.

The remainder was disposed of in local and British Columbia markets.

Up to Oct. 1st of this year the output of butter from the Government creameries exceeded that of last year by

RIOT AT NIAGARA FALLS

Militia Mount Guard in Park to Protect Works.

A Niagara Falls despatch says:

What appears likely to develop into the most serious labor trouble yet experienced on the Canadian power workers began on Monday morning when several hundred laborers, chiefly Polos, Hungarians and Italians, refused to work because the contractors had posted notices stating that the pay of laborers in the future would be only 15 cents an hour instead of 17 cents as in the past.

Nearly all the power work is situated in the Township of Stamford, and the contractors and power companies appealed to Rose Depew for protection. The rebels swore in many constables, but public sentiment rather longed for a calling out of troops in order that the riotous foreigners might be made to keep within the law.

This sentiment developed very strongly during the afternoon, and at six o'clock on Monday evening a meeting of the various contractors and representatives of the several power companies was held in the office of Superintendent James Wilton of Victoria Park. At this meeting it was agreed that the strike was most serious, and it was decided to make a requisition on Col. Cruckshank, of the 44th Battalion, for military protection. This requisition was accordingly made.

From the fact that the labor troubles are located in Victoria Park, the contractors and power companies feel they are doubly sure of being well protected from the mob, as their growth grows more unruly.

When Col. Cruckshank received the requisition for troops he issued orders to Capt. Coulson, of Company No. 1, of the 44th Battalion, to proceed to the wharf of the Canadian Niagara Power Company with fifty men. They arrived there at midnight. The Drummondville Rifle Corps, Capt. Mitchell in charge, was ordered out, and went on duty in the park at midnight. Reports from the park at midnight were to the effect that all was quiet.

FIFTEEN MEN KILLED.

Terrible Accident to an Excursion Train.

A Indianapolis despatch says:

Fifteen persons were killed and more than fifty injured, some fatally, on Saturday morning by a collision between a special passenger train on the Big Four Railroad and a freight engine hauling coal cars. The accident happened at the edge of this

train. The passenger train of twelve coaches was carrying nine hundred and forty-five persons, nearly all of whom were students of Purdue University and the friends bound for Lafayette to Indianapolis for the annual football game between the Purdue team and the Indiana University team.

At the time of the accident, the coach containing the Indiana team was leading the train, and the Purdue team was following.

When the train reached the edge of the track, the Purdue team was leading, and the Indiana team was following.

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The Treasure of Laguna Cave

The Story of Jennie Ratche's Luck.

By Charles Fleming Embree

WHERE a canyon opens on half bowl-like to the sea in Laguna, a tiny place far from a rail road. There the beach is terminated on either hand by rocks, and on them the wild Pacific rends its breast; or here lies buried in warm sand like a cap upon heart.

From El Toro the stage came rattling through the canyon at dusk, and deposited Harrison Ratcher and wife at the largest of those wooden houses that face the beach. On the porch was a sign "Rooms for Rent."

They, an eager young couple, entered a large living apartment; and Mrs. Miggs sat there knitting. In a corner, bent over a table, whereupon were cards which told the hours of high and low tide, sat a very old man.

"Here we are again!" cried Jennie Ratcher. "Just as last year, and ready for another vacation. How is the crop of abalones?"

She gave Mrs. Miggs an enthusiastic kiss.

"You see," said Ratcher, "we're glad to get out of Los Angeles and the curio store, that we want to jump right into the sea. We'll gather abalones. The demand for shells is big at the store."

Plump, placid Mrs. Miggs pointed a thumb to her pile of abalone shells under a window. She had sharks' eggs in a bowl, starfish on the wall, and barnacles and things all over the house.

"See," she said, "how many old Mr. Jones has got for me!"

Old Jones was mumbbling in his beard: "Old Jones was mumbbling in his beard: 'On 43 December the third. Lowest in sixty-two years. Two more days."

Some of the shells had been ground and glowed with the light and coloring that have made California shells famous.

"If they are so plentiful," cried Jennie, "we can make our vacation expense out of abalones! Oh, Mrs. Miggs, how we have slaved! And poor Harrison has sick! We are building up a trade; and in a few years, maybe, we shall be out of debt!"

Old Jones here arose and faced Jennie, who was picture of optimism and health. There was a wide smile on his countenance, which was haggard and startling.

"Come here!" said Jones, and, toddling to a window, the Ratchers stared out where he pointed. His voice was like the rustling of damp papers. "Down that way there ain't none." He swept his hand to the south. His eyes on them dilated. "Don't go that way. Go up this way!" He swept his bony hand to the north.

"Oh, thanks!" said Jennie, inclined to edge away from him. And Ratcher laughed big bass gratitute at the information.

"How old are you?" shouted Ratcher. "Oh, don't yell," said Jones. "Ninety-five. I'll go to bed."

He mumbled, and went up the stairs. His old legs wobbled. He was saying to himself: "43, December the third. Lowest in sixty-two."

Up he climbed; now his head disappeared; now his withered trunk; now his rickety legs. They heard his footfalls soft and strange, along an upward hall. Old Jones had left a chill behind.

"Who is that peculiar person?" Jennie whispered to Mrs. Miggs.

"Some old sailor," was the Miggs' reply. "He came two years ago, and we always study the tides, just as now and seemed to be watching for something that didn't occur; and then he suddenly dropped out of sight. A week ago here he was again, toddling in."

Next day the winter sun was warm. Mrs. Ratcher was an inspiring thing in her bathing suit, running down over the sand like an antelope, more health than in three ordinary men. And to the sea she plunged shouting, he jolly, big, hollow-chested husband after. When they emerged, yonder was old Jones gazing at them through a window. "He makes me cold," shuddered Jenny, stopping in a laugh.

Then Jones's peculiar head was thrust out over the roof of Mrs. Miggs's porch, and while the haggard face smiled widely, the head wagged three times to the north. Jones shuddered as he wagged.

"Horror! what does the creature mean?" said she.

But Ratcher roared with merriment. "He means to hunt to the north. He said that there are no abalones to the south."

"Mercy! let's do it, and get out of his sight," she said; and went skimming thence and leaping the rocks, he after, in the search for abalones.

After an hour, when she had been followed by a billy, she poked her glow worm up through its crest and—behold the eye of old Jones. Old Jones was seated on a crag, seventy feet high. "Horror!" she said, look at him!

Ratcher paused with a mumble, aelow abalone in his hand, and stood in four feet of water, gazing up as though Jones had been a comet. Old Jones's horrid head was thrust out further over the uneven edge of his precipice, and wagged three times, majestic, yet ghostly, to the north. He shut one eye as he wagged.

"What a lugubrious mortal!" said she. That night old Jones seemed feeble as he sat in Mrs. Miggs's house, mummeling over his tide-cards. Now and then his old eye gazed at Jennie, suspicious and uneasy. She was so alarmingly healthy, a wonder who set upon the nerves of anybody so near his grave as old Jones. Mrs. Miggs was stringing limpet shells from a hand-knitting. Mrs. Miggs had big, red crochets in a pan. Old Jones went up to bed in a ramshackle way; his head disappeared his trunk; his legs. They heard his rattling footfalls grow faint in the hall above.

The walls of that house were very thin. In the night, Jennie Ratcher awoke from her vigorous sleep with a sense of uneasiness. But all she heard was old Jones in a distant room mumble and ramble in his sleep, and say: "Two more days. Oh."

Had Mrs. Ratcher not been one of the most extraordinarily healthy women ever drew breath, she would have slept no more. But she did sleep shades; how Mrs. Harrison Ratcher could sleep!

The following afternoon, again in bath suit and gamboiling beyond all reason, she went over the rocks with her husband, who grinned, half-stupefied as

her vim. To the rear she saw old Jones creeping out of the house with his eye fastened on her.

"Harrison," she whispered, where Mr. Ratcher stood poised, looking, and hugged him in the sight of gossiping townsfolk, "old man yonder—he's fooling us. I see right through him. Ugh! See his bad eye! I know that there must be codles of abalones under those southern rocks, and what that old specimen says is intended to deceive. I'm going to sift down and go to that very place."

And she rubbed her nose on Mr. Ratcher's cheek, as though she were whetting it, then charged down jagged places to the sea. When she was hid down there she crept southward to the spot where the rocks end and the beach begins. Away across the sand she flew.

Yonder across the gap the southern rocks rose, and Ratcher saw her disappear among them; then perceived old Jones, fifty yards behind him, stare, wags his head, and grow agitated. Of a sudden, down over the rocks and into the sand to the south, near Jones, with ricketty haste, eyes ablaze, went toddling, and Ratcher sat down on the rocks and shook with laughter, but later followed Jones across the sand she flew.

Jennie, making flying leaps over incredible gulfs between rocks, was finding quantities of abalones.

"That shameless old codger!" cried she, and gazing round at the wild spot wherein she found herself, or sticking her toe into the sea-anemone to see them shut up round it and squirt. Then she felt a chill, and turned quickly to look up. Over a rock that hung above her, projected the ragged head of Jones, twelve feet distant, against the unfathomable California sky.

"Merry! Get away," said Mrs. Ratcher.

"Say, come out," rustled old Jones. His countenance had a dreadful look. "Come north, along of me, to where your husband is. I'll tell you about Dana."

"About what?"

"I sold Dana," cried the old man, hoarsely, over the rock. "With Richard Henry Dana in the 'Pilgrim' away back in the thirties. You read 'Two Years Before the Mast'?"

"Oh, surely!" cried Mrs. Ratcher, making such a jump to the shore that Jones rubbed his eyes.

"Come away; I'll show you where we've stopped the hide down," he said.

"Hurrah!" cried Mrs. Ratcher; and sprang on the sands to meet Ratcher. "What do you think? This old exhibit was with Dana."

The exhibit came toddling along. "Here," he mumbled, excited, pulling them by the clothes. "You can't see the place unless you come away to the north."

Old Jones could make pretty fair time himself when he had a mind to.

Ratcher was laughing, to Jennie's disgust, and she hit him on the back. But it was all tragic to Jones. The sweat stood out on his brow.

When they came to the summit of the northern rocks, he stood wind-shaken and dispirited under the circling gulls and pointed to a distant cliff.

"Yonder," he said, "we threw them down. The ship was gathering hide from the Mexicans to sell in Boston. Every old mission up and down the coast we went. Oh, me, queer days. The captain was a tough one. At San Juan Capistrano, behind that mountain, they collected many, and brought 'em yonder. We climbed up there, and then ran down to the beach. Oh, how they would skin and fly birds! Oh, me! And right in the middle of that cliff they let Dana down by a rope for one that stuck. Seven yesterday. Dana was a brave strapping, but he had a mean streak."

"What?" cried Jennie, rebelling.

"Yes," said Jones, "he done my dirt."

The old man would say no more. Watchful, feeble, he clung to Ratcher. They agreed to go south no more till the cootie could do it secretly. They felt sorry for the wobbling old codger.

"Only a copper," said Jones, "he done my dirt."

At night Mrs. Ratcher ate dozens of slices of bacon, not to mention eggs.

"Oh, Mrs. Miggs!" she whispered, "know we can pay for our vacation with abalones. The sea is so good for Harrison. In three years we will be out of debt, and maybe build a house of our own."

And Mrs. Miggs rattled a new kind of clams that she had in her pocket, and laughed her easy laugh.

Jones slept like a top, an extraordinary top, until two a.m. And then out of the wok of abalones, though she meant business for Harrison. She heard a rustling outside her door. Ah—to be sure. But two things in the world rustled like that: old Jones's feet. She was going to see, was Mrs. Ratcher, and creeping to the door, opened it a crack. At the end of a corridor was a glass window over the sea, and through it moonshine fell. She came close, and found Jones with his head sticking out in the moonshine, staring at the Pacific. He seemed to be crazy and in pain. He stopped piteously.

"I will not live to find it," he said. "I am dead. Oh, the tides! You white lunatic moon, you make them. I see the 'Pilgrim' now. Captain, we'll get them down. Oh, captain, don't fog me no more, old man. I never done no harm to you. Don't shoot me no more. I can't see where the place is in the rocks; it was in that direction, the tide has never been low enough. These things bother me. But it will be low enough. Why couldn't it have been enough?"

He put his head down and sobbed. Jennie Ratcher picked him right up and bundled him to bed; just hustled him right along. Then she slept like a top till ten minutes of eight, and Mrs. Miggs's ham rose through the whole house on the breezy wings of the morning.

This day Jones was too feeble to get up, a fact which crazed him the more; when they went out to hunt for abalones, then left him raying. Mrs. Miggs, who had big, red crochets in a pan, Old Jones went up to bed in a ramshackle way; his head disappeared his trunk; his legs. They heard his rattling footfalls grow faint in the hall above.

"What a lugubrious mortal!" said she. That night old Jones seemed feeble as he sat in Mrs. Miggs's house, mummeling over his tide-cards. Now and then his old eye gazed at Jennie, suspicious and uneasy. She was so alarmingly healthy, a wonder who set upon the nerves of anybody so near his grave as old Jones. Mrs. Miggs was stringing limpet shells from a hand-knitting. Mrs. Miggs had big, red crochets in a pan. Old Jones went up to bed in a ramshackle way; his head disappeared his trunk; his legs. They heard his rattling footfalls grow faint in the hall above.

The walls of that house were very thin. In the night, Jennie Ratcher awoke from her vigorous sleep with a sense of uneasiness. But all she heard was old Jones in a distant room mumble and ramble in his sleep, and say: "Two more days. Oh."

Had Mrs. Ratcher not been one of the most extraordinarily healthy women ever drew breath, she would have slept no more. But she did sleep shades; how Mrs. Harrison Ratcher could sleep!

The following afternoon, again in bath suit and gamboiling beyond all reason, she went over the rocks with her husband, who grinned, half-stupefied as

"Old Jones is in a horrible way," said Ratcher. "Yelling at the top of his voice that he will die. Just screaming it!"

"I don't believe him," said Jennie. "He goes."

He had fainted in this cave was short, and led up out of water to the bottom of those rocks, and there stopped. It was an ugly place, with scarcely a thing worth seeing.

"Shoot," said Jennie; "who cares for a stupid old cave?"

"What's that?" cried Ratcher, holding the candle to a rock. She came and found a little lead box, and tried to open it. It would not open. She lifted it, and bit the clasp with her teeth; literally chewed the clasp off. Oh, Jennie was somewhat of a wonder.

A gap in the narrative, like a nick in an old blue soap-plate. The Ratchers had prohibited the disclosure of the nature of that treasure. But it was splendiferous.

They stared at those things; and at each other.

"Golly," said Jennie; "we'll just take these, thank you."

"But here's a paper," he said.

"Let's get out, the tide will get us!" cried Mrs. Ratcher. They looked the old hole pretty well over first, and then waded out in the water up to her glowing neck. Outside, they sat and read the paper, she stowing those splendid things somewhere in the neighborhood of her bosom. Here are the contents:

"Keep out. Git away. These things is charmed. The devil willoller him who takes I stole these here things me and Bill when we went to get hides from a Mexican named Juan Carrillo. We were getting them hid in the ship when Dan found it out. Dana made a row he says if we didn't take them back he'd do. We thought he was going to give us away, and when the tide was low we come and hid them in this here cave while Bill found when he went hunting balloons with the cook. . . . We told Dana we took them back to Carrillo. The ship sail to-night but she'll be back here in a month and me and the devil will git you. Hush off! This is to warn anybody that finds these here things that they are charmed and the devil willoller him who takes."

They sat and pondered for some time.

"What knocks the bottom out of it," said Jennie. "We'll have to hunt Juan and turn them over."

"Doubtless he's dead," said Ratcher.

"Why, there'll be some children of something. Why, Harrison, you would never steal!"

"I never have yet," snorted Ratcher.

"I am told," he said, cool.

"Oh," they replied; and, of course everybody was solemmed till after the funeral. Poor old Jones, who cared? Oh, ninety-five years! Oh, progress of the human race while old Jones wondered what manner his coffin his unloved remains, his grave upon a hill?

On a gray day, Mr. and Mrs. Ratcher visited an old cemetery at San Juan Capistrano, accompanied by a priest.

"I am told," said the priest, scratching in the dust upon a stone, "that the last of the Carrillos lies here."

They looked; they could just make out:

FALLEGIO,
1883.

And Jennie, having an uncontrollable vision of a possible house of her own, slowly with scandalous levity re-presented: "R.-I.-P.!"—San Francisco "Argonaut."

Only a Copper.

When a ruling passion gets tyrannical it is time for it in turn to be ruled. "Lippincott's Magazine" says that a pompous old gentleman in a New York Wall Street station was buying his ticket for Chicago, when he dropped the cent. " Didn't you lose some of your change?" asked the ticket agent.

"Yes, it was only a copper, but—" He adjusted his glasses and bent over in search of the missing coin. One or two of the bystanders joined him.

"How much did you drop?" asked one. "Oh, only a copper, till—"

He bent lower and peered under a seat.

"Oh, coddlin' me," he said. "Of course a copper is only a trifle—Excuse me, sir, may I trouble you to move your satchels? Possibly the coin may have rolled behind them. It was only—"

"I think it rolled under that seat over there!" called a man near by.

"Oh, did it? Thank you."

He dropped to his knees and peered under the seat. His glasses fell off, and he readjusted them, struck a match, borrowed under the seat, and then rose to his feet, wiped the dust from his trousers, and said to a lady:—

"Excuse me, madam, but I think the coin may have rolled in this direction. Would you take the trouble to rise? It was only a copper, but—"

The woman changed her seat and he resumed his peering. Then a man said:—

"I don't think it rolled in this direction. Isn't this it over there against the backboard?"

"Ah, perhaps it is! I'll see. No, this is just a mere button. Of course a copper is the merest trifile, but—"

He pulled out his watch, glanced at it and then at the clock on the wall. Then he hurried to the window and asked the ticket-seller, "When did you say that train went to Chicago?"

"Four-fifteen, sir. Went just a moment ago."

"It did? Then I'm left, and all on account of— Still, a copper's copper. It isn't very much, but—"

And he began to search for it again.

A "Straight" Multiple.

I see," said the stranger, stirring something in a glass, "that the strength of the names in the new city directory you claim a population of over two million three hundred thousand."

"What guess that's about right," observed the man in the battered Panama hat, who was leaning against the bar and smoking a cigar.

"What multiple do you use?"

"Well," replied the other, throwing away his cigar and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "I generally take it straight—if it's all the same to you."—Chicago "Tribune."

"Four-fifteen, sir. Went just a moment ago."

Christian Science Mamma—He must imagine he has the colic. Christian Science Papa—I wish he'd imagine I'm walking the floor with him.—"Puck."

A Timely Question.

Have you purchased your Winter Jacket yet? Although our assortment is unusually large this season, each day sees the departure of some exclusive style. Perhaps just what would fit and please you.

Not cold enough to buy yet? If you wait until winter sets in our stock will have lost for you everyone of the many advantages early buying makes possible.

It is now at a stage of completeness in style and price which makes choosing pleasant and profitable. Delay means a decrease in the extent of your choice—probably disappointment.

Our styles are right beyond question. Our prices are lowest possible for cash. Our values are best procurable. This is the kind of an assortment you should make your selection from and—at once.

Our Mail Order Department brings to your door every advantage of this big store.

Five three-quarter Black Beaver Jackets, with tight fitting back, single drooping shoulder cape with stole effect, front trimmed with Black Silk Applique, \$11.75.

Ladies' Grey Zibeline Cloth Jacket, self plaid lining, three-quarter length with full back, wide shoulder collar pointed and stitched, trimmed with fancy black and white braid, \$16.00.

Fine Black Beaver Jacket with double shoulder bound with silk braid, lined with black and white satin and faced with Black Silk, Bishop sleeve trimmed with silk braid and buttons, 34 and 36, \$21.00.

Mixed Grey Zibeline Cloth Jacket, with military collar of deeper grey, single shoulder cape drooping and divided in centre of back, stole effect front in Yak lace with Chenille interwoven, strapings of deeper grey on pompadour sleeves and around bottom of coat, very stylish, \$23.75.

The RITCHIE COMPANY Limited.

REMOVAL NOTICE.

W. C. MIKE, B. C. L., Barrister, Solicitor of Belleville, Ont., for the Corporation of the City of Belleville.

Office removed to the City Hall, where he will continue a general practice of law except as against the Corporation of the City of Belleville.

Money to Loan at 4, 5 or 6 per cent, according to quality of security. Telephone, No. 195.

JAMES BOLDRICK.

Fire, Accident & Plate Glass Insurance.

Guardian Fire Insurance Co. Norwich Union Fire Insurance Co. Liverpool, London & Globe Sun Insurance Company.

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Lumber and Shingles for sale at Anson. R. G. KINGSTON.

FARM FOR SALE.

Being East half of Lot 13, in the 5th Con. of Thurlow, containing one hundred acres. Seventy-five acres cleared and in a good state of cultivation. A good sap bush on remainder. Good frame house. Barn 88 x 30. Large orchard. Terms easy. For further particulars apply on the premises, or by mail to Coryville, P.O.

Not a minute should be lost when a child shows symptoms of croup. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croup cough appears will prevent the attack. It never fails, and is pleasant and safe to take.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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FIRST CLASS HONOR GRADUATE IN
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eases of Women in General Hospital. Licen-
tiate Illinois State Board of Health, and Mem-
ber College of Physicians and Surgeons of
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BARRISTER, ETC., BELLEVILLE, ONT.
Office—McAnally Block, Cor. Front and
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MONEY TO LOAN.

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CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER FOR
taking Affidavits. Office over the stores
lately occupied by G. L. Scott, Stirling.

STIRLING LODGE
No. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room,
Conley block,
EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING
At 8 o'clock. L. MEIKLEJOHN, R. S.

DENTISTRY.
C. L. HAWLEY, L. D. S.
TRENTON, GRADUATE OF THE TORONTO
School of Dentistry, will visit Stirling
professionally, the second and last Friday in
each month until further notice.

The Dental Engine Vitisaline, Air, Gas, and
all the modern improvements known to
dentistry, will be used for the painless extraction
and preservation of the natural teeth.
Rooms at Scott House.

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ADVERTISING NOTICES.
In the local column will be charged as follows:
For Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 75 cents per line. Matter in larger than the ordinary type, 100 per line each insertion.
To Transient Advertisers.—10c per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.
Train call at Stirling station as follows—
GOING WEST. GOING EAST.
Mail & Ex. 8.27 a.m. Accom. ... 10.35 a.m.
Accom. ... 8.45 p.m. Mail & Ex. 8.45 p.m.

The Stirling News-Argus.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1903.

LOCAL MATTERS.

See the "Removal Notice" card of
W. C. Mikel, B.C.L., of Belleville, in
another column.

Warmth and wear in Ward's Furs.

Mr. M. Frappy left us a couple of
sugar beets weighing ten pounds each,
as a sample of his crop.

L. Meiklejohn sells Steel Range Stoves
for \$45, with high shelf and warming
closet. See ad.

The Rev. J. W. Simpson, of Toronto,
will occupy the pulpit in the Methodist
Church next Sabbath, morning and
evening.

Boys' Reefers—You should see those
\$2.50 Boys' Reefs Mather is selling for
\$1.75.

The floor in the lower flat of the
Masonic Hall having become badly
rotted, it has been taken out preparatory
to putting in a new one.

Look at Ward's New Fall Suitings.

Mr. Thos. Montgomery, Jr., has sold
his farm to Mr. Charles Demarest, of
Murray, and has purchased the Wm.
Kyle farm, near Stirling.

A fine display of Ladies' New Neckwear
in Ward's window. 25c. each.

Considerable quantities of sugar beets
have been shipped from here, and there
is a large quantity yet to go forward.
The crop has been good, and will likely
bring good returns to those who have
brought them.

A SNAP—At "Sterling Hall" you can
buy a heavy Knitted Suit, faced with mule
skin, for 25c. pair worth 40c. pair.

Official notice is given that Tuesday,
May 24, has been fixed for the celebration
of the King's birthday, but that
the usual salute in honor of the birthday
shall be fired at all military stations on
November 9.

The annual plowing match under the
auspices of the Central Ontario Plowmen's Association will be held on the
farm of Mr. John Hopps, lot 18, in the
3rd con. of Seymour, on Wednesday
next, Nov. 11th. As usual a large number
of good prizes are offered in the dif-
ferent classes.

Overcoat beauties—see them at Ward's.

The Weekly Mail and Empire offer
this year as a premium handsome
picture entitled "The Victoria Cross."
The picture depicts a scene of gallant
bravery enacted by one of the Canadian
troopers in South Africa during the
Boer war, for which he was awarded
"The Victoria Cross." The rates for
the Weekly Mail and Empire will be
found in our clubbing list.

The premium pictures sent out this
year with the Family Herald and
Weekly Star, are certainly beautiful
works of art, and are the best they have
ever issued as premiums. They are
entitled "Heart Broken," and "Hard
to Choose." The map of Canada, also
given as a premium, is not quite ready
yet, but is promised to be complete and
up to date in every subject. See our
clubbing list.

Keep those boys of yours warm this
winter. At "Sterling Hall" you get a
Boys' Heavy Ulster Overcoat for only \$3.00

Miss Lillian B. Stickle, the popular
soprano soloist of St. Paul's Presbytery
Church, Hamilton, lately assisted
at a concert in London, Ont., and re-
ceived high praise. The London papers
gave very flattering notices, and pub-
lished a large sized portrait, which was
afterwards published in the Hamilton
papers and the Buffalo Courier. The
portrait is an excellent likeness. With
her many friends here we are pleased to
hear of her success.

The Ladies' Cloth Jackets at Ward's are
taking the lead. Style, quality and price
are right, that's the reason.

Hallowe'en did not pass off without
some mischief being done by the youths
of the village; and there would have
been more damage done had it not been for
the watchfulness of constable Godfrey
and his assistant, Mr. Green. As
it is we understand that Mr. Godfrey
has the names of fourteen persons whom
he intends to summon before a magistrate.
A good heavy fine might have a
deterrent effect in future. It is about
time that the foolish and nonsensical
practices of the "dark ages" should be
discarded for something better in this,
the twentieth century.

The anniversary services in St. Andrew's Church, Stirling, last Sabbath
were well attended. The day was all
that could be desired and the congregations
were large. Rev. Mr. Conn, of
Napanee, delivered two practical and
helpful sermons. The newly organized
choir led the praise part of the service
with much credit and added greatly to
the success of the anniversary. The
anthems, both morning and evening,
showed careful preparation, and Miss
Conley's solo, "O Happy Day," was
very suitable for the occasion, and was
rendered in good style. A liberal
thank-offering, amounting to \$262.00,
was laid on the plates on Sabbath, and
about \$30 is expected to be yet contributed
by those who were unavoidably
absent from the services.

Mr. Thomas Bygott, of Adolphustown,
brother of the late Jas. W. Bygott, of
this village, died on Thursday last.

A meeting of the ratepayers of S. S.
No. 1, Rawdon, is to be held on the 12th
inst., to consider the building of a new
school house, and to purchase a site for
the same.

Card of Thanks.

Mrs. G. L. Scott wishes through the
columns of the News-Argus to thank
the many friends for their many evid-
ences of respect and esteem shown to
her late husband, and for their consider-
ation and great kindness to herself
and family during the illness and death
of the deceased.

Farmers' Institute Meetings.

The Farmers' Institute meetings in
North Hastings begin on Monday next,
the first meetings this year being held
in the northern part of the county.

The first meeting is at Millbridge on
Nov. 9th; The Ridge, Nov. 10th; Coe
Hill, Nov. 11th; Paudash, Nov. 12th; Fort
Stewart, 13th; Monteagle Valley, 17th;
Maynord, 18th; Bancroft, 19th; St.
Ola, 20th.

The speakers for these meetings are
W. S. Fraser, of Bradford, and J. G.
Foster, of Moira, Secy. for North Hastings.
Mr. Fraser is a good practical
farmer, and an excellent speaker. Mr.
Foster is well known to the people of
North Hastings, and can give something
of interest to all.

The meetings at Stirling and Madoc
will likely be held on Dec. 4th and 5th,
of which further notice will be given.

Village Council.

Minutes of a regular meeting of the
village council held Nov. 2nd. Members
present, J. Earl Halliwell, acting
Reeve, L. Meiklejohn, D. Utman, and
Geo. Lagrow.

The minutes of last meeting were
read and confirmed.

The following accounts were on motion
ordered to be paid:

D. Martin, supplies \$8.97
J. W. Alcombeck, teaming 29.25
Canada Carbon Light Co., mantles 18.00
A. Godfrey, dues in Oct. 16.90

Moved by Mr. Utman, seconded by
Mr. Lagrow, that G. G. Thrasher be
appointed School Trustee to fill the vac-
ancy caused by the death of Geo. L.
Scott. Carried.

On motion of Mr. Meiklejohn, seconded
by Mr. Utman, Messrs. Lagrow and
Utman were appointed a special committee
to make the required repairs to the town hall.

On motion the council adjourned.
John S. Black, Clerk.

The Farmer's Advocate Every Week.

From 1866 to 1899 the Farmer's Advocate
and Home Magazine was published
monthly, establishing itself as the
only national agricultural paper in the
country. Since January 1st, 1903,
nearly eleven years ago, it has been issued
semimonthly. Still in the lead, keeping abreast of the times, and awake
to the growing demands of its readers,
the publishers now announce that, beginning
with the 1st of January, 1904, the Farmer's
Advocate will be issued every week.
The splendid record of the past thirty-eight years is a sufficient
assurance of the increased practical
service which its readers may expect. We
congratulate the Advocate upon its enter-
prise, and advise our readers to send to
us at once for a free sample copy to the
publishers, London, Ont.

House Cleaning Time.

She wears a towel wrapped with grace
Around her tousled hair,
A smudge of black upon her face
Imparts a fearsome air.

Anon there comes the sound of thuds,
And clouds of dust arise;
The house is perfumed well with suds,
And every microbe dies.

The old man has not where to sit,
Nor rests his weary head,
When woman gets a cleaning fit
Man might as well be dead.

Short Stops.

Gold is always at a premium when a
dentist handles it.

No one understands the art of palmistry
better than the policeman.

Sureness enables a man to catch on,
and wisdom enables him to let go.

All men are born equal, but at the
age of forty a man is either more or
less so.

Stars are supposed to brace a girl up,
but the stays of some young men are
apt to make her weary.

Don't believe all you hear; but be
sure to believe all you say.

The dollar you have to pay back is
twice as big as the one you borrow.

A woman has more faith in some pa-
tient medicine than she has in her hus-
band.

Cupid is always looking for a chance to
steal a peep of trouble for a pint of
honey.

Saying may be believing, but there are
occasions when it is safer to pass and
risk being bluffed.

There are men who wouldn't steal a
pin because the intrinsic value of a pin
is too small to interest them.

Man proposes and woman accepts—
and in after years they wonder how the
fool-kid happened to overlook them.

The Ohio town that has the fewest
doctors also has the smallest death rate,
and the natives are trying to figure out
which is the cause and which the effect.

Lord Strathcona, the Canadian High
Commissioner, was elected Chancellor of
Aberdeen University.

Mayor Seth Low of New York was
beaten by the Tammany candidate, G.
B. McClellan, by 70,000 votes.

At Midhurst, Sussex, the King laid
the foundation stone of the King Edward
VII. consumption sanitarium.

The annual meeting of the Beekeepers'
Association for Ontario will be held
at Trenton on Dec. 1, 2, and 3.

The Belleville Ontario says that a
great deal of property was destroyed
throughout the city on Hallowe'en
night.

Mr. Edison's Ideas on Radium.

Thomas A. Edison has evolved and
announced a theory which he believes
solves the problem that has been puzzling
scientists ever since the discovery made by Madame Curie of the
peculiar properties of radium and the
kindred substances uranium and thorium.
The phenomenon presented by
these substances as is generally known,
is the remarkable power of giving off
radioactive rays, somewhat similar to the Roentgen
rays, without any apparent loss of energy
or bulk. Based on these observed
phenomena several new theories of matter
have been put forward, all of which accept
as a fact the apparent origin of the
energy within the substances themselves.

Mr. Edison's theory eliminates this
contradiction of accepted natural laws,
and indicates the possibility that the en-
ergy emitted by radium is merely re-
flected, as it were, from some unknown
source.

"I have made extensive experiments
with the Roentgen ray and with radium," said Mr. Edison to a representative
of "Harper's Weekly." "We have come
to the conclusion that these new sub-
stances are not the sources of energy,
but are rendered fluorescent by the action
of some hitherto undetermined ether
vibration or ray. Just as the Roentgen
ray and the Herzian wave remained un-
dreamed of for centuries after the phe-
nomena of sound, light and heat were
well understood, so it is not only pos-
sible but extremely probable that there
are other rays in the immense gamut
from sound to ultra-violet which we have
not yet discovered. In my own experi-
ments I have found that the ordinary
electric arc when raised to an extremely
high temperature gives off a ray which
renders oxalate of lithium highly fluores-
cent. In the same way the Roentgen ray
renders platinum-barium-cyanide, tung-
state of calcium, and cupro-cyanide of
potassium highly fluorescent—that is,
the X-ray sets up in these substances a
condition of activity which results in the
emission from them of a series of actinic rays and a
small amount of heat."

"My theory of radio-activity is that the
ray which the new elements emit
are set up in the same way, the sub-
stances being rendered fluorescent by
some form of ether vibration which is
undoubtedly all-pervading, but has not
yet been isolated or measured, and which
may have some extra-planetary origin.
To accept any other theory is to declare
one's belief in perpetual motion, think-
ing something for nothing."

"It is not at all strange that only two
of these substances have yet been found
which exhibit this phenomenon, as there
are only three substances known which
are rendered fluorescent by the Roentgen
ray. It is a peculiar coincidence
moreover, that the only one of the known
fluorescent substances that is ever found
in its natural state, tung-state of cal-
cium, is always more or less closely as-
sociated with pitch-blende, from which
all the radium so far made has ex-
tracted."

"I believe this theory is capable of
proof, but I shall be content to let some
one else prove it. I am through for all
time with experiments in radio-activity.
Two of my assistants have been maimed
for life by their close association with the
Roentgen rays, and I myself have
one eye badly out of focus and am suffer-
ing from severe stomach disturbance
from the same cause. The new dark
room laboratory which I have just com-
pleted for such experiments will remain
unused or be converted to some other
use."

"The architecture will be a combination
of Queen Anne, Gothic and several extinct styles, the pur-
pose being to secure adequate rooms for con-
venient exclusive gossip; also, as far as
possible, giving a private entrance to
each guest. All rooms will face front.
This arrangement will prove a conven-
ience to young people in the evening
particularly as the management guar-
antees that the electric light connections
will be out of order at least twice a week.

"Each room will be furnished with our
especially patented 'vitalometer,' sup-
plying sea air or mountain air of any
altitude on demand. If desired, the
rooms will be fitted with movable screen-
ers painted to order by two Royal Acad-
emy students to be especially imported
for the purpose."

"The dividing walls of the rooms will
be of paper-mache, and sounding-boards
will be introduced when requested by
the dividing neighbors."

"Electric calls in every room will con-
nect with clergymen of all denomina-
tions, and guests will press the button
should they require their services day or
night. Discreet witnesses supplied on applica-
tion."

"The dividing walls of the rooms will
be of paper-mache, and sounding-boards
will be introduced when requested by
the dividing neighbors."

"Our bell-boys will be muted, our cham-
bermaids will be blind, our coachmen
will be deaf, telephone operators will be
discharged twice daily, and every other
effort will be made to secure privacy."

"Our mosquitoes will be hand-fed with
Agaricus and Melilotum. These and other
undesirable insects will not be permitted
on the premises."

"A special chamber will be fitted with
Gatling guns, electrocution chairs, and other
suicidal conveniences."

"Arrangements will be made for a satis-
factory time-table, and affidavits that
trains leave ahead of schedule time will
be issued to married men on payment of
the necessary fee."

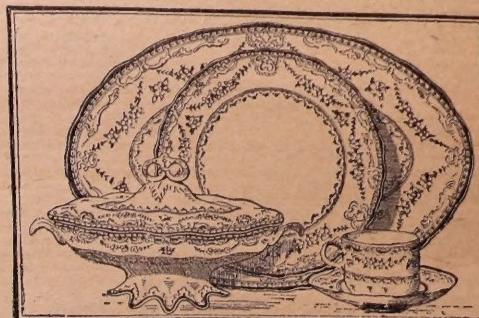
"Rooms may be reserved now. Address
all communications to the Up-to-Date
Hotel Company.—Town Topics."

"For Love's Sake."

"A Budapest paper reports another ro-
mance of the Austrian Imperial family.
The Archduke Eugene, brother of the
Queen Regent of Spain, it is said, has fallen
in love with the pretty daughter of a
petty tradesman, and has resolved to
renounce his title and withdraw from
the court. The Archduke Eugene is thirty-nine,
has the rank of general, and commands
an army corps in the Tyrol. He is of
gigantic stature, is extremely handsome,
and is frequently seen in the streets of
Vienna, where his free and easy manners
have made him a popular favorite."

I'M GOING TO STIRLING'S POPULAR CASH STORE.

FREE. FREE. FREE.
Dinner Sets Given Away
at G. N. MONTGOMERY'S.



Coupons can be obtained in all Departments.

A New and well assorted stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions.

No coupons given on Sugar.

It pays to pay cash. It pays to save your coupons, and it pays to trade with G. N. MONTGOMERY.

THE DEADLY WHITE PASS

EASY WAY OPENED TO THE KLDNKE GOLDFIELDS.

The Awful Sufferings Endured by Men When Gold Was Discovered.

It is not likely that any writer will ever be able adequately to describe the horrors of this land, or be able to tell in a fitting manner of the privations and hardships which men underwent a few years ago, during that wonderful rush that followed the announcement of the marvellous gold discoveries in the Klondike.

wrote a correspondent from White Horse, Yukon Territory.

Skagway was the starting place for the terrible trip over the famous White Pass, and it is still men here who shudder when they tell of the men whose lined faces and prematurely gray hair tell plainly the story of those awful days.

Imagine if you can a narrow trail leading through canons and over mountains, a trail barely broken, which leads now through a rushing stream in the bottom of a rock-strewn valley, now along a precipice hundreds of feet high, now over a mountain peak thousands of feet above the sea. Strew this trail with all possible hardships, and you may have some slight idea of the perils which the gold seekers were forced to undergo.

Over this mountain trail, more than a hundred miles long, thousands of eager gold seekers rushed. At times the line was so close that if a man fell out of his place it might take him hours to get back into line. Through snow to their knees these travelled, each one stopping in the tracks of the man ahead of him. The little pack of provisions which each man carried were enough, but it was load that bore many a man down, and when he fell the line closed up, and no helping hand was reached out to raise him.

For gold was ahead, and men's hearts were hardened. Brothers left brothers to die in the snow, and sons left fathers to gasp out their last breaths on this trail of death, while they rushed on to the Eldorado.

FAR IN THE DISTANCE.

It will never be known how many lives were sacrificed on this terrible trail over which the tourist now travels in a comfortable railway carriage; it will never be known what human toll the god of gold took from the rushing thousands who followed his standard. Men died like cattle and no one stopped to give them aid or burial.

Reaching Lake Bennett, the first stage of the journey was over. Thousands of miners camped here then, where to-day there are not a dozen houses. Here boats and scows were built, trees being felled and the logs whipsawed into planks by hand. Weeks were consumed before boats could be made ready and the dangerous descent of the lake begun. The bleaching ribs of hundreds of scows line the shore of this lake to this day, showing where boats were lost and probably lives as well.

Through the Fifty Mile River the course ran, between the great rocky bluffs that form Miles Canon, and through the White Horse Rapids, which are almost impossible of navigation. In the canon and in the rapids hundreds of scows founders and scores of lives were lost. Beyond this the Lewes river gives comparatively easy travelling until it joins the Peely river and becomes the Yukon. The current in this river is rarely less than six miles an hour and the channel is tortuous, but with the exception of the Five Finger Rapids it is free from rocks.

The entrance to the Yukon and to Alaska proper is now one of the easiest possible trips. The journey is easily made as the one from Toronto to Montreal, and almost as comfortable.

The White Pass and Yukon Railway, the only railway in this corner of the continent, has revolutionized travel and incidentally has

MADE ITS OWNERS RICH.

This railway is one of the most marvellous on the continent. Its construction was one of the engineering feats of the age. It travels over the mountains, taking a course that to the layman would seem impossible and to the engineer almost so.

The railway begins at Skagway and at present ends at White Horse, a distance of 112 miles. Its construction, following closely on the rush for the Klondike, was begun in May, 1898, and it was finished to Lake Bennett in July, 1899. Scows and steamers were used to transport passengers and freight to White Horse from this point until the railway was completed, and Mr. E. C. Hawkins, chief engineer, is due the credit for the construction of the railway.

From Skagway the railway follows the famous White Pass route. It is twenty miles from Skagway to the summit of the mountains, and this twenty miles cost the company an average of more than \$100,000 a mile to construct. All the way up the valley and to the pass the road twists and turns like a snake along the hillsides and the precipices, it doubles back and forth, always climbing, until at places near the summit three lines of track can be seen below the one on which the train is running. The steepest grade on the entire trip is about 90 per cent., although the summit of the range is merely 3,000 feet above the sea level at Skagway.

The first stop of the train after leaving Skagway is at the summit of the mountains, where the temporary boundary line between the United States and Canada is reached. Here two flags, the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, stand side by side. The actual boundary post is

BETWEEN THE TWO FLAGS.

To the west of the mountains the descent is not so great. The construction of the road is much more simple, and was not nearly so expensive.

The first place of interest in Canadian territory is Lake Bennett. There is little left of the town which once stood at the head of the great lake

from which it took its name. It was here that the Klondike "pioneers" built the boats which took them down the river to Dawson. A large town sprang up at the head of the lake, but it was only temporary, and when the railway was completed to White Horse, seventy miles further on, the town died. A large log church and a few scattered cabins are all that are left to tell the tale of Bennett's glory.

A few miles beyond Lake Bennett one comes to the remains of Lake Lewis. This lake, four miles long and three miles wide, with an average depth of thirty feet, was drained by the railway right across its bed. A cut was made into Watson River, a small stream running into the Yukon Lake, and thence into the Yukon. All the water of Lake Lewis was gone ninety hours after the cut was made, and the lake bed was left dry as it is seen to-day, the mud of its former bottom still remaining in curious hills and valleys. So great was the flow of water when the cut was made that there was a rise of a foot and a half in the Yukon river 200 miles away. The road was built across the bed of the lake, saving more than ten miles of very expensive construction.

At Cariboo, a station at the head of Lake Tagish, a line of steamers for Atlin, the new gold country, connects with the train. The creeks above Atlin have proved very rich, although no wonderful strikes have been made. Particularly the entire country has been taken up, and up large companies are now buying claims, as the dirt is of a grade that makes large operations necessary for success in their working.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Set a beggar on horseback and he will ride a gallop.—Button.

The hearing ear is always found to the speaking tongue.—Emericson.

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge.—Disraeli.

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practice; and yet everybody is content to hear.—Seldan.

A life spent worthily should be rewarded by a nobler life—by deeds, not words.—R. B. Sheridan.

When a man assumes a public trust he should consider himself as public property.—Thomas Jefferson.

Health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, a blessing that money cannot buy.—Walton.

Everybody likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all.—O. W. Holmes.

SOCIAL BENEVOLENCE.

Signor Hefi, proprietor of a large publishing house at Castello, Italy, who died recently, has made a very practical contribution to what has been termed the "gospel of wealth."

By leaving the whole of his working capital, plant, business, and publisher's rights in works already given to the public to his workmen, to be continued as a co-operative concern. Certain men who struck several years ago were excluded from the benefits of the will as originally drafted, but by a later codicil the testator declares that he pardons them, and wishes them to share on equal terms with the rest.

'HANDYMAN'S' NOVEL DUTY.

The diversity of duties naval officers are called upon to perform is exemplified in an incident which occurred at the Island of Tristan da Cunha when the gunboat Thrush paid its visit. There is no clergyman on the island, so the services of Lieut.-Commander Watts-Jones were requisitioned for the christening of eighteen children. A precedent exists for the officiating of a naval officer at the ceremony, the commander of the gunboat Widgeon having performed a similar duty in 1893.

EXTRAORDINARY HEART.

At an inquest held in London, England, upon the body of a laborer named William Rogers, of Battersea, who died suddenly from heart disease, the doctor who made the post-mortem examination declared that throughout his experience he had never seen so large a heart possessed by a human being. It weighed no less than 32oz., whereas the ordinary weight of a man's heart was 11 oz.

In fact, the deceased's heart was much larger than that of a bullock.

FISH THAT MAKE MUSIC.

Lake Battigalao, Ceylon, has the distinction of being the home of musical fish. The sounds emitted by them are said to be as sweet and melodious as those which can be produced on a series of aeolian harps.

Crossing the lake in a boat, one can plainly distinguish the pleasant sounds. If an oar is dipped in the water the melody becomes louder and more distinct.

OUR NATIONAL DEBT.

Mr. Jennings is stated to have gained possession of certain documents which were purloined half a century ago, and have been repeatedly advertised for in vain, despite the offer of \$5,000,000 reward for their recovery. His solicitor has engaged to search, and negotiations are at present in progress for securing the services of a recognised leader at the Bar to place the claim before the Court.

There is every possibility of the Crown having to deal with another big claim in the course of the next few weeks. In 1876 a Mrs. Blake the widow of a General, died leaving a very large estate. She neglected to make a will, however, and, therefore having no next-of-kin, the Crown took possession of her fortune which at the present time, with the interest which has accrued, amounts to half a million sterling.

In 1877 the Treasury advertised for next-of-kin, but all applicants were disqualified. According to an attorney, however, who is acting in

MEN OF MANY MILLIONS

REMARKABLE ROMANCES OF RICHES.

Claim of Mr. George Hollamby Bruce—the Jennings Million Case.

What is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable events in modern romantic history is the claim which is being made by Mr. George Hollamby Bruce—a carpenter who recently arrived in England from Melbourne—to the vast estates and titles of the Duke of Portland, says London Tit-Bits. Readers will probably remember that about three years ago the right of the present Duke of Portland—who is the sixth Duke and a cousin of his predecessor—was challenged by Mrs. Anna Bruce who asserted that her late husband, Walter Thomas Bruce, was the only son of the fifth Duke of Portland, who is the centre of the whole mystery. It is alleged by both the Duke claimants that the fifth Duke of Portland was a man of eccentric habits, who, from 1835 till 1864, for reasons of his own, adopted the name of Thomas Charles Bruce. Afterwards, wishing to resume his life as a Duke, it is asserted that he arranged for the burial of the supposed Mr. Bruce.

This burial, which took place at Highgate Cemetery, was, according to the contention of the claimants, a body which did not contain

a body, but simply a quantity of ballast. The Duke died and was buried as a bachelor in 1879, and

Mr. George Hollamby Bruce is anxious to get an order to exhume the coffin in Highgate Cemetery, which is said to contain the remains of Thomas Charles Bruce, who was his grandfather. This exhumation, when effected, will completely dispose of his claim one way or the other; for if the coffin really contains the body of old Mr. Bruce, then he could not have been the Duke of Portland, who

died in 1864.

FIFTEEN YEARS LATER.

Mrs. Anna Bruce, who hoped to establish the claim for her son failed to get an order to exhume the coffin. The Court holding that she had no locus standi because she was not the proper claimant. Mrs. Bruce alleged that her late husband was the only son of Thomas Charles Bruce, otherwise the fifth Duke of Portland, by his wife, Annie May Berkeley. The new claimant, however, is bringing forward evidence to show that old Mr. Bruce married twice, the first time being to his grandmother, Elizabeth Crickmer, in 1816, and consequently no claim could arise by any person descended from the second marriage.

Whether Mr. Hollamby Bruce will succeed in getting the necessary order for exhumation, on which hangs the success or non-success of his claim, remains to be seen.

The proofs which he is bringing forward however, to show that his grandfather, Mr. Thomas Charles Bruce, and the fifth Duke of Portland were one and the same person are said to be so convincing that a syndicate has been formed in Melbourne to finance the new claimant. One thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars has been subscribed as Bruce bonds of \$50 each, to be redeemed at \$300 in the event of success.

Although the property claimed is not so large—being only 8,600 acres as compared with 184,000 acres which comprise the Portland estates—the contention of the Hon. Ernest Baptiste Sackville-West that he is the lawful heir of

LORD SACKVILLE, OF KNOLE,

and consequently entitled to succeed to the title and estates, is almost as remarkable as the claim of Mr. Bruce.

Mr. Sackville-West asserts that he is the eldest son of Lord Sackville by a lady named Josephine Durand de Ortega, a Spanish dancer.

Those who oppose the claim deny

that the marriage took place, or, in

the alternative, deny that it was valid, which the new claimant hopes to prove otherwise.

The Sackville estate and mansion, and consequently entitled to succeed to the title and estates, is almost as remarkable as the claim of Mr. Bruce.

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You Will Marvel

How you ever drank Japan
after once tasting

"SALADA"

CEYLON NATURAL GREEN tea, Pure, delicious
and wholesome, just like "Salada" black tea.

Sold only in sealed lead packets. By All Grocers.

WORKMANSHIP IN GLASS.

One of the greatest artistic marvels of the world is to be seen in the museum at Harvard University. This curiosity consists of hundreds of specimens of flowers and plants framed in glass, but with such exquisite fidelity to nature that they appear to be real, every tint and marking, every tiniest detail, being faithfully reproduced. The very hairs which appear on the stems on certain plants are reproduced on the glass imitations.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

THE STORY OF THE RECOVERY
OF MISS FALFORD OF
ST. ELIE.

She Says "I am Confident That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Saved My Life"—Hope for all Weak, Sickly Girls.

To be well, to be strong, to possess a clear complexion, bright eyes and an elastic step, the blood must be pure and filled with life-giving energy. When you see pale, sallow, sickly girls, easily tired, subject to headaches, backaches, and violent palpitation of the heart, it is the blood that is at fault, and unless the trouble is speedily corrected the patient passes into that condition known as "decline" and death follows. The one sure, positive way to obtain rich, red health-giving blood is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This medicine has saved thousands of young girls from a premature grave. Strong proof of this is offered in the cure of Miss Zenaida Falford, of St. Elie, Quebec. Miss Falford tells the story of her sickness and recovery as follows: "Like many other Canadian girls, I went to the United States and found employment in a factory at Woonsocket. The close, indoor work proved too much for me and nearly ended in my death. At first I was taken with headaches, would tire very easily, had no appetite, and no energy. I tried to continue the work, but grew worse and worse, and finally was compelled to return to my home. I was so much changed and so emaciated that my friends hardly knew me. Two weeks after my return home I was forced to take my bed. I had a bad cough, was distressed by terrible dreams, and sometimes passed whole nights without sleep. Two doctors treated me, but without avail; in fact I could not hold my hand above my head for more than three or four seconds, and had to be turned in bed. No one expected I would get better, and I thought myself I was about to die. At this time my brother came from Montreal to see me, and strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A supply of pills was procured, and I now bless the day I began taking them. It is enough to say that before three boxes were used I began to feel better, and from that on I grew stronger every day. By the time I had taken nine or ten boxes I was once more enjoying the blessing of perfect health. No symptoms of the old trouble remain, and I am confident Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life."

Du Blood is the secret of health and it is broken every dose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich blood, that they cure such desperate cases as that above related. These pills cure all the troubles that arise from poor blood—such that means most of the ailments that afflict mankind. Give these pills a fair trial and they will not disappoint you. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or sent by mail, post paid, at 50c. per box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville Ont.

LADY DOCTORS.

According to the census for England and Wales for 1891, there were then over a hundred lady doctors, but in the census for 1901 the number was 212. Whereas in 1891 there were fifty women physicians under the age of thirty-five years, in 1901 there were 120.

This life is full of sorrow,
Which increases day by day;
It's jolly hard to borrow,
And it's harder still to pay.

Neglect a cough and contract consumption.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic
cures consumption—but don't leave it too long.
Try it now.

Your money back if it doesn't benefit you.

Prices 25c., 50c., and \$1.00

B. C. WELLS & CO.
Toronto, Can. LeRoy, N.Y.



Shirt waists and dainty linen are made delightfully clean and fresh with Sunlight Soap.

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SALT FORMATIONS.

Some remarkable salt formations are found extending for thirty miles along the Virginia River in Nevada. The salt forms mountains of crystal and is so pure and clear that fine print can be read through a foot of it. This region was evidently once occupied by a great salt lake, as close by are some wonderful wells, one of which, 75 ft. in diameter, contains water so intensely saline that a person bathing there will float like a cork.

JEWELS ON AN IDOL.

The jewels of an Indian idol must be worth stealing if many of those remarkably hideous images possess such valuable head ornaments as one made for the idol Parthasathy, in the Triplicane temple at Madras. The ornament is worth some 50,000 rupees, and is made of sovereign gold, studded with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, the largest emerald being valued at 1,000 rupees and the biggest ruby and diamond at 300 rupees apiece.

Mrs. Gamp.—"Margaret, you had a man in the kitchen last evening. Was he friend of yours?" Margaret—"No, indeed, mum; it was only my husband."

MANITOBA GIVES STRIKING PROOF

THAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE WHEN OTHER MEANS FAIL.

Mr. J. J. Perkins Disabled by Kidney Pains, Finds New Health in the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

It is only to-morrow's burdens that break the back of to-day. It is cheap mirth to mock at what you cannot make. Keep your complaints out of your heart and they will die of neglect. The more of a man the saint the more of a saint the man will be. A brotherly boost is often worth a whole lot of sisterly sympathy. You cannot get up an orchestra composed of people who blow their own horns.

It is no use a man's trying to be happy unless he has made up his mind to be honest.

LONG VOYAGE.

A schooner has just arrived at Yarmouth, England, which took almost a month in going from Liverpool, a voyage usually completed in about five days. The vessel was delayed by contrary winds and gales.

Clerk—"I am to be married shortly. Couldn't you manage to increase my salary a little?" Employer—"Couldn't, really. But I'll tell you what I'll do for you, my boy. I'll shorten your hours during the first three months, so that you can spend your evenings at home, and after that I'll lengthen them again, so that you will have an excuse to get away."

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

Patient—"Are you sure you can put my teeth into satisfactory condition?" Dentist—"Yes, sir; at any rate, I will spare no pains to do so."

For Over Sixty Years

THE WINLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teaching them the alphabet, allays pain, cures cold, regulates the stomach, and cures diarrhea. Twenty-four cents a bottle, sold in all drug stores throughout the world. Be sure and use it for "MRS. WINLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

You cannot pray to your Father when you are figuring on praying on your brother.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

A man has no business with religion who has no religion with his business.

Pills Sense. It stands to reason that Dr. Agnew's Little Liver Pills will crowd out of the market many of the nauseous old-timers. A better medicine at less than half the price is all the argument needed to keep the demand what it has been—phenomenal—40 doses to cents. They cure Sick Headaches, Biliousness, and allay all stomach irritations. 5

"John," whispered the good woman in the dead of the night, "there are burglars downstairs! You go down, dear," replied John, "they wouldn't dare to strike a woman."

Settlers Low Rates WGST.

Via the Chicago and North Western Ry., on sale every day up to November 30th, settlers one way second-class tickets at very low rates from Chicago to points in Utah, Montana, Nevada, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, California, also to Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Rossland and other points in the Kootenay and Cariboo. One way second-class rates from all points in Canada. Full particulars from nearest ticket agent or B. H. Benet, General Agent, 2 East King St., Toronto, Ont.

Settlers Low Rates WGST.

This remarkable preparation gives perfect relief in 30 minutes in all cases of organic or sympathetic heart disease and neuralgia. It is a most effective remedy for palpitation, shortness of breath, smothering spells, pain in left shoulder and the symptoms of a diseased heart. It also strengthens the nerves and curbs stomach disorders. 2

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are the best, 40 doses to cents.

DEATH DUTIES.

During the past British financial year the capital value of estates passing on death amounted to £302,779,927, and the amount paid in death duties was £18,153,379.

BIGGEST DOG ON EARTH.

A dog, supposed to have been the biggest in the world, has just died at Rutland, Vermont, at the age of ten years. He was a cross of English and German mastiff, and weighed 284lb. At the shoulder he was 3ft. high, as tall as a full-grown lion but he had not the lion's massive legs and shoulders nor his impressive length, being only 3ft. from tip to tip. But he was a terror to evildoers on dark nights. His chest measured 5ft. and his mighty neck required a 35in. collar.

Flowery language is just as likely to indicate a steady character as a sauntly one.



The Englishman's idea of breakfast is a healthy one.

Toast, jam and tea—a chop mabbe—just enough food for the blood to assimilate properly—the warmth of the tea to draw the blood to the stomach and assist digestion.

Blue Ribbon Tea is the daintiest and crispiest leaves of the tea plant.

It is pure tea—free of tannin—appetizing and nutritious.

Try the Red Label Brand for your breakfast.

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

Black, Mixed Ceylon Green 40c. should be Fifty Ask for the Red Label

t-1

FREE!

Ladies and Girls,
You Can Earn This

Handsome Fur Scarf

In a Few Minutes



HANDSOME FUR SCARF

Over 40 inches long, 5 inches wide, made from selected fox-furred skins, with six fine black tails, the very latest style. It will be made to your size and will be mailed with the "Free" certificate.

I write to thank you for the handsome fur scarf. It is just beautiful. I could not buy one like it in our store for \$3.00. The price is \$1.50 in all fur stores \$3.00, and they fully equal in appearance.

Send Scarf. We could not think of giving them for so little, but it is true that we had a great number made specially for dues, and when the furriers were not busy. Ladies and girls, if you are interested in this chance and write for the pictures to-day. We give you a free picture to-day, and will allow you to keep our money until you sell the scarf. Your Fur Scarf will not cost you one cent.

COLONIAL ART CO., Dep. 20 Toronto.

When you buy a WASHBOARD see that it bears the name X "Household Favorite," "Waverly,"

EDDY "SPECIAL GLOBE."

INSIST ON GETTING ONE OF THE ABOVE WELL-KNOWN BRANDS

The Best That Can be Had.

USE EDDY'S FAILS & TUBS.

USE EDDY'S MATCHES.

For Sale by Dealers Everywhere.

She: "Why does woman take a man's name when she marries him?" He: "Why does she take everything else he's got?"

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians

Mamma—"Johnny, I'm disappointed in you." Johnny—"Oh, well, you ain't just the mother I thought you'd be. But it's too late now to cry about it."

Patents

SMITH & O'NEILL

Patentees

Canada & U.S. Patents

Toronto, 1912

Write for Free Edition

PATENTS IN ALL COUNTRIES.

RIDOUT & MAYBEE

TRADE MARK

103 Bay St., TORONTO

Billiard Tables

The Best at the Lowest Price

Write for Terms

REID BROS., Mfg. Co.

75 King St. W.

Dominion Line Steamships

Montreal to Liverpool

Boston to Liverpool

Large and Small Steamships. Superior accommodations for all classes of passengers. Balcony and Cabin berths given to the most expensive. Special Third-Class accommodations. For terms of passage and all particular apply to any office of the Company, or to the agents of the line.

Dominion Line Offices:

7 St. George St., Boston

11 St. George St., Montreal

FACTORY MANUFACTURERS.

JACKETS, CAPERINES, STOLES, RUFFS,

etc., at special prices. Send for catalog.

RAW FURS AND GENSING wanted. Send for price list.

8-14

Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Honey, Apples,

ALL KINDS OF FRUITS

And Farm Produce generally, consign it to us and we will get you good prices.

Dawson Commission Co.,

TORONTO, LIMITED

14-15

BOYS! A HIGH GRADE WATCH

Guaranteed for one year.

If you will do a few hours work for us day after school, Boys must enclose written from parents or guardian. Write to 102-104 W. D. LEIGHTON, 519, Fifth Ave., New York, U.S.A.

DOMINION LINE OFFICES:

14-15

CHENILLE CURTAINS

ALL KINDS OF HANGINGS ALSO

LACE CURTAINS DYED & CLEANED LIKE NEW.

Write to us about your requirements.

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO., Box 168, Montreal

14-15

Dawson Commission Co.,

TORONTO, LIMITED

14-15

Farmers Getting Wealthy.

DEMAND FOR GOOD FURS INCREASING.

The Up-to-Date Fur Store of North Hastings is surely J. BOLDRICK & SON'S. We are to the North what Ritchie & Co. are to the South of us—handling a class of Furs not generally kept in Dry Goods stores, and we sell them often for less money and give buyers a guarantee of them. It has come to our notice of a Lady from this part of the country buying an Astrachan Jacket for \$35.00 in Belleville, and in wearing it home on a cold night, found on removing it, torn all down the back. Took it back next day to exchange or their money returned, and were told they did not do business in that way, and so had to keep their rotten back splitting mantle. We have been selling Furs for fifteen years or more and have no such experience as this, reason why, we don't sell nor buy such goods. We can refer buyers to our customers who are wearing our mantles for twelve or fifteen years or more without complaint, and the best part of it is we ask no more in price than is charged very often for the poorer class.

All who visit our store on the corner will go away pleased with the time spent. Our stock as you will see comprise Persian Lamb and Bokharan Mantles trimmed with Sable. Fine Coon Coats and also Caps, in fur, from \$2.50 to \$10.00, in fact everything kept in a first-class Fur Store. Our compliments go to the Ladies of Stirling and Rawdon to visit us when in the market for Furs.

We have added to our stock Tailor-Made, Cheviot Cloth Ladies' Mantles, very becoming and stylish cut and get up. Pay a visit to the Corner Block and we will try and interest you in what we have to show you in Fine Furs.

JAS. BOLDRICK & SON.

WALL PAPER.

Big Reduction in Prices for the Fall Trade.

Extra Value in Short Lots. - PAPER FROM 3 CENTS A ROLL UP.

50,000 ENVELOPES

Just arrived, and we can offer special value in box lots.

Also, new lines in Plain and Fancy Stationery.

PAINTS AND OILS

DYES, in bulk and Package.

PARKER'S DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

Just Opened Up

a New Stock of

Horse Blankets.

H. & J. WARREN,

Hardware, Stoves & Tinware,
MILL ST.

FARM FOR SALE

The subscriber offers for sale the West Half of Lot No. 2 in the 7th Con. of Rawdon, containing one hundred acres. Fifty acres cleared and under cultivation, balanced in pasture and wood land. A spring runs through it, well supplied with good brick house, frame barn, straw barn and drive house. A good orchard. For terms and further particulars apply on the premises to

JOHN T. HAGGERY,
Minto P.O.

Farming For Profit...

Every Farmer should keep these three words constantly in mind and conduct his farm on strict business principles. Guess work and haphazard methods are no longer used by successful and up-to-date farmers.

By reading THE WEEKLY SUN, the Farmer's Business Paper, you will get the very latest and most accurate information regarding your business.

The SUN's market reports are worth many times the subscription price to you.

Every Farmer in Canada should realize the full value of the service THE SUN has rendered him in a public way. It was due to the action of THE SUN in giving voice to the opinions of the farmers that the law relating to cattle guards, drainage across railways, and farm fires caused by railway locomotives has been amended.

We will send THE WEEKLY SUN from now to 1st January, 1905, in combination with

THE NEWS-ARGUS
FOR \$1.75

For Local News see 5th page

Stirling Public School.

Honor Roll for October.

Names are arranged in order of merit.

FOURTH DEPARTMENT.

SR. IV.—Clifford Lansing, Duncan Montgomery, Ada Harris, Ella Brown, George Ingham, Lena Mitchell.

SR. III.—Hazel Reynolds, May Kennedy, Herbert Ward, John Thompson, Irwin Boldrick.

THIRD DEPARTMENT.

SR. III.—Marguerite Whitty, Hazel Hagerman, Florence Hewitt, Blanche Montgomery, Amanda Boldrick.

SR. II.—Eleanor Ward, Hazel Caverley, Harry Graine, Frank Zwick, Hubert Chambers.

SECOND DEPARTMENT.

SR. II.—Jean Milne, Daisy Roy, Edna Girdwood, Evelyn McCutcheon, Harold Martin.

SR. Pr. II.—May Chard, Carrie White.

Jr. Pt. II.—Marjorie Misiklejohn, Edith Hagerman, Raymond Chambers, Roy Bissonnette, Lucile Ashley.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

SR. Pt. I.—Gordon Sine, Ethel Bailey, (equal) George Smith, Ethel Mitchell, Ethel Humm, Melville Barron and Vincent Maloney, (equal).

Jr. Pt. I.—Edith Bird, Clarke Boldrick, Wilfrid Chard, Graham Knowles, Gladys Moore and Lyman Godfrey, (equal).

PRIMARY.—Lorne Sharp, Clifford Hatton and Frank Linn, (equal), Kathleen Maloney and Lenna Perry, (equal), Lulu Gay and Gladys Ivey, (equal), Hazel Barrow, Nathan Wanamaker.

Aggregate attendance for the month, 2708. Average, 135.15.

Number of pupils on registers, 157.

Number who came every day, 62.

Number of visits made by ministers 0.

Visits by trustees, 1, Mr. Jos. Doak.

Other visitors, Mrs. McCutcheon, Mrs. F. H. Stinson.

Note.—Visitors are welcome.

F. H. STINSON, Principal
M. K. LAMBLY, III Dept. Teachers.
E. A. HAWKEN, II Dept.
A. C. ROBINSON, Primary

SCHOOL REPORTS FOR OCTOBER.

S. S. NO. 7, RAWDON.

IV. CLASS—Coza Bateman, 71.

SR. III.—Earl Scott 83, Pearl Demill 48.

Jr. Pt. II.—Maggie Bateman 79, Warren Harlow 40.

Sr. II.—Carrie Potts 40.

Jr. II.—Gladius Tucker 54, Lillie Potts 25.

Pt. II.—Katherine Doak 68, Jennie Bateman 61, Earl Drewry 42, Bryson Donnan 10.

Pt. I.—Harry Neal 95, Claude Tucker 78, Fred. Martin 46.

C. E. GREEN, Teacher.

S. S. NO. 1, RAWDON.

SR. IV.—Bertha Mosher, Emma Kennedy, Edna Eggleston, Ada McCurdy.

Jr. IV.—Ross Keegan, Volney Richardson.

Sr. III.—Sarah Wilson, Arthur Richardson.

Jr. III.—Bessie Kennedy, Gladys Lyons, Nellie Robinson and Percy Kennedy, equal.

II. CLASS—Bessie McGee, Mabel Reid Part II.—Sofia Hoskins, E. McGee.

Part I., Sr.—Raymond Reid, Lorine Lanigan, Annie Mosher.

Part I., Jr.—Bruce Rodgers, Arthur Keegan, Ethel Lanigan.

Average attendance 80.

M. MACKENNA, Teacher.

S. S. NO. 6, RAWDON.

SR. IV.—Beatrice Sine.

Jr. IV.—Mary Johnston, Karl Sine.

Sr. III.—Sylvia Imholz, Annie Farrell, Norah Bailey, Claud Hogle, Anna Irvin, James Nerris.

Sr. II.—Kenneth Sine, Henry Farrell, Reginald Sine, Gladys Bailey, Eva Bailey.

Sr. Pt. II.—Emma Nerris, May Nerris, Erma Imholz, Willie Wright, Willis Thompson, Ethel Thompson.

Sr. Pt. I.—Mabel Bailey, Nellie Caverley, Ernest Thompson.

Jr. Pt. I.—Irene Sine, Letha Nerris, Maud Bailey, Ella Wright.

Average attendance 18.

A. R. MACKENNA, Teacher.

William McMillan committed suicide near Oshawa by throwing himself into the creek from a high bank.

In a smashup on the Grand Trunk near Beaverton, Fireman Mount was killed and other trainmen injured.

The undersigned has now open to the public the finest Shaving Parlor ever opened in this town.

Having been in Peterboro's for the past year learning all the latest ideas of the profession, I am now prepared to do all work up-to-date. A call solicited.

Shop opposite Post Office, formerly Parker Brothers' Shop.

W. W. HAGERMAN, Proprietor.

Foxboro Notes

From Our Own Correspondent.

A very pretty house wedding took

place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gowless of this place, on Wednesday Oct. 23rd, when their daughter Eva was united in marriage to Mr. J. Franklin Bragg, of Avonmore, Ont. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, amid a large circle of friends and relatives. The rooms were tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers, and the bridal party stood beneath an arch, in the centre of which hung a large bell covered with evergreens and flowers. The groom was attended by Mr. Albert Luman, of Ivanhoe. The bride came into the room on her father's arm, while the wedding march was being played by Miss Maud Faulkner, a little niece of the bride, made a very pretty little flower girl, carrying a beautiful basket of flowers, in which rested the wedding ring. The bride was tastefully dressed in mode zibeline, trimmed with cluny lace and white silk braid put on in Greek fashion. She carried a shower bouquet of white carnations and smilax and wore white carnations in her hair. The bridesmaid wore a dress of the same shade, trimmed with lace and white silk, and carried a bouquet of pink carnations and smilax.

After the congratulations were over, all repaired to dining hall, where luncheon was served. The tables were handsome, decorated in white, pink, and green and loaded with all the good things of the season. The presents were beautiful, showing the high esteem in which the bride is held. The groom's presents were: to the bride, a handsome pin; to the bridesmaid, a beautiful chain bracelet; to the flower girl, a ring set with opals; to the grooms gold cuff links; Miss Maud Faulkner was also presented with a handsome pin. The bride's going away gown was navy blue and white, with hat to match. The young couple left amid showers of rice on the midnight train from Ivanhoe, to visit his people at Sharbot Lake, before proceeding to their home at Avonmore.

The W. M. S. held a social on Tuesday evening, at which the delegates to the central meeting gave their report.

Miss Leona Hubble spent Sunday with friends in Belleville.

Wedding bells in the near future.

Mr. Milton and Miss Alice Scott, of Anson, spent a couple of days last week at the Champion cheese factory, Madoc township, attending an oyster supper which was tendered to that company by their cheesemakers, Mr. Wesley Mason.

Mr. Jas. Boldrick of this village, Mr. B. F. Butler, and Mrs. P. Sine, of London, Ontario, were at the funeral of their late brother Mr. Thomas Butler of Adolphus town on Saturday last. Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Butler are at present visiting relatives and friends here.

CANADA'S GREAT ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

In keeping with the progress of the age, CANADA'S GREAT NATIONAL HOME NEWSPAPER, THE WEEKLY GLOBE, will be very materially improved for 1905.

Numerous important changes will be made, and a new feature will be the introduction of an EIGHT-PAGE ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT ON CALLED EDERED PAPER. This will undoubtedly make it the most popular weekly offered to the people of the Dominion. For particulars see advertisement in another column of this issue.

REXALL HOUSE-HOLD DYES.

These Dyes will dye Wool, Cotton, Silk, Jute or mixed goods in one bath—they are the latest and most improved Dye in the world. Try a package. All colors at

C. F. STICKLE, Agent.

PERSONALS.

Misses Nellie and Myrtle Hough are visiting friends in Madoc.

Mr. Harry Harris returned home last Saturday from the Northwest.

Mrs. Arthur Judd, of Winnipeg, and Miss Kate Anderson, of Port Perry, are the guests of Mrs. Agnes Judd, Front St.

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Clubbing List

THE NEWS-ARGUS will club with the following papers at the rates mentioned:

The Weekly Globe, \$1.75

The Weekly Mail & Empire, with premium picture, 1.75

The Family Herald & Weekly Star, with two premium pictures and Map of Canada, 1.80

The Weekly Sun, 1.80

The Toronto Star (Daily), 2.25

The Toronto Globe (Daily), 4.50

The Farmers' Advocate, balance of this year free to new subscribers, (\$1.00 weekly after Jan. 1) \$2.30

Speciaily low clubbing rates with the Montreal Daily or Weekly Witness.

The work on the new bridge now being built by the County over Deer river in Madoc village is ready for the steel span. A fine job of masonry has been done by Messrs. Tucker and Stephenson.—Review.

Married.

ROWE-WATSON—At Stirling, on Oct. 24th, 1903, by the Rev. Mr. H. Watson, to Mr. Elwin May Rose, of Gardenvale, Out.

Deaths.

ARMSTRONG—In Sidney, on Nov. 1st, Clement Armstrong, aged 88 years and 4 months.

THE CELEBRATED EYE SPECIALIST

Prof. J. H. De Silber, Optician Specialist from Germany, will be in Stirling three times a year.

Watch for dates. All consultations free. Those having weak or imperfect eyes should not fail to consult the professor. Next visit will be February.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

Write today for a free copy of our interesting book "Inventors Help," with How You are swindled on short notice.

We have many experience in the intricate patent laws of foreign countries. Call or write for free photo for advice. MARION & MARION, Experts, New York Life Building, Montreal, and Atlantic Building, Washington, D. C.

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone applying a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Considerable invention is taken up in our office on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through them can receive protection abroad with the help of Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. \$5 a year.

MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

Branch Office, 65 St. Washington, D. C.

THE

Stirling News-Argus

Published every Thursday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker's drug store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per year.

If paid in advance, \$1.00 to \$1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements

Charge PER INCH per week

Whole col. down to half col. \$6.00 to \$1.00

Half col. down to quarter col. \$3.00 to \$1.00

Quarter col. down to 1/2 in. \$1.00 to \$1.00

If inserted less than one month 1 cent extra.

If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of advertising, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of the community.

Two inches \$10 per year; \$5 for six months; \$4 for three months; \$3 for two months; \$2 for one month. One inch, \$2 per year. Two columns \$2 per year. A column measures twenty inches.

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertiser without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, &c., per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted

JOE PRINTING of every deser pion etc. in news and fashionable style, and short notice.



THE STIRLING NEWS-ARGUS.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
\$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1903.

Vol. XXV, No. 8.

"The Same Old Satisfied Smile."

ON THE FACES OF OUR CUSTOMERS

As they continue to do their trading with us. They have tested and proved our methods of business, and are satisfied that this is the best place to buy.

HATS, FUR AND CLOTH CAPS,
OVERCOATS, SUITS, TROUSERS,
UNDERWEAR,

SOCKS, NECKWEAR,

GLOVES, MITTS, BRACES,

WHITE AND COL'D. DRESS SHIRTS,
WORKING SHIRTS,

OVERALLS,

NIGHT ROBES,

HANDKERCHIEFS,

Everything in the
MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING AND
OUTFITTING LINE.

Large variety; Prices to suit all.

Everybody Welcome to Inspect.

FRED. T. WARD'S,
YOUR TAILOR, FURNISHER & FURRIER.

Furs, Not Fire.

Every article you buy here is guaranteed. We don't buy Furs of doubtful quality in order to have something to catch the eye. We have studied the Fur business and give it special attention.

We would like to show any one wanting Good Furs our large assortment of

Jackets, Caperines,

Capes, Caps, Muffls,

Ruffs, Gauntlets,

Fur Lined Capes,

and guarantee our prices to be no more than is paid for lower standards of quality. Take a look at the Furs at

How Quick-Rich Schemes are Worked.

The statement was made, in a special article published the other day in the Globe, that the actual investment in the Toronto Street Railway amounts to \$3,000,000, and the additional \$6,000,000 of capital consists wholly of water.

This statement the Sun believes to be within the mark. And the Toronto Railway is not by any means the worst case of over-capitalization that has occurred in this country. In fact it is in this respect a case of remarkable moderation as compared with some of the great financial projects which have been launched of late years. But this case is sufficient to explain how a lot of millionaires have been created. A few men secure possession of a semi-public property and obtain the right to issue bonds and shares on account of that property to the extent of three or four times the actual value. These bonds and shares are then sold to the innocent investing public, and the receipts from the same pocketed by the promoters and flouters. —Weekly Sun.

Immigration Returns.

The complete official returns of the Government immigration officials show that the total number of immigrants that entered Canada by the St. Lawrence route during the past season of navigation was just a little over 70,000, or an increase of 30,000 over last year. It was expected that the number of immigrants would have been much greater, both railway and steamship officials having predicted that it would pass the 100,000 mark. The big falling off is due to the effort made to stop the Russian and Polish Jew immigration. The reports will show that 80 per cent. of the immigrants just passed through Canada to the United States.

"A Bystander" in the Weekly Sun says: "Mr. Charles Emory Smith was a member of the American Cabinet, and he is the editor of an influential paper. He is a good authority on American policy. He says that so long as Canada remains quiet, the United States will not allow a European war to be extended to this continent. He is unquestionably right. It is unnecessary to refer to the Monroe Doctrine or to international theory of any kind. Interest, substantial and manifest, is the guarantee. A bombshell could hardly be thrown into Canada without striking American interest, besides the interruption of American trade and transportation. Canada, therefore, so long as she remains quiet, has nothing to fear, and no motive for squandering the earnings of her people in maintaining an army of a hundred thousand men. That army might, in itself, be a source of danger if it emboldened our fire-eaters to insult and irritate the people of the United States. In the event of such a quarrel, an army even of a hundred thousand men would manifestly be insufficient to defend such a frontier as ours. The money spent on it, will, so far as Canada is concerned, be pure waste."

On Saturday a young man named Simpson had a narrow escape from death at Bannockburn. With a companion he was sitting on a fence with a loaded rifle in his hand, which he let fall, and which was discharged, hitting his cheek, taking a small piece out of his ear. Dr. Sutton was summoned and attended to his injuries, but he will likely remember the incident for some time. —Madoc Review.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The estimated production of corn in the United States for 1903 is 2,818,000,000 bushels.

Up to October 31 cheese buyers in Kingston paid out \$7,000,000 to the farmers of Frontenac County.

Mrs. Jas. L. Hughes, at the Household Economic Association, condemned the trailing skirt as a disease-spreader.

The Northern Navigation Company's steamer Atlantic was burned near Parry Sound, and sank in sixty feet of water. Crew and passengers were saved.

Thomas Stanley, while deer hunting near Parry Sound, fired at three moose working on a road. James McConan was killed, and Dan Quinlan wounded in the thigh.

It is asserted that the plot for the creation of the new "Republic" of Panama was hatched in New York, and that the United States were aware of what was going on.

The Caledonian Society of Toronto, declined to co-operate with the United States Scotch societies because of their refusal to display the British flag on the occasion of fraternal visits from Canadian Scots.

A one-legged colored tramp is now in Sandwich jail, who is believed to be the person wanted for the murder of Glory Whalen at Collingwood last spring. There is a reward of \$1000 for the capture of the murderer.

Officers of the National Sanitarium Association announce that they will shortly establish a free dispensary in Toronto for consumptives, and in connection with it a lecture hall for medical students to study the disease.

Weekly Sun: There is only one great question now before the people of Ontario. That is the question of equalization of taxation, and the people of the Province are not going to submit to trifling with the one subject in which they are strongly interested.

It was stated at the conference of dairy experts held at Ottawa last week that our dairy exports this year will exceed those of last by \$6,000,000. This is a most gratifying statement. It shows that as a result of the industry of our dairy farmers and the skill of factory managers our greatest industry is still expanding in a most satisfactory manner. It is not so gratifying to know that it would take this \$6,000,000 and another \$6,000,000 added to make up the amount which the railways of Canada are taking from us every year in the form of excessive freight rates. —Weekly Sun.

Pointed Paragraphs.

A family jar is never used in preserving peace.

Never judge women or cigars by their wrappers.

Probably the best way to kill a falsehood is to let it lie.

Silence may be golden, but a good deal of speech is brazen.

Amateur artists are not dangerous, even if their designs are bad.

The secret of popularity is always to remember what to forget.

If a man has no ear for music he can at least use it for a pen rack.

It keeps a lot of people moving to get enough money to pay rent.

Successful political orators say things that sound well and mean nothing.

If the son doesn't take after his father it is usually because the old man left nothing to take.

If a girl loves a man and has his best interests at heart, why does she spoil it all by marrying him?

Capital is what you have, a capitalist is the one who wants to get it away from you, and capitalization is the way he does it.

Plain Shoe Truth.

Every advertiser is inclined to make extravagant statements about his goods. All are best, all are cheapest. At this point the reader is perplexed. We prefer to put it this way:—Our business will not continue if we make only transient sales. It is the people who buy and come again and send their friends who support this store.

You see we can't afford to sell anything but the best shoes at the lowest prices. We would ask you to call and see our Shoes for Fall.

Women's fleece lined from \$1.25 to \$2.00. Also have them in sizes from 11 to 2.

See our Waterproof Boots for Women. This boot is giving great satisfaction.

Made with a heavy sole and light upper.

Men's & Boys' Long Boots, waterproof, guaranteed to give satisfaction, solid

inches and solid leather.

Price \$1.75 to \$2.50.

Plenty of good Rubbers to fit any shoe.

Plenty of Winter Footwear for Men.

Men's Fine Boots, Goodyear welt, McKay sewed, prices \$1.75 to \$4.00.

Boots Made to Order. Repairing done neatly and promptly attended to.

Highest price paid for Eggs. Wood wanted.

J. W. BROWN,
RELIABLE BOOT & SHOE MERCHANT.

Plain Shoe Truth.

Special Attention given to Business with Farmers. Advances made at reasonable rates.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.

We accept deposits of One Dollar and upwards and allow interest from day of deposit. Absolute security.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS CONDUCTED.

STIRLING AND MARMORA.

W. M. CHANDLER, Manager.

The Sovereign Bank OF CANADA.

(Incorporated by Act of Parliament.)

Capital Authorized - - - \$2,000,000.

Capital Paid Up - - - 1,300,000.

Reserve Fund - - - 325,000.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

D. M. STEWART, General Manager.



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STIRLING AND MARM

**THE CONVICT'S
WIFE....**

"I have escaped!" The man drew the curtains across the French windows and turned savagely to the woman. "Well, have you nothing to say to your husband after ten years separation?"

"I am very glad to see you, Jim."

"Then show it by getting me something to eat and some clothes. I must get out of this broad-arrow rig Who is in the house?"

"Nobody; I am alone."

"That's lucky, as I must hide here for a bit until the hue and cry is over. Who is little Mary Winchester?"

"You forgot that you have been away ten years, Jim. Mary is eighteen now, but never mind about her, sit down and have some supper, and then I will see about clothes."

"You are looking blooming and comfortable. How have you been living?"

"Major Winchester remits every month from India for his daughter—and—"

"And you collar the lot; does Mary know anything about her father?"

"You know, Jim, that we agreed to tell her nothing so long as the money came."

"And do you mean to say that you have kept it up all this time, Agatha? By the way, what is your name now?"

"Jim French made my married name too notorious, so I changed it to Agatha Winton."

"And Mary Winchester?"

"Is still known as Mary French."

"You are clever, Agatha, but what about my clothes? I must have them at once."

"Well, let it go at that. Show me a bed, and I will sleep while you are gone. Fancy a soft bed after ten years' gaol; the other five would have killed me."

She led the convict to a bedroom, and then returned to the dining-room. She was a handsome woman of about thirty-two years of age, but would easily have passed for twenty-five. As she sat thinking a hard look came into her face.

"His return spoils everything. Just as fortune and position are in my grasp. If he is here to-morrow I am lost. I will do it, I must, and if Mary Winchester could—yes—I will."

She hastily dressed and left the house. Entering a hansom she drove to the nearest telephone exchange, where she rang up New Scotland Yard.

"Are you looking for Jim French, the escaped convict?"

"Yes."

"You will find him at Holly Tree Villa, St. John's Wood."

She hastily dropped the receiver and hurried away to Oxford Street, where she called at a large drapery establishment and asked for Mary French.

The shop was closed and the employees just about to depart. Mary French greeted Agatha with surprise.

"You are surprised to see me, dear, but my news is important. You have often asked me about your father. He has come home at last."

"My father, Agatha? Oh, take me to him. How I have longed to see him!"

"You must be prepared for a shock my dear, and now you will understand why I have always refused to tell you anything about him."

In spite of Mary's questionings she would say no more until they neared St. John's Wood, where she dismissed the hansom.

She had timed their arrival well.

As they approached Holly Tree Villa, they found a small crowd gathered round the gate and the house surrounded by policemen. Agatha motioned Mary back, and they both stood in the shadow.

Then the door of the villa opened, and Jim French in his convict clothes, with handcuffs on his wrists, marched out between four policeman. They bundled him into a waiting vehicle, and the crowd dispersed.

"Who was that?" whispered Mary.

"That was your father, Jim French, just escaped from prison, where he is serving fifteen years' penal servitude for robbery and manslaughter."

"My father!"

"Yes, my dear, a professional blood-breaker who killed a man by accident. He escaped and asked me to hide him, but someone must have seen him enter the house. This is bad for you my poor girl, it will be in all the papers to-morrow, and the story of where he was captured. Your friends all know where you live, and you will be known as the convict's daughter."

"Oh! Agatha, I could not face it. What shall I do?"

"You must go away for a time while I stay and face matters. They are sure to question me. I will give you money, and you must go to-night. You cannot return to the house. I will send your clothes on to you."

She hurried the girl away and found her a lodgings for the night, while she remained to relieve the policeman, who had taken charge of the house. After satisfying his inquiries she was left alone.

After thinking deeply for some time she took two letters from her pocket, both addressed to Mary Winchester. The first was from a firm of lawyers in India.

"We regret to inform you of the death of your father, Major John Winchester, killed in a skirmish some weeks ago. By his will, made shortly before his death, he left that a sum of £15,000 has been left to Sir Peter Markham, of Chetwynd Manor, Farley Cross, Surrey, to be invested by him in English securities for your benefit. The capital is to remain under his control until your marriage

We have communicated with Sir Peter Markham, and doubtless you will hear from him in due course."

The second letter was from Sir Peter Markham.

"I have heard with deep regret of the death of my old friend, Major Winchester. I understand that he has been made acquainted with the terms of his will, and I gladly undertake the trust placed upon me. I shall be pleased if you will make arrangements to take up your abode at Chetwynd Manor, and I will do myself the honor of calling upon you on Thursday next."

And on the following day Sir Peter Markham drove up to Holly Tree Villa. Agatha opened the door.

"I am Sir Peter Markham. I have called to see Miss Mary Winchester."

"I am Mary Winchester."

"Dear me, you surprise me. I had no idea—that is to say, I expected much younger—"

"I have seen much sorrow; perhaps that accounts for it. My father and mother separated many years ago, and when she died—"

"Yes, of course, I heard the painful story; and John Winchester went away and never set foot in England again. Well, my dear, if you are prepared to come with me to Chetwynd, Rory and I will try to make your life happier."

"Rory?"

The sick man started from his bed and glared at her with wild eyes.

"You—Mary French!"

"Yes, yes, I am. I am your son."

"I am Jim French."

"Fancy anybody troubling themselves about me. What is your name?"

"Mary French."

The sick man started from his bed and glared at her with wild eyes.

"You—Mary French!"

"Yes, yes, I am. I am your son."

"I am Jim French."

"Fancy Agatha—she told me."

"She told you lies. Agatha is my wife, and your name is not French. You are Mary Winchester—daughter of Major John Winchester, now out in India."

"But why was this kept from me?"

"Your father and mother lived unhappily and when your mother died your father went to India, and left you with us. You were a little mate then, and we were newly married. Agatha gave you our name, and kept you in ignorance so that she could use the quarterly remittances which your father sent. And then I got into trouble, and spent ten years in gaol."

"But you escaped?"

"Yes, and Agatha gave me up to the police. But they couldn't hold me. I slipped them again as they were taking me back. For two days I lay in a ditch, wet to the skin. I am a wreck now. I shall never get over it; but I should like to find Agatha first. I should like to find her."

"She has gone I know not where." Their conversation was interrupted by the landlady.

"I'm glad as yer've recovered yer wits, cos yer money's done, an' if ther ain't any more comin' I must ave yer room. An you, too, miss—out yer room on Sat'dy."

"Hold your noise, woman; you make my head ache. I shall have plenty of money by Saturday, and will settle both our accounts."

On Friday evening, when all was quiet, the sick man arose from his bed and dressed. His face was gaunt and pale, and his newly-grown beard failed to hide the hollow in his cheeks.

"I must have money to-night for her sake. They can't recognise me with this beard."

Slipping a jemmy into his pocket he crept down the stairs and out into the night. With one of his few remaining coins he took a ticket at Waterloo Station and was soon speeding into the country.

"I have the plans all right; it is as easy a crib to crack as I've ever seen."

Alighting at a small station he plunged into the dark road. After walking a mile he climbed a wall, before him lay Chetwynd Manor, and he hid in the damp bushes until the lights should be extinguished.

Agatha sat in her luxurious bedroom brushing her long hair before the mirror. A wild exultation filled her heart. Her plans had succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations. She was the prospective mistress of Chetwynd Manor.

As soon as Rory missed Mary from the household of the Grahams he boldly asked where she was, and Mr. Graham took an unctuous delight in informing him that he had discharged her for being the daughter of a convict.

Rory was inconsolable and spent whole days looking for his lost love. Then came a stormy scene with his father in the presence of Agatha.

"Rory, you are making a fool of yourself. I would never accept this convict's daughter as my son's wife. Forget her."

"I cannot do that, sir."

"Then find her and marry her, if you will, but you are no longer son of mine. Miss Winchester—Mary—will you honor me by becoming my wife?"

And now as she sat slowly brushing her tresses and thinking of her pleasant prospects a sound broke upon her ears. It was the opening of a window. The servants had long since retired to rest; but she was a brave woman and felt no fear. She went out to the landing and listened. There was an unmistakable sound of someone moving about the dining-room.

Silently she went down the stairs, quietly opened the dining-room door, and turned on the electric light. A man was kneeling at the sideboard; with an oath he turned and faced her.

"Agatha!"

"Jim!"

For a moment they glared at each other.

"E's got a pound or two," re-

marked the landlady, "an' soon's that's gone out goes ter her 'ospital. E ain't long for this world; no mooning 'e's got. An' see 'ere, me a matter of two pound now. I gives yer five days, an' that's till Sat'dy. If I ain't paid yer goes with 'im."

And so every evening when Mary came home from her weary tramp she spent her time in the sick man's room. On the second day the delirium left him, and he could converse rationally.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am the lodger from the floor below. I am glad you are a little better."

"Have you been nursing me?"

"I have done what little I could."

"Thank you; I have been bad."

"I am Mary Winchester."

"Dear me, you surprise me. I had no idea—that is to say, I expected much younger—"

"I have seen much sorrow; perhaps that accounts for it. My father and mother separated many years ago, and when she died—"

"Yes, yes, I am. I am your son."

"I am Jim French."

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"Hold your noise, woman; you make my head ache. I shall have plenty of money by Saturday, and will settle both our accounts."

Rory went up to London by the first train, and with his heart almost bursting with joy he held Mary in his arms again.

Jim French was alive when Rory brought Mary to Chetwynd Manor, but in the evening he died, after making a statement that restored her to her proper position.

Rory and Mary were married as speedily as possible. Agatha was never heard of again, and Sir Peter Markham as he contemplates his son's happiness cannot repress a shudder at his narrow escape from "the convict's wife." —London Tit-Bits.

"You Jezebel!"

He sprang towards her, but a strong arm seized him by the throat, and he was faced by Sir Peter Markham.

"Back, you scoundrel; on your knees. Miss Winchester, please leave us. I will settle with this fellow."

"Miss Winchester! What did you call this woman? Miss Winchester?"

"What do you mean, sir?" This lady is Miss Mary Winchester."

"She lies, the false Jezebel; she is my wife, Agatha French—Agatha French, the convict's wife!"

"A paroxysm of coughing seized him, and he sank on the floor exhausted. A thin stream of blood ran from his mouth.

"She lies; she is mot Mary Winchester."

"I am Jim French."

"And Agatha is my French daughter."

"No, no! The girl known as—Mary French is the real Mary Winchester."

"Rory, the man is mad; let him go."

"Be quiet, please. How did you come here? Why, man, you are in a dying state."

"Aye, I am almost done for; but she—Mary Winchester, the real—was in want, and I came to—get money somehow. I didn't know my wife was here."

"Where is she? Tell me. I have looked for her day after day. Tell me who is my promised wife."

"Tell me. I am almost done for; but she—Mary Winchester, the real—was in want, and I came to—get money somehow. I didn't know my wife was here."

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STRONGER THAN DEATH OR A RANSOMED LIFE

CHAPTER XVII.

Next day it poured; a fine, soft, silent, autumnal rain, that wrapped the woods in a fleece of grey cloud. Ardel, with an impatient, despairing glance at the inexorable sky, led the way after breakfast to the gymnasium.

The girls, delighted, as girls always are, to invade a male territory, ranged round the walls of the great room with curious eyes and fingers.

With great effort Jeanette lifted a few inches from the coronet matting one of the huge dumbbells which Ardel twirled so lightly, and let it drop again with a frightened little scream at its weight. Then she thrust her tiny fist into the recesses of a big pair of boxing gloves, and stood swinging him saucily in a charmingly unconscious pose, with a dancing light in her dark eyes that made him long to catch her up and crumple her in his arms.

For Lucy, the slim, bright foil was the main attraction of the place. She took over by the embossed hilt, and the air sang, and the bright steel flickered as she switched it like a lady's riding whip.

"It's such a dainty toy," she said to Harry Trevor. "I love to see you men what you call 'play' with it. You could not kill a man with that little steel strip, of course!"

He showed her the button at the top of the slim blade.

"If that were off, Lucy," he said, "every touch were death. It's a small thing, isn't it, to stand between a man and eternity?"

She was dismayed at the very thought of it.

"I shall never love to look at the deadly things again," she said.

"Oh, don't let that frighten you! They are as harmless now as beanstalks. The foil cannot break nor the button come off. They have been tested to a hundred times the strain we put them to."

He bent the blade till he held the point with the hilt in his hands. Then he let it go, and it flew straight with a swish.

"You might as well try and snap whalebone," he said.

"Are you going to play with them now?"

"I think so, though it's very little use for any of us to stand against Ardel. I'm a bit quicker, perhaps. I'm a great deal younger, you know," with a mocking little smile, "but his strength is wonderful. He has got an eye like lightning and a wrist of steel, and—What a boaster I'm growing into!"

"But you have not been praising yourself," said Lucy surprised; "only Dr. Ardel."

"Oh! it's the same thing!" he answered, smiling again that mocking, little smile. "You know that we two are one."

"Come along, girls," cried Ardel's cheery voice, "get to your perch; the performance is about to begin."

They passed through a door masked in the upholstered wall, up a spiral stair of wrought iron to the alcove, furnished like a lady's boudoir. There, seated luxuriously at the low balustrade, they had a full view of the friendly gladiators in the arena below. They were trembling with excitement.

Why is it that men—and women even more than men—admire courage, physical strength and skill, beyond all other things in the world? Supreme courage and contempt of death are the commonest attributes of the lower animals. If we want to flatter a hero, we say he has the courage of a lion or of a bulldog. We might say of a gamecock, or a pantam, or a cockchafer, and it would still be flattery.

In strength and speed, in quickness of eye and grace of limb, there are brutes with whom man can bear no comparison. His intellect alone crowns him monarch of creation; it is his power, his glory—the one thing worthy to be admired. Of course, of course, all that is readily conceded. But to set admiration afame with life, to make the blood tingle and the heart throb with

dread entranced. Their sympathy seemed to inspire the combatants. Both were at their best. Trevor, suddenly on the defensive, twice parried a lightning lunge of Ardel's that had never failed before. Then it was Ardel's turn to grow excited. His fast darted and flashed hither and thither like the darting spark of an electric battery. The point shot suddenly past Trevor's guard, too swift to parry. But with a sudden swerve, that bent his body like a bow, he let the thrust go by in empty space. The reply took Ardel full in the breast.

"A hit!" cried Wickham delightedly to Lucy, who watched with eyes and heart. "By Jove! young Trevor is his master after all."

He spoke too soon. The touch put Ardel on his mettle, and Trevor's last chance was gone. There was no more impatience, no more excitement. He stood like a rock-impenetrable. Three times his point went home past Trevor's guard; twice he almost wrenched the hilt from his grasp. Even to unskilled eyes the play was marvellous. The woman, watching with staring eyes and lips half parted, scarcely dared to breathe; and Wickham, eying them keenly, saw that Lucy triumphed in Ardel's victory, while Jeanette was hurt by the defeat of Trevor. The last bout was fought steadily to a close. More than once the button on Trevor's foil was within a hair's breadth of the broad chest of his opponent; but the parry came in the nick of time. At the last sharp prod from Ardel in the left side, Trevor dropped his point at last and threw his mask away.

"Enough!" he cried panting, but smiling at his own defeat.

"Nonsense, man!" Ardel retorted. "I'm hardly worn yet!" But Jeanette impatiently struck the silver gong on the tea-table in the alcove, as the herald flings down his mask.

"A hit! a palpable hit!" cried Trevor, and the blades crossed again. Wickham's pride was roused. He put forth his utmost skill. It was of no avail; he was quite outclassed. Ardel's strength and quickness were prodigious. His blade-point spun round the opposing steel and went in like a flash of light. His passes were so close and strong that they wrenched his opponent's muscles like a blow. Another touch! the button struck full on Wickham's breast as if there had been no sword in the way to hinder.

Then he lost his coolness and forced the fighting. Quick as a serpent's tongue Ardel's point again, and again darted past his guard. He lunged furiously in reply, with deadly purpose in his thrusts, as though his blade's point was naked and his dearest foe, and not his host and friend, was facing it. Closer and closer he pressed, thrusting madly, careless of defence. Then with a quick turn of Ardel's iron wrist the blade was wrenched from his hand, and sent flying against the padded wall of the gymnasium a dozen yards away.

For just one second Wickham's face was distorted by deadly passion, and he ground a fierce curse out between his teeth. The next he laughed good-humoredly at his own defeat.

"No more at present for yours truly," he said, as Ardel offered the hilt of his recovered foil. "I know my master when I meet him. Give Trevor a lesson. I'll join the ladies and look on."

"He's invulnerable," he whispered to Lucy, when he mounted to the alcove, not without a note of latent malice in his voice. "You see, he gives his whole life to this kind of

thing. Trevor is going to have a try now. I'll bet a hundred to one on the big fencing master."

But to Wickham's surprise, it presently appeared that these two opponents were far more closely matched. Coolness and judgment were with the younger man, though physical strength and skill the elder was manifestly his master.

Again the steel blades clashed and glittered in quick motion, and the girls in the alcove watched the com-

petitors with the interest of the spectators.

"Civilized warfare! the grotesque etiquette of massacre! It's wrong to kill men with hot shot, but right to break them up with dynamite bombs."

It would be atrocious to poison a single soldier; but it's quite in order to mangle a whole regiment with machine guns. When every deadly device has been tried to kill and mutilate men wholesale, decorum requires that surgeons should be provided to patch them up in detail. Where is the difference, I'd like to know, between civilized warfare and uncivilized murder, except in the magnitude of the crime? The murderer kills one man, inflamed by some strong motive—it may be some intolerable wrong, the conqueror kills half a million—or rather he gets fools to do his killing for him—for glory's sake, that he may be named in history as the most expert and successful murderer of his age."

"Don't call it murder," Ardel interposed; "it's fair play all round. The soldier risks his own life."

"That's a cold comfort to the man he kills or mangles; to the wife or mother or children of the man he kills, that don't compensate them for that dear lost life by telling them that the man who took it was brave."

"But there's the honor, the glory," Ardel persisted.

The other laughed contemptuously.

"The cackle of the unborn about the grave"—the silly wicked cackle that is the incitement to new crimes."

"Oh, that's nonsense, Harry; you must know that's nonsense. The men most praised, most thought about, and talked about, and written about, are the men that won big battles. History and poetry are full of them. Even yet we know all about the chaps before Homer's time who prodded each other with spears and smashed each other with big stones round the walls of Troy, and that's all we do know about those days or the men that lived in them. It's the same thing all the way down through history. The big generals are the great men; Alexander the Great, or Hannibal, or Napoleon in our own time, who came within an ace of conquering all Europe. Lay your hand on your heart, Harry, and say you would not be a Napoleon if you could."

Dr. Chase's Ointment brought quick relief, and as the trouble has not returned, I have reason to believe that the cure is lasting."

Mr. Duncan MacVicar, Caledonia Minas, N.B., writes:—"For a number of years I have been troubled with bleeding and protruding piles.

I tried several salves and ointments, which the merits of the article are measured. Among ointments the standard is Dr. Chase's. If a dealer tries to sell you any other kind he fails. This is as good as Dr. Chase's."

Don't be satisfied with substitute or imitations, for Dr. Chase's Ointment is the only positive and guaranteed cure for every form of piles."

Rev. Wm. Thomas, Brownsville, Ont., writes:—"As a man of nearly 70 years I am grateful to God and to Dr. Chase's Ointment for a cure of piles which has caused me endless annoyance and much misery. The itching and burning was almost beyond endurance, but Dr. Chase's Ointment brought quick relief, and as the trouble has not returned, I have reason to believe that the cure is lasting."

Mr. Duncan MacVicar, Caledonia Minas, N.B., writes:—"For a number of years I have been troubled with bleeding and protruding piles.

I tried several salves and ointments, which only afforded me temporary relief. Sometimes I would be laid off from work for weeks. One day last winter one of your books came into my hands, and after reading the testimonies of Mr. Donald MacLean of Tarbot Vale, N.S., and Rev. S. A. Duprav of Belleville, Ont., I decided to give Dr. Chase's Ointment a trial. After taking two boxes of this ointment I found myself completely cured. What I suffered from that painful disease will fill a big book. You are at liberty to publish this, as it may be the means of convincing some poor sufferer, such as I was, that there is a cure for piles. To all sufferers from piles in any form I would recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment as the only cure."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmundson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his remedy.

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Waneda.

By Flora MacDonald.

W AS she an Indian girl, with traces of Italian or Spanish blood, or was she the daughter of an East Indian pundit, who had come to the country to teach Christians a better philosophy and had fallen in love with some squaw?

No matter. Waneda had the stuff of centuries behind those wonderful black eyes, and all the gloss and brilliancy and heat and cold of sunbeam and moon glints in the bundles of wavy black hair.

Where had she picked up the band of jingly coins which lay upon her head? No one ever saw Waneda without his coins.

Then the short skirt, with that broad band of Mexican embroidery in Persian colorings. What a mixture of designs and shades, put together with a bold recklessness, and yet never an inharmonious note in her whole costume!

Beautiful, wonderful, inspiring Waneda—dreaming dreams or building castles—or—remembering—for, after all, are the dreams of our imagination only memories, or perhaps prophecies?

And what shall we say of him, of the first and only man who had ever quickened the pulse or dyed the dusky cheek of Waneda?

He was from a far-off city, had his wife and daughter affectionate good-bye but a week before. He was civilizing and scholarly, cold and calculating.

Even the lauded wreath which had rested lightly on his brow for almost a score of years had only convinced him that he was endowed with an intellect and wise enough to make use of it. He probably knew that it was an advantage to be over six feet high, of magnificent physique and handsome face, but a student clever enough to see so much beyond that what he had accomplished did not appear much to him or make him conscious of his greatness.

He had wandered some five or six miles from the small Mexican town, and sat down on a fallen palmetto tree at the edge of a grove.

What difference where Waneda came from or who she was?

"Why, my beautiful princess, have the gods sent you to break the monotony of the dullest day of all my life?"

The lips smiled, the bright eyes flashed.

"Yes, I have come and you have come. A better seat is just inside the grove."

Without a word, he followed her and when they were seated:

"Tell me," she said, "why you came."

"I came to see you." And it did no sound like a lie.

"Tell me what I shall call you."

He laughed, and thought of Shakespeare's rose. Then he thought of his own important name, that looked so well in print, and then he told another lie that sounded like the truth.

"My dear, dear girl, I'm Bill. Just call me Bill. And what shall I call you?"

"I am Waneda, and I do wish you had a nicer name than Bill. It sounds so hard, and one has it quick."

"Quite true, Waneda. Yours is a name one can linger over, and, having finished it, repeat it over to listen again to its music—Waneda."

"If you are rested, we will walk."

"Just as you wish, little princess. No tell me where you got your name, Waneda."

"I never got it; it was always mine. I grew up with me, and you were always mine, but you've been such a long time coming."

She placed her little, dark hand in his and silently they walked for many minutes.

What had he found? Was it possible that a little, dark, weird thing, however beautiful, could actually affect him?

Why, he was wise, and had such keen analytical ability. He had reason out this thing called love long ago. Yes, of course he loved his wife and daughter but after all it was just one of the phases that went to make up the drama of life. Now—now as he walked he seemed to be intensely alive—fear—wonder—but sublime ecstasy.

"Do you know, Waneda, that you have intoxicated me? Let us go back again down, that I may look into your beautiful eyes. And so you have been waiting for me, dear one. Now that I have come are you glad?"

Tears came into the wondrous dark eyes. She nudged up close to his arm and leaned against him. A tired sigh blended with the words "So glad." He put his arm about the little crouching figure.

The sun had almost faded from the sky, and far above it the thin little new crescent could be seen in silvery pale.

Her wavy black hair scintillated in the dying light. With his free hand he brushed it back from her forehead and lovingly stroked stray bunches of it. The only sound to break the stillness was when one coin jangled its metallic edge against another.

He wished that time had stopped and this could be the eternal now of life. This must be what ages thought of when they spoke of heaven.

Quick as lightning's flash, Waneda leaped from his arms, jumped upon the fallen tree and threw her arms about his neck.

"Now I must go, but you will come again to-morrow. Yes, each to-morrow you will come, and each night you will stay later for the moon will grow. Then stars will fade and full and all the stars are twinkling and laughing, then we will be married, you and I."

A little brown bird, with such sides of the handsome, intellectual face. A moment she looked in his eyes. Her lips met his. He was about to clasps his arms, but she made a dart and disappeared among the tall palm-trees.

"Well, I'll be blown!" came the unromantic remark. He called himself a few fools, took off his hat, and started back to the clearance. Having crossed a railroad track on his way with Waneda, he decided to follow it back to town.

The moon was full. Silver lights glistened and glinted, reflected from leaf or bush or log. Myriad stars, dimmed slightly by the brilliant moonlight, twinkled and sparkled in "that inverted bowl we call the sky."

Waneda was first at the palmetto log. "He is late to-night, but I have been impatient."

Minutes passed—long anxious minutes.

The night so beautiful, but waiting so weary.

It was a sound. What could have kept him?

An hour dragged slowly along. Was this a longer night in ever night had been before?

Ten o'clock and he had changed to doubts and fears. Had all the universe stopped still?

Back to himself!

How delightful it had all been, but what did it mean? How foolish! Simplicity a pleasant adventure with a mighty

pretty girl—true, a queer, wonderful little thing—and different.

When he reached his hotel, being thirsty after his long tramp, he drank a glass of ale and retired.

No—not to sleep. Waneda had in one short hour become part of his very life. Of course he'd never see her again—madness to dream of it. And here he stood, a fool as to fall in love with a weird, wondrous creature who talked so wildly about living waited for him!

More he came, and he wandered aimless about the town. Would the afternoon never come?

Long before the sun began to fade, "Bill" (and, of course, his name was not Bill) was on his way to the grave.

He wandered about for some time and then, not seeing Waneda, drifted in to their sent on the fallen palmetto tree.

The moon became visible. It was becoming impatient, anxious, almost fearful, when a light song and the jingle of coins told him he had not waited in vain. He slipped off his feet, and, like some wild child, she leaped into his arms.

He kissed her at arms' length, said: "Waneda: who are you, and what has thrown you across my path? I fear for what will come of it."

"Who am I? Just Waneda. You see me—now, you are hard cold. Surely you love me?"

"Yes, 'tis easy enough to love you but—"

He said no more.

She was looking at him with those wondrous eyes, that seemed to know and live worlds of thought and reason.

He sat down and took the brown little thing in his arms.

She chattered away about birds and flowers, daylight and dawn-time and black nights, when so much more could be seen. Occasionally a little brown arm would slide about his neck. He thought of a diamond ring belonging to his daughter, that she had given him to have cleaned. He had neglected giving it back to her, and now took the tiny leather case from his pocket, opened it and handed it to Waneda.

The fading light reflected back the rainbow glints from the precious gem.

Waneda gave a cry of delight. "I will place it on your finger, small, wild girl."

She was about to allow him when suddenly she objected.

"No, loved one; not to-night. Themoon must be full, and we must say thwords."

"You are talking of the marriage dear, but this is not a wedding-ring. This is just to show you that I love you."

He slipped it on her finger and with pardonable pride watched her admire the seven-hued lights that caught the pretty stone.

She laughed a happy laugh. "This is the ring I have dreamed about."

She jumped upon the log, put her arms about his neck, kissed him quickly violently, and, smiling as on the night before.

This time he said, "The devil!" But never in all his calm, reasonable life had such a cyclone of emotions surged through his being.

This night he slept, but only to dream of Waneda.

Night after night he was by the falls, palmetto, and as the moon grew large he was allowed to stay later.

He seemed so at his mercy, but he very confidence in him was her guardian angel. He had given up reasoning. He simply lived—satisfied to hold her hand, if so she wished. Sometimes she would climb up and sit on his broad shoulder, and he would make a footstool of his hands for her dainty little feet.

"Soon, dear heart, the moon will be full, and then we will be married."

"Who will marry us, Waneda?"

"Why, we will say the words and the Great God will hear, and the moon and the stars will be witnesses. Thus it will be written with our thoughts on the face of the heavens, man and wife."

"Then, Waneda, what will we do?"

"It will be nearly midnight, and we will walk up the track to the little station and you will take me away on the twelve o'clock train with you, and we will always be together."

As the night of the full moon approached he began again to analyze. Yes, he would marry her. If only the Great God were a witness, he could not be arrested for bigamy. He had a month's more holidays, and then he could explain how he would have to leave her for a time but would come again. Yes, if he waited with the risk—a month of love with him.

The night before the wedding came.

What a night! The great, full moon flooding the earth with her soft light.

How brilliant and beautiful Waneda looked! How delightfully entertaining she was! And how he adored her!

Willingly would he have sacrificed all he owned, or all the world owed him of honor or of fame for her.

As she kissed him good-night she whispered:

"I will come early to-morrow night, dear heart. And you can tell me all you would have me be to be worthy of the words you will say. I will have to give up my coins and wear different frocks. But on moonlight nights I will put on my short dress and my jingling coins, and we'll live over again these glorious nights."

The night was wonderful.

"Good God! 'tis hard to part!"

"But just till to-morrow night. Then we will part no more." And she went.

Long he sat, with his head in his hands. What had he reasoned out? He took out his watch. Just a half hour to midnight. He was ghastly pale, not with clenched fists he flew towards the track, but did not go toward the town. Hurriedly he rushed in the opposite direction of the little flag-station, explained that the midnight train must be stopped, telephoned where to have his baggage sent, bought a ticket, boarded the midnight train—and, as he thought, saved Waneda.

The moon was full. Silver lights glistened and glinted, reflected from leaf or bush or log. Myriad stars, dimmed slightly by the brilliant moonlight, twinkled and sparkled in "that inverted bowl we call the sky."

Waneda was first at the palmetto log. "He is late to-night, but I have been impatient."

Minutes passed—long anxious minutes.

The night so beautiful, but waiting so weary.

It was a sound. What could have kept him?

An hour dragged slowly along. Was this a longer night in ever night had been before?

Waneda had changed to doubts and fears. Had all the universe stopped still?

Back to himself!

How delightful it had all been, but what did it mean? How foolish!

Simplicity a pleasant adventure with a mighty

The eager face so bright, so full of hope and faithful trust, was now so pale and pained.

Eleven o'clock! Hope gone! wild, fearful eyes, and then the thought, the knowledge—he will not come!

The small hands clenched, the teeth set firm. Agony and despair! And nearly twelve o'clock!

A faint sound of the whistle of the midnight train came from the town.

Waneda walked towards the track. On—swifter, ever swifter the roaring engine came. The head-light looked like the eye of some evil monster. Dashing, crashing, rumbling, that midnight train passed on—on to where he had gone.

Waneda had said the words to the Great God and the full moon and the stars were the silent witnesses.

The Symphony.

Carry me home to the pine-wood; Give me to rest by the sea; Leave me alone with the hailing tone Of the south wind's phantasy.

For I am weary of discord, Sick of the clamor of this strife, And I yearn for the symphony—Life.— Robert Haven Schaufler in "Scribner's."

A Swimming-School for Horses.

Horses are "enlisted" in British cavalry regiments on reaching their second year, but it is generally two years more before they are taken for their first swimming lesson. This branch of their education receives a good deal of attention at the Aldershot training camp, writes W. G. Fitzgerald in the "Royal Magazine." The veterinary officer and riding-master of the regiment supervise the work, and only experienced men are allowed to add.

The great thing is not to force or alarm the horse during his training, but to lead him by easy stages to enter the water quickly, fearlessly and as noiselessly as possible. If terrified at the start, the horse would be likely to fight shy of deep water ever after. So on the first day the man who has charge of the horse walks his pupil about on the edge of the water, just permitting him to wet his hoofs and fetlocks. The next day the horse is introduced a little farther into the water, perhaps up to his body, and allowed to splash round as he pleases. In this way the horse is gradually taken farther and farther in, until at length he loses his footing and starts swimming quite naturally, the man in charge swimming by his side to give him greater confidence.

Then the horse is taught to swim in company with others, beside a boat, by way of training him to cross rivers with his regiment en masse. The horses are divested of all saddlebut head collars and head ropes. The men of each troop get into a boat, and by means of the head ropes bring their horses into the water alongside. Then the boat is hauled across the river by a rope manned from the opposite side, and the horses necessarily follow.

At times the horses are exercised in bearing their riders across on their backs. The horse wears only the head-collar and bridle, and the rider strips himself, and throws his legs up along the horse's flanks so as not to impede the animal's movements. As the horse naturally swims very low in the water the rider's weight pushes him down until only his head is above the surface. But the animal soon gets over the uneasiness this causes him at first. Then the horse's tuition is complete, and he is classed in his regiment as "proficient." He has, in fact, passed his "exam" as much as any cadet at Sandhurst.

"Punch's" Interview with H. G. Wells.

Some member of "Punch," with a turn for genial fooling, writes a "Sketchy Interview" with H. G. Wells, the pseudo-scientific writer, in which he says:

"On our pressing the electric button the door was opened by a well-trained Martian, who, in answer to our question bowed politely that Mr. Wells was on board the aeroplane, superintending the flying drill of the Sardgates, Highlanders and was for the time being an invisible man, but that he was expected in any moment. While he was speaking a whirling noise was heard overhead, and Mr. Wells swooped to earth. Divesting himself of his celluloid cloak, studded with plasmatic buttons, Mr. Wells, on demand and receiving our assurance that we belonged to the middle classes, ushered us into his sanctum. We experienced considerable difficulty in keeping our feet, owing to the curvature of the floor—Mr. Wells adopts this system to prevent the collection of dust—but finally succeeded in anchoring ourselves to a scientist paperweight, while our host settled himself comfortably in the cushioned seats of his time machine and began to talk."

True Love.

An American lady has risen to defend the national dignity by asserting that her countrywomen do not marry Euro-

pean noblemen for titles alone. It seems that the European is more skilled in the art of making love, and the titles become only one of the many attractions that endear him to the wealthy heiress. There is probably a good deal to be said in favor of this point. In a land where a man's social status is almost entirely governed by his bank account, the universal grab for dollars occupies all the available leisure of the average Yankee, and he hasn't the time to waste on a mere girl who may refuse him after two or three months' courting, and a sacrifice of precious moments that might have been used in besting a brother man out of a quarter's salary.

M. A. De Wolfe Howe in Atlantic.

Willful Woman.

After the old gentleman had invited the young one to be seated the latter coughed once or twice to clear his throat and then bluntly suggested that he wished to marry the old gentleman's daughter.

The old gentleman didn't wish to be too ready to give his consent, but he admitted after a few minutes he thought he had no objections.

"That's just the trouble," protested the young man disconsolately. "If you'd only oppose it and order me out of the house once or twice and buy a bulldog I'd have some show of getting her."

What It Really Lacked.

"I put in the French phrases here and there," said the would-be author, "to give the book an atmosphere of culture."

"H'm!" remarked the critic. "It would have helped a bit if you had put in a little good English in spots."

"It is hinted that she wears an artificial skeevitch."

Kind fates pre-serve us! If the ladies

in other parts of the world begin amplifying their names as they do their hair we never shall know whether a lady is really possessed of the aristocratic cognomen engraved upon her cards, or is

simply a plain Smith, Jones or Brown.

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All Mail Orders will receive our prompt and careful attention. This sale offers you a chance to put our system to test. Send waist measure and length required. If garment is not satisfactory we will refund the purchase money.

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CHAMBERLAIN AT BIRMINGHAM

Appeals to Patriotism and Self-Interest for Support.

A London despatch says: Joseph Chamberlain made a speech on Wednesday evening to a gathering of 9,000 of his fellow-townsmen at Bingley Hall, Birmingham. It was by far the largest audience the former Colonial Secretary had faced during the fiscal campaign, and the enthusiasm naturally exceeded the remarkable scenes witnessed in the others, and was emphasized by the Chamberlain victory at the previous municipal election in Birmingham.

Before Mr. Chamberlain arrived the vast audience kept shouting to Mrs. Chamberlain, "Where's Joe?" The speech was marked throughout by tumultuous enthusiasm, especially at the end, when with true dramatic instinct he drew from a piece of brown paper two enormous, equal-sized loaves of bread, representing the taxed and untaxed loaf, and holding them at arm's length, laughingly asked, "Which is which?"

LITTLE ENGLANDERS.

After dealing with conditions during the past fifty years under free trade, and quoting figures to sustain his argument, Mr. Chamberlain quoted Cobden as saying that the United States would eventually abandon manufacturing, and that "their workmen would go back to the land and dig and delve for us." Americans, however, said Mr. Chamberlain, had not so conceived their national destiny. Behind the tariff wall they had built up their industries, until they had reached a stage where, unsatisfied with the extent of their own markets, they were invading those of the United Kingdom.

Reverting to the question of a preferential tariff for the colonies, Mr. Chamberlain charged those opposed to his plans with being "Little Englanders," lacking in the desire to bring the colonies closer to the Mother Country, and preferring to do more for strangers than for their own flesh and blood.

Mr. Chamberlain spoke for nearly two hours, in the main repeating his

former arguments, and appealing to the patriotism and self-interest of the people of the United Kingdom to sustain his fiscal project.

TIES WITH COLONIES.

The gist of the speech was an appeal to the English people to lose no time in binding closer the units of the Empire. If Britain were out of sympathy with the colonies and refused their offers, if she could not co-operate in sustaining the Empire, she would lose her opportunity, and it might never recur. Then there should never be the bond of commercial union which at one time was the ideal of Lord Rosebery, and with no commercial bond they could never secure that Imperial federation for which Lord Rosebery declared he was willing to die. A large party in the country regarded the colonies as a costly encumbrance. He was not quite sure whether the modern leaders of free trade shared those antiquated views, but at any rate, instead of appreciating the importance of Imperial unity all they thought of was the unity of the Radical party. Continuing, Mr. Chamberlain said: "We revered and glorified in those family ties with the colonies, and no politician should induce us to do anything which would cause us to sacrifice them. I am not presumptuous enough to predict beforehand exactly what all these great States will do in return. I have full confidence, however, that they will do right. In the meantime some facts are public property. We know that a preferential system has been asked for by all the colonies on three separate occasions, and asked for at two conferences over which I presided in London.

"When I remember how all the colonies responded to their allegiance and sent men by thousands, and paid out money during the recent war, I feel confident that these men negotiate without any fear of the result, and that they will show great generosity and patriotism."

FRUIT OF GOOD QUALITY

EXCELLENT ADVICE BY MR. HAROLD POWELL.

At the Meeting of the American Pomological Society, Held at Boston.

In an address at the recent annual meeting of the American Pomological Society, held at Boston, Mr. G. Harold Powell gave some excellent advice in regard to growing fruit of first-class quality. Many of the points which he brought out were noted with approval by Mr. W. A. MacKinnon, Chief of the Dominion Fruit Division, and are given here for the benefit of Canadian fruit growers. Mr. Powell recommended as summer apples for the United States, Red Astrachan, Sweet Bough and Williams; for autumn apples, Gravenstein and Alexander; for winter, the Greening, the Newton Pippin, which he stated had sometimes sold as high as \$20.00 a barrel, the King, the Spitzenberg, Baldwin, Spy and Macintosh Red. He recommended top grafting the King on two year old Spies, stating that in this way a vigorous tree bearing good crops would be obtained.

Regarding the Ben Davis, Mr. Powell made a very cutting criticism, declaring it had only one quality to recommend it, namely, its color; and stating that no fruit would take a prominent place in our markets or would continue to be a profitable one for grocers, which depends upon a single virtue for its sale.

The Champion grape received a similar castigation. Its only virtue is its earliness, and this Mr. Powell thinks has made it one of the worst enemies of the grape grower, inasmuch as the price of the Champion at first very high, drops almost to nothing. The last price of the Champion, or what the public are willing to pay after they have become acquainted with its wretched quality, fixes the price for all other grapes which follow, though they are infinitely better.

SUPERIOR IN QUALITY

to the Champion. In other words, rock bottom prices having been once established, it is impossible to get back to normal prices.

Mr. Powell spoke rather more kindly of the Elberta peach, but is of the opinion that it also is not an unmixed blessing to the fruit growers. It is a splendid shipper but has no quality.

The conclusion to be drawn from Mr. Powell's remarks is that whatever transient advantages may be obtained by the grower from the production of inferior varieties, it is to his permanent advantage, and it is the only wise policy to produce the highest quality in each sort of fruit which he places on the market.

Still, according to the value of such advice furnished by some reports of fruit sales just received by the Fruit Division from London, England. On Oct. 7th, there were sold a large number of half-cases of California and other American peaches, including about a dozen varieties. The Seckel, which is generally regarded as the peer of the highest quality, though small in size, sold for 12s; the Giant Marrow, for 18s (or 18s); the Galashaw (similar to our Bone) for 11s; the Comice (one of the varieties recommended by the Fruit Division) for 11s to 12s. If we contrast these prices with those for fruit of inferior quality, we must conclude that the Englishman wants only the best fruit and that he is prepared to pay for it. Barlettts, which are certainly above medium quality fetched 6s to 7s; Anjou 8s;

Claireau 7s to 7s 6d; Duchess 9s, 9d to 4s; Hardy 2s. 6d. to 3s. 9d.; and Keiffers, which it is only fair to mention were "wet" only ten pence to 1s. a cask. Large quantities of Canadian apples sold on the same day brought all the way from 10s. to 25s. per barrel (the latter figure being for Ribstones), with the great majority at 15s. to 16s. On Oct. 12, half case of Conicis pears were sold by the same firm for 11s. 6d.; while the Duchess variety fetched only 4s. 3d., these being the only two sorts of pears handled that day. The highest figure for apples on that date was 23s., again to the credit of No. 1 Ribstones, while the lowest prices were 12s. for No. 2 Fall Pippins, and 18s. for No. 2 Ribstones and Gravensteins. The wide variation of 10s. per barrel, between No. 1 and No. 2 Ribstone, is particularly worthy of notice, indicating as it does that quality is sure to tell.

BOXES FOR APPLES.

In view of the scarcity and high price of apple barrels this season, and of the fact that in some districts farmers find it impossible to procure barrels at any price, the Fruit Division recommends the general use of boxes. These can be had knocked down, at almost any saw mill for about eight cents each, and they should not cost more than ten cents each made up. As three boxes hold about as many apples as a barrel, they will be found much cheaper than barrels at fifty cents and upwards. The boxes should be well and strongly nailed, and should hold about forty pounds of fruit. The dimensions of the boxes used by the Grimsby shippers are given by twelve by eighteen inches, while the British Columbia standard box is ten by eleven by eighteen inches, these being inside measurements in both cases. The boxes should be made of strong material not less than five-eighths of an inch thick for the ends, and not less than three-eighths of an inch for the sides; the tops should have strips across the ends to prevent the weight of other packages, piled on top, from bearing directly on the fruit. It is also usual to leave open corners at the top and bottom for ventilation. Little or no packing material should be used as purchasers like to find the packing quite full of fruit. A sheet of cardboard at the top and bottom will materially reduce the amount of injury from bruises. But it should be remembered that even in this year of scarcity of barrels, it will not do to ship anything but first class fruit in boxes, as the reputation of the Canadian box and of the Canadian trade in general will greatly suffer if inferior or common fruit is exported in the box or any fancy package.

GLORY WHALEN'S MURDER

Man Arrested at Comber Suspected of the Crime.

A Windsor despatch says: Richard McKee, of Comber, on Monday, telephoned Chief Wills, of Windsor, that had discovered the slayer of Glory Whalen, who was so brutally murdered at Collingwood three months ago. A one-legged colored man was arrested on the premises of McKee's home, and sentenced to serve six months in Sandwith jail from a charge of vagrancy, arising from a conversation which Mr. McKee had with the prisoner, he believes that he is none other than the man who is responsible for the murder. The prisoner will be brought to Windsor, accompanied by McKee, Chief Wills, Hevese McKee is right in his conjecture that the fellow is the murderer.

DEATHS FROM CONSUMPTION

Statistics Show Falling Off in Mortality.

A despatch from Toronto says: The returns received at the Provincial Health Office show a largely decreased number of deaths from consumption for last year compared with some years past. The deaths from consumption last year, 2,634, show a decrease of 549, compared with 1901, and 890, compared with 1900, when the deaths totalled 3,484.

The figures for the past six years are as follows:

1897	3,154
1898	3,291
1899	3,405
1900	3,484
1901	2,243
1902	2,694

THE WORLD'S MARKETS.

REPORTS FROM THE LEADING TRADE CENTRES.

Prices of Cattle, Grain, Cheese, and Other Dairy Produce at Home and Abroad.

Toronto, Nov. 10.—Wheat.—The market is quiet with the feeling somewhat easier. No. 2 white and red Winter quoted at 78c low freights No. 2 Spring is quoted at 78c east, and No. 2 goes at 71 to 72c east. Manitoba wheat is easier. At Upper Lake ports No. 1 Northern is quoted at 87c; No. 1 hard nominal at 90c lake ports.

Oats.—The market is a little weaker, with offerings fair. No. 2 white is quoted at 29 to 29 1/2c west, and at 29 1/2c low freights to New York. No. 1 white, 31c east.

Barley.—The demand is moderate, with offerings fair. No. 2 quoted at 42 to 48c middle freights. No. 3 extra at 41c, and No. 3 at 39 to 40c middle freights.

Rye.—The market is quiet, with prices steady. Cars are quoted at 51 to 51 1/2c east.

Peas.—Trade is dull, and prices unchanged. No. 2 white quoted at 61 to 62c high freights and 68c east.

Corn.—The market is quiet, with prices steady. No. 2 yellow American quoted at 54c on track, Toronto; No. 3 yellow at 58c, and No. 3 mixed at 52c Toronto.

Buckwheat.—The market is firm, with quotations 41 to 42c at outside points.

Flour.—Manitoba patents, \$4.60; seconds, \$4.30; strong bakers', \$4.05 to \$4.30; Ontario straight rollers, \$3.90 to \$4; in bags, \$1.85 to \$1.95; patents, \$4 to \$4.25; extras, \$1.65 to \$1.70. Rolled oats—\$1.80 per bag, \$3.80 per bbl. Feed—Manitoba bran \$17 to \$18; shorts, \$20, bags included; Ontario bran, in bulk, \$16.50 to \$17; shorts, in bulk, \$20.50 to \$21.50. Beans—Choice primes, \$1.60 to \$1.61 per bushel in car lots, \$20; \$20.50 to \$21; light shorts, \$20; Canadian lard, \$4 to 9c;魁北克 rendered, 10 to 10 1/2c; hams, 12c to 14c; bacon, 14 to 15c; fresh killed abattoir hogs, \$7.50 to \$12. Eggs—Candied selected, 22c; straight receipts, 19c; Manitoba limited, 18c; Cheese—Ontario, 11c; Townships, 10c; Quebec, 10c; Peter-Townships creamery, 21c; Quebec, 20c; Western dairy, 16 to 17c.

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UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Duluth, Nov. 10.—Wheat.—Arrive, No. 1 hard, 82c; No. 1 Northern, 80c; No. 2 Northern, 77c; December, 56c; May, 77c.

St. Louis, Nov. 10.—Wheat—December, 86c; May, 91c.

Buffalo, Nov. 10.—Flour—Firm.

Wheat—Nothing doing. Corn—No. 2 yellow, 51c asked; No. 2 corn, 49c asked. Oats—Weak; No. 2 white, 40c; No. 2 mixed, 38c; barley—48 to 60c c.i.f. Rye—No. 1 1/2c. Canal freight—Steady.

Minneapolis, Nov. 10.—Wheat—December, 78c; May, 77 to 78c; Corn—No. 1 hard, 81c; No. 1 Northern, 80c; No. 2 Northern, 77 to 78c.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, Nov. 10.—To-day's receipts at the City Cattle Market were 91 car loads, consisting of 1,800 head of cattle, 1,797 sheep and lambs, 1,736 hogs, and 57 calves. The run was heavy, but of the cattle, light stockers and feeders, were too many in proportion to the choice cattle. It was altogether rather a ragged kind of market, with business a little slow, and no very choice stock offerings.

Export—Offerings of really choice export cattle scarce, a few loads of fairly good though light steers selling at from \$4 to \$4.25.

Butchers.—The cool weather will probably improve conditions in the local butcher trade, but the change was hardly perceptible to-day. The demand was fair, but not particularly active, and for ordinary butchers' cattle the prices were unchanged from Thursday's market quotations. The proportion of rough light cattle was a little too heavy.

Feeders—Good heavy feeders and short-keep cattle are steady. Inferior light feeders are a little easier.

Stockers—There is a little better demand for stockers, but prices are low.

Sheep and Lambs—Export ewes are quoted at \$2.25 to \$2.40; backs, \$2.50 to \$2.75; lambs, \$3.50 to \$3.75.

Hogs—Market easy, but prices unchanged at \$5.40 to the top. Export, heavy \$4.00 to \$4.25

Export, light 4.00 4.10

Butts, export, heavy, cwt. 3.75 4.25

do light 3.00 3.50

Wards 3.00 3.60

Stockers 400 to 800 lbs. 2.50 3.12

do. 900 lbs. 2.75 3.60

Butchers' cattle, choice 3.75 4.10

do. medium 3.80 3.50

do. picked 4.00 4.10

do. bulls 2.75 3.00

do. rough 2.50 2.60

Light stock bulls, cwt. 2.25 2.50

Milk cows 30.00 52.00

Hogs, best 5.40

do. light 5.15

Sleep, export, cwt. 3.25 3.40

Spring lambs 3.50 3.75

Bucks 2.50 2.75

Culls 3.50 2.75

Calves, each 2.00 10.00

UNITED STATES.

Basin, Mont., is practically destroyed by fire, which started from a bonfire built by children at play.

Four thousand men have been discharged by the United States Coal and Coke Company, at Welch, W. Va.

Burglar-proof pay cars are an innovation in railway equipment to be introduced by the Pennsylvania system.

A fine not exceeding \$500, and imprisonment up to 100 days, is the punishment for prizefighting set by Los Angeles, Cal.

In the required certificate of election expenses filed by Mayor-elect McClellan of New York, he swearing that he had no election expense whatever.

Twenty-five thousand dollars for a kiss is the price that Mrs. Louis Grey Stitt, of Chicago, wants from Samuel E. Darby, patent attorney, whom she is suing.

Flying in through a window of Gouverneur Hospital, New York, as owl frightened Mrs. Elizabeth Florishes to death. She had just given birth to a child.

Indictments have been returned by the Grand Jury at Belleville, Ill., naming members of a mob that lynched the negro schoolteacher, David S. Wyatt, here on June 6th.

Nine members of the mob that lynched David Wyatt, the negro schoolteacher, on June 6, were arrested at Belleville, Ill., and warrants are out for five more, all of respectable families.

Calvin E. Wade, farmer of North N.Y., in a moment of frenzied anger fatally wounded his wife, and then drew his brains out.

She laughed at him because he couldn't catch a hog he was chasing.

Alton Farrel, who is twenty-three years of age, a Yale graduate, and who spent two years in his uncle's foundry learning the rudiments of the business, despite the fact that he is worth a million in his own right, was elected alderman of Ansonia, Conn.

The twenty-year 4 per cent. Government loan of \$2,800,000, which matured this month, will be renewed for ten years at 3% per cent. Nearly all of the loan is held in Canada.

GENERAL.

The Bulgarian-Turkish "war" has been "unofficially" postponed till spring.

A German Colonization Company is seeking to turn emigration to South America.

Not an article of historic or artistic value was injured by the recent fire in the Vatican.

ARMY OF IMMIGRANTS.

Arrivals for the Past Ten Months Number 121,115.

An Ottawa despatch says: The Government returns show that 121,115 immigrants came to Canada during the ten months up to the close of October. Of this number 47,541 were from the British Isles, 39,046 from the United States, and 34,528 from various parts of Europe. During October alone 7,892 settlers reached Canada's shores.

The department is planning for even a more vigorous canvass in the United Kingdom next season, and among the rural population of France and Belgium as well. Special literature is being prepared to assist in the immigration work in France and Belgium, and Mr. Willard, who is taking charge of this mission, leaves at once for France.

Poultry.—The market is quiet at 6 to 6 1/2c per lb. for bulk, and at \$1.25 to \$1.50 for comb. Choice clover honey, 7 to 7 1/2c per lb.

Hay—Demand is fair, with receipts only moderate. No. 1 timothy quoted at \$9.50 to \$10 on track, Toronto and mixed at \$7 to \$7.50.

Straw—The market is quiet at \$5.50 per ton for car lots on track.

Hops—The market is quiet, with this season's crop quoted at 22 to 25c.

Potatoes—The offerings are fair, with little change in prices. Cars of good quality offered to day at 58c per bag on track, and inferior at 50c.

Poultry—The market continues dull and weak, with sales difficult to make. Dry plucked turkeys quoted at 10c per lb., geese at 6 to 6 1/2c, ducks at 7 1/2 to 8c, chickens at 7 to 8c, and fowls at 6c per lb.

Feathers—Good—The market is quiet at 6 to 6 1/2c per lb.

Smoked meats—Hams, light to 13c; 13c to 14c; rolls, 11c; shoulders, 10 to 10 1/2c; rolls, 11c; breakfast bacon, 14c.

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WALL PAPER.

Big Reduction in Prices for the Fall Trade.

Extra Value in Short Lots. - PAPER FROM 3 CENTS A ROLL UP.

50,000 ENVELOPES

Just arrived, and we can offer special value in box lots.

Also, new lines in Plain and Fancy Stationery.

PAINTS AND OILS

DYES, in bulk and Package.

PARKER'S DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE

Canada's Great Illustrated Weekly.

A leading feature of THE WEEKLY GLOBE to be added this fall will be an

Eight-Page Illustrated Supplement

ON SUPERCALENDAR PAPER.

For the production of this great paper an immense new electrotyping, photo-engraving and printing plant has been added to The Globe's mechanical equipment. This will make THE WEEKLY GLOBE unquestionably the most desirable home paper in Canada.

WE SELL



STOVES and RANGES.

Every Stove Guaranteed.

H. & J. WARREN,

Hardware, Stoves & Tinware,
MILL ST.

FARM FOR SALE

The subscriber offers for sale the West Half of Lot No. 2 in the 7th Con. of Rawdon, containing one hundred acres. Fifty acres in pasture and under cultivation by man in pastures and wood land. A spring creek and two wells on premises. Good brick house, frame barn, straw barn and drive house. A good orchard. For terms and further particulars apply on the premises to

JOHN T. HAGGERTY,
Minto P.O.

Farming For Profit...

Every Farmer should keep these three words constantly in mind and conduct his farm on strict business principles. Guess work and haphazard methods are no longer used by successful and up-to-date farmers.

By reading THE WEEKLY SUN, the Farmer's Business Paper, you will get the very latest and most accurate information regarding your business.

The SUN's market reports are worth many times the subscription price to you.

Every Farmer in Canada should realize the full value of the service THE SUN has rendered him in a public way. It was due to the action of THE SUN in giving voice to the opinions of the farmers that the law relating to cattle guards, drainage across railways, and farm fires caused by railway locomotives has been amended.

We will send THE WEEKLY SUN from now to 1st January, 1905, in combination with

THE NEWS-ARGUS

FOR \$1.75

For Sale Cheap.

A 2-horse Tread Power, in working order

R. N. BIRD,

Stirling, P.O.

REMOVAL NOTICE.

W. C. MIKEL, B.C.L., Barrister, Solicitor for the City of Belleville, Ont., Solicitor for the City of Belleville, Ont., removed to the City Hall where he will continue a general practice of law except against the Corporation of the City of Belleville, Ont., and the Province of Ontario. Money to loan at 4, 5 or 6 per cent. according to quality of security. Telephone, No. 195

Street Lighting in Madoc

The Madoc Review of last week says: "After months of consideration by the Council, and the devising and investigating of various schemes suitable for a healthy, prosperous town like Madoc, the Committee it seems at last arrived at a decision regarding that necessary adjunct to modern civilization—Light. It was no longer to be necessary for our citizens to carry lanterns at night, and all were ready to hail with joy the advent of the new era. Lamp posts for oil lamps were actually being erected! But the Madoc Citizen wanted to have hand in the game, and lend His valuable assistance, and so last Friday evening the Town stepped out of its darkness to find the front streets a perfect blaze of light. Candles gleamed everywhere. It came with sudden shock to our taxpayers to find out that the regime of electricity had given way to the more modern one of tallow dips. Everyone was out to see how the new system worked, and the village fathers were there to reap the reward of their untiring efforts. People had begun to grumble at the long continued darkness, but this manifestation showed that some of the Aldermen had a trump card up their sleeves which they played at the right moment. After the long wait which we have had, Madocers were ready to welcome anything in the shape of a street light, but we can safely say that no one was prepared for the pleasant surprise which was sprung on us last week."

Harold News

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bird are blessed with a ten year old son.

Mrs. David Cotton is on the sick list, with Dr. Zwick in attendance.

Mr. Wm. Wickett, with the county road gang and stone crusher, are doing great things on the eighth concession road west of Harold. It is already greatly improved, and will be much appreciated.

The biggest day's threshing yet recorded was done by Theodore Reid, with a Challenge separator and wind stacker at Alex. Morton's and Henry Hoover's. Two sets and one more were made, and threshed over thirteen hundred bushels, after being delayed over an hour with a break down. Who can beat that?

The Wellman brothers, Alex. and Sam fell heir to a fortune from their father, whom they never remember having seen. They are both going to move to Iowa, where their father, Joseph Wellman, has lived for years.

A letter of recent date received from Sidney Woodward, who went to Edmton, N.W.T. in August, reports very wet weather there. Field after field of oats stand submerged in water. More has been threshed out with hail, and the mud is so deep that traffic on the country roads is impossible.

We hear with pleasure of the expected return of Mr. S. Dracup and his accomplished wife, who went to the Pacific coast on their honeymoon. All will extend a hearty welcome to them, as they were almost indispensable factors in church and social circles. More speed to them.

Mrs. Jas. Hurst and infant daughter, Muriel, have been visiting in this vicinity for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gay, of West Huntingdon, spent Sunday here.

A number from here attended the Orange dinner at Fuller on Nov. 5th, and report a large crowd and a good time.

Madoc Junction Items.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mrs. P. Hamilton and Mrs. Anderson spent a few days visiting friends and relatives here.

Several from here attended quarterly services at West Huntingdon on Sunday last.

Mr. Mason Clarke has returned home from the Northwest, and reports a pleasant and profitable time.

Mrs. Wm. French has been seriously ill. We are glad to be able to report that she is improving, though slowly.

Mrs. B. Aspasia spent Sunday at Mr. Geo. Clarke's.

Mr. P. Burgess of Fenelon Falls, has been visiting his sister, Mrs. E. Bennett.

Annie L. Clarke is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. A. Seeley.

Apple pickers are coming into the neighborhood.

Glen Ross.

From Our Correspondent.

Mrs. Almira Waggar is visiting friends in Prince Edward Co.

Mrs. Annie Green, who has been dangerously ill, is recovering.

Mrs. Cane and daughter, of Madoc, are visiting at Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hammond's.

Rev. J. M. Simpson, of Toronto Jct., occupied the old school at Carmel on Sunday last and delivered a very able and practical discourse based on Matthew 14: 36. He also delivered a lecture on Monday evening on "God's Nation."

CANADIAN IMMIGRATION.

The government returns show that 121,115 immigrants arrived in Canada during the ten months up to the close of October. Forty-seven thousand, four hundred and fifty-one were from the British Isles, 39,046 from the United States, and 34,528 from various countries of Europe. During October alone 7,892 settlers reached our shores. The department is planning for even a more vigorous canvas in the United Kingdom next session and among the rural population of France and Belgium as well.

Campbellford Herald.—Foxes are numerous in this locality and quite a number have been shot. Two men riding through the 10th concession in Seymour west, on Sunday afternoon, saw a fine specimen, so large that at first sight they mistook it for a collie dog. A resident of Percy township, near the Seymour line, informed us the other day, that a black fox has frequented his premises, and he saw him twice, on one occasion when Mr. Reynard was not more than thirty-five yards away. The hide of this black fox is very valuable, and the appearance of such a rare animal is a temptation to a hunter to spend considerable time in pursuit of him.

County and District Items.

Madoc Cheese Board has wound up its business for the year.

Havelock will have its electric plant installed by December 1st. Peterboro firms have the contract.

Madoc wants to be the terminus of the proposed new railway to connect the frontier towns between Belleville and Toronto with the C. P. R.

The new steel bridge at Madoc has been completed. It is the first bridge in the county faced with cement.

The Bancroft Times says—"The cheese factories in this section have all closed down after a very successful season."

A Darlington township farmer picked 200 barrels of apples off 20 trees, being an average of 10 barrels of good shipping apples from each tree.

A man named Simpson, of Huntingdon township, was wounded while hunting in the north woods. He was shot through the hand while drawing his rifle across a fence by the muzzle.

Bancroft cheese board will hold a banquet on Nov. 24th at which Mr. D. Derbyshire, President; G. R. Murphy, Secretary of H. O. D. A., Chief Inspector, Plowblow and the buyers will be guests.

On Thursday last seventeen boys were summoned before Magistrate Flint, at Belleville, for destroying property on Hallowe'en. Thirteen of the boys were fined \$1.50, or in default five days in jail.

Dr. Ross, of Belleville, has been offered and accepted the position of Foreign medical and general representative of a leading Canadian life insurance company, and will leave for Calcutta about the 1st of December.

At the last meeting of Madoc village council a deputation from the Public Library Board presented a petition from about 100 leading ratepayers asking a grant of \$50. The council refused to give anything, only one councillor, Mr. Cross, being in favor of the grant.

Bails have been laid connecting the north and south ends of the Bay of Quinte Railway extension from Tweed to Bannockburn. The contractors began work on this extension about the middle of May, so that the construction of the 20 miles of track had been completed within a period of six months.

It is reported from Marmora that an accident occurred on Friday afternoon last, to a horse team carrying twenty-five miles north of Marmora, in the townships of Lake. A young man by the name of Michael Maloney was shot through the head, dying almost instantly. It is supposed he was hit by a stray bullet.

The Campbellford Herald says:—"The scarcity of apple barrels is causing a great delay in shipments, and to meet the emergency of the case some dealers are making use of boxes containing half bushel in which to pack the fruit. There is yet a large quantity of apples on the trees, sufficient to keep the pickers busy for two weeks."

Campbellford Dispatch—"We are informed that cattle thieves have been operating during the summer in Seymour west. One gentleman lost 4 two-year old heifers, another 3 yearlings, another a two-year old bull and several others have mysteriously disappeared. Suspicion rests on one who is not an entire stranger in the community and a keen lookout is being kept."

Judgment has been given against the village of Tweed for \$5,000 and interest on debentures issued in 1892 payable ten years after date. The debentures were issued by the Village of Tweed for the purpose of raising money to enable Mr. Geo. Easterbrook to rebuild his mill after it had been destroyed by fire. The village refused payment on the ground that the by-law was invalid on account of no provision having been made for raising funds for payment. The Tweed News, in closing a summary of the case, says—"The whole amount has to be levied at once in addition to the ordinary taxes unless the council make application to the Legislature for a special Act to enable the Corporation to issue debentures to raise the amount."

Campbellford Advertiser—"We are

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Wards—At the family home, 7th Con. of

Front Street, Stirling, the Household Furniture store belonging to Mrs. Harry Rodger.

Sale at 1 o'clock. Wm. Rodgers, Auctioneer. Also house to let.

TUESDAY, NOV. 24.—On lot 6, con. 6, Rawdon, the farm stock and implements belonging to Mr. Alexander Mitts, Sale at 1 o'clock, sharp. Wm. Rodgers, Auctioneer.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 25.—On lot 2, con. 7, Rawdon, the farm stock and implements belonging to Mr. John T. Haggerty, Sale at 1 o'clock, sharp. Wm. Rodgers, Auctioneer.

THURSDAY, NOV. 26.—At her residence, Saturday, Nov. 26th, Grace E. Ward, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Ward, aged 21.

DEATHS.

Wards—At the family home, 7th Con. of

Front Street, Stirling, the Household Furniture store belonging to Mrs. Harry Rodger.

Sale at 1 o'clock. Wm. Rodgers, Auctioneer. Also house to let.

THE CELEBRATED EYE SPECIALIST

Prof. J. H. De Silberg, Optician Specialist from Germany, will in January visit the Stirling Eye Clinic, parlor, three times weekly. Watch for dates. All consultations free. Those having weak or imperfect eyes should not fail to consult the professor. Next visit will be in February.

Married.

BROWN-TEASSEL—At Stirling, on Nov. 11th, by Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, John Brown to Mrs. Lizzie Tessel, both of Rawdon.

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THE STIRLING NEWS-ARGUS.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE;
\$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1903.

Vol. XXV, No. 10.

"The Same Old Satisfied Smile"

ON THE FACES OF OUR CUSTOMERS

As they continue to do their trading with us. They have tested and proved our methods of business, and are satisfied that this is the best place to buy.
HATS, FUR AND CLOTH CAPS,
OVERCOATS, SUITS, TROUSERS,
UNDERWEAR,
SOCKS, NEEDLEWARE,
GLOVES, MITTS, BRACES,
WHITE AND GOLD DRESS SHIRTS,
WORKING SHIRTS,
OVERALLS,
NIGHT RODES,
HANDKERCHIEFS,
Everything in the
MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING AND
OUTFITTING LINE.

Large variety; Prices to suit all.
Everybody welcome to inspect.

FRED. T. WARD'S,
YOUR TAILOR, FURNISHER & FURRIER.

Furs, Not Fire.

Every article you buy here is guaranteed. We don't buy furs of doubtful quality in order to have something to catch the eye. We have studied the fur business and give it special attention.

We would like to show any one wanting good furs our large assortment of:

Jackets, Capelines.

Capes, Caps, Muffs,

Ruffs, Gauntlets,

Fur Lined Capes.

and guarantee our prices to be no more than is paid for lower standards of quality. Take a look at the furs at

Rawdon Council

Rawdon Town Hall, Oct. 2nd, '03. Minutes of a special meeting of Rawdon township council was held pursuant to adjournment, (at the call of the Reeve.) Members all present.

Minutes of last regular meeting were read and confirmed.

Messrs. Burkitt, Bateman and Danford, were present, relative to the road in dispute between the parties aforesaid. After evidence in the matter had been heard from all parties the council decided, in order to avoid litigation, to purchase the road, thirty feet in width, and have the same properly established for the public. Purchase price \$45.

The following amounts were ordered paid:

Caleb Bateman, gravel job..... \$ 5.00

Albert Eggleton, tile and balance on culvert..... 6.00

T. C. McConnell, expenses re collector's bonds..... 4.50

John Bateman, rebate on statute labor..... 1.00

Chas. Mosher, gravel and repairing Langlans bridge..... 11.00

Council adjourned until Monday, Nov. 16th.

Rawdon Town Hall, Nov. 16, '03.

Minutes of a regular meeting held on above date. Members present, Wm. Rogers, Jas. Whitton, J. R. Cooke, Thos. H. Matthews.

Mr. John Bailey, collector, stated that he had arranged for the convenience of the ratepayers to have the taxes paid into the Sovereign Bank, Stirling.

Mr. Cooke introduced a by-law to appoint Deputy Returning Officers, to appoint polling places, and a place for holding nominations.

Council went into committee of the whole on by-laws, Mr. Matthews in the chair. The by-law was read a second time in committee, and the following appointments made:

No. 1 polling sub. div., J. H. Reid.

D. R. O. No. 2, Allen Bailey, D. R. O.

No. 3, John A. Potts, D. R. O. No. 4, Simon Armstrong, No. 5, Wm. Haslett, No. 6, Miles Mason.

Nomination to be held at Rawdon Town Hall, on Monday, 26th day of December, at 12 o'clock, noon.

The following accounts were ordered paid:

Wm. M. Haslett, shingling town hall..... \$16.00

B. J. Stiles, No. 14 school house for referendum..... 4.00

Hiram Reddick, rebate in assessment (error) 1902..... 3.50

A. Fitchett, building culvert, side road lots 18 and 19, con. 10..... 5.00

Bert Nix, gravel..... 4.60

Peter Meiklejohn, gravel..... 10.55

Youker Lidster, job on road..... 21.25

Mrs. Orser, for medicine..... 2.00

John Bateman, job on side road lots 3 and 4, con. 9..... 22.00

Edward Bateman, job on road, lot 2, con. 10..... 6.00

Chas. Reynolds, job on Huntingdon town line, con. 14..... 15.65

Hubbard Sine, job on 8th con. lot 9..... 12.00

Youker Lidster, job on road, lot 1 con. 12..... 10.00

Wm. Hagerman, gravel..... 12.00

John Bateman, job in 11th con. lot 4..... 10.00

John H. Reid, gravel..... 13.60

Simon Armstrong, support of Mrs. Orser to date..... 19.75

Geo. Tompkins, work on 8th con. 18.55

L. Meiklejohn, material for repairing town hall..... 55.55

Council adjourned until the 16th day of December.

THOS. C. McCONNELL, Clerk.

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A Rich Gold Find.

Madoc's Supply of the Precious Metal Not Yet Exhausted.

(From the Madoc Review.)

Another rich gold vein was discovered in the neighborhood of Malone a few weeks ago. It is situated on the Dewy property, and near where some old shafts had been sunk years ago. The find was made by Prospector Wm. Lee, and the vein disclosed is about 40 feet in width. Mr. O. R. Sprague, who has been interested in gold mining around Malone for many years past, has taken hold of the property, and already a shaft fifteen feet has been put down, showing solid mispickles ore of an unusually rich quality. An assay of the ore returned \$119 to the ton. A large, splendid sample was brought to The Review office last week by Mr. Sprague, and can be seen in our window. For its size it is the heaviest piece of ore we have examined, and it has been pronounced by experts to be an unusually fine specimen.

COPPER.

Some fine specimens of copper ore were taken out of Mr. Arthur Coe's iron mine at Eldorado last week.

The iron vein shows indication of turning into copper, a result which Mr. Coe will

not seriously object to. It would seem that there must be a large body of copper ore in the vicinity.

Cordova Mines Closed Down.

Last week a cable from the head office in England asked the Managers to close down the mines at Cordova. Accordingly, to-day every drill is stilled and every shovel at rest, except in the mill, where some 500 tons of ore will be run through the stamps in order to make a general clean-up. The mine has been run with a gradually decreasing staff of workers for some months past, so that the latest order only throws between 50 and 75 men out of work. It is hoped the shut-down is only for the winter, but even the temporary closing will seriously effect the business men of the little mining village.—Madoc Review.

The first grant from the fund to encourage nature study in public schools goes to Carleton county.

It is declared that within a year telephonic communication will be established between New York and London.

An order in Council has been passed ratifying the federation of Trinity University with the University of Toronto.

Canadian butter is in good demand in England, and prices range from 102s to 104s per hundredweight for choicest salt, and 96s to 98s for finest.

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All the boot and shoe factories at Quebec

STRONGER THAN DEATH OR A RANSOMED LIFE

CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont.)

He flushed with pleasure, but stumbled at the hint she shyly gave. Young Trevor helped him out. He seemed curiously eager to help Ardel in this strange love affair.

"Would to-morrow suit you, Jen, for a second exhibition?" Ardel will give me my revenge, I know, and I'll do my best to make the play worth looking at; though bad is my best when he is concerned."

"You'll come too, Wickham," said Ardel delightedly.

The handsome colonel started from a brown study. "Oh, I am afraid not; I shall be busy."

"Cannot you spare us an hour or two to see fair play?"

"All right," he answered smiling. "I'll come—see fair play."

So it was settled.

They were a curious contrast those two who stood facing each other next day, in close-fitting silk jerseys, foils in hand, before the wire masks went on. Harry Trevor was of the Saxon type, fair face and sturdy figure, square shouldered and strong limbed, good looking but comonplacé, blue-eyed, curly-haired with the fresh complexion of a girl. He looked more than ever a boy confronting with Ardel's stately figure. In the soft wave of Ardel's dark brown hair there were touches of white, "a sable silvered," but there were no lines on the broad brow, no dimming of the dark eyes. The tall figure that faced Trevor so gracefully was still in the full prime and strength of mature manhood. A young spirit seemed to have kept his body young.

Between the two women who watched the trial from the balcony the contrast was not less striking. Laughing eyed, dimpled, buxom Jeannette was the very embodiment of gay youth. Lucy of pure and gentle womanhood. It was curious to note that the boy's eyes went up for encouragement to the woman, and the man's to the schoolgirl.

In every game of chance or skill, even the casual spectators invariably take sides. Which side did Lucy take and which Jeannette? They could not themselves have told.

While the men and women talked together before the trial, Lucy was strong for Trevor and Jeannette for Ardel. But when the two stood facing each other in the arena, each woman felt her sympathy waver and shift from the champion of her first choice till Lucy's interest centred in the man, and Jeannette's in the boy.

Wickham who, from the first, seemed strangely and even nervously excited by the scene, handed to each man the foil he had used on the previous day, and gave the signal to begin, shuffling and bungling over the simple task.

The long salute was performed with easy grace. Ardel loved the quaint ceremony of his favorite sport, and would proternot no pass or wave or flourish of the foils.

Then the blades kissed, and for a long minute the swordsmen, motionless as statues, and as graceful, with foils advanced and feet firmly planted, and open left hand raised high over the shoulder, stood searching each other's eyes.

Ardel moved first—just a little quiver of the right hand and wrist—but his blade's point slipped under Trevor's and back again, once, twice, three times, elusive alike to eye and touch, then his body went forward with a quick spring and Trevor felt the button prod him sharply in the side.

"One for Ardel," the umpire cried as they dropped their swords' points and Lucy smiled and Jeannette pouted. They had changed sides again.

The next bout was longer, but it ended the same fashion, with a touch on Trevor's sword arm. Then his chance came. He parried a straight thrust of Ardel's so closely that the point ripped his jersey at the side as it went by.

Before Ardel could get back to guard, quick as light Trevor's a

pain, stifling a groan, and at the instant the illusive thought that had baffled him so long took clear form in his brain, shaping itself from various hints and memories to a horrible suspicion.

He left his room and went straight to the gymnasium. With curious distinctness he remembered the corner into which he had flung the broken foil. It was no longer there. His suspense deepened. The broken fragment from the top—had it also disappeared? It would seem so. He searched the floor carefully, the close clean bare matting making the search easy, but it was quite in vain. Just on the point of giving over in despair, by mere accident he caught sight of what he sought. The foil button with the inch of thin steel attached had been joined by the pressure that snapped it into the air, and caught as it fell between a pair of boxing gloves that hung by the wall. Trevor could just reach where it stuck. One look was enough. His suspicion hardened into grim certainty. At the fractured point the steel had been cut almost clean through by a sharp edged file.

Then the whole truth broke upon him like a flash of lightning, stunning and blinding him. The mysterious poisoning from which he had saved Ardel three years ago—the startling gun accident three days before—he knew what both meant now. Wickham was plainly resolved at any cost, by any means, to rid himself of his rival—his favored rival as he believed, in the love that was the fierce dominating passion of his life. In heart he was a murderer—a cunning and cowardly murderer. Trevor had a quick thrill of joy to remember how, almost from the first, he disliked the man, and how dislike had grown with better knowledge. The cold cruel treachery appalled him. How strange, he thought, that this same man—this murderer—should once have been wrongfully charged with murder. But that charge was surely false. None knew better than Trevor the strength of the proof on which Wickham's innocence rested. Innocent, he had been in deadly peril of his life; now, trebly guilty, he was quite safe. The proofs of his guilt, conclusive to Trevor, were worthless to the world, mere intangible suspicion. He could brazen out the charge defiantly. There was no place for shame or fear to hold such a man. Vivian Ardel still stood within his danger; at any moment the fourth and fatal blow might fall.

What was to be done? What was to be done? The mere thought of Ardel's death filled Trevor with terror; he could not think clearly. The walls of his room seemed to close in and stifle him. He caught up his hat and escaped down the aisle into the wood.

Gradually his agitation worked itself out in rapid exercise, and his course again lay clearly before him. What he had resolved on must still be done. It was hard, it was humiliating to the bitterest dregs of shame, but the hope of winning Lucy lay bright beyond the pain and shame. In a day or two, if all went well, he might claim her as his own, to hold and guard against the world. Then let Wickham do his worst—he would take the danger of that guardianship.

His reverie was broken in upon by meeting suddenly, face to face, at a sharp curve of the walk, the man on whom his thoughts were centred—Wickham radiant with triumphant happiness.

Trevor's face lowered ominously at sight of him.

But the sun shone full in Wickham's eyes and for a moment he could distinguish only a vague outline. In that moment Trevor's self control came back.

"Halloo! my boy, is it you?" cried Wickham jauntily; "out for a walk all alone? Could you not coax Miss Boydell to come with you? How did you leave poor Ardel? none the worse for his fright, I hope. I would ask you to congratulate me, Harry," he added in a graver tone, "but it is a secret for the present."

So saying he went by gaily, whirling his cane and cutting the leaves from the overhanging branches on either hand as he walked. Half a dozen paces he stopped suddenly and called back to Trevor.

"I wish you'd turn back with me. If you don't mind; I want a word with you." But when Trevor walked back by his side, he had nothing special to say. Their talk, as they walked, turned—Trevor turned it designately—on the incident in the gymnasium. But his companion was not troubled in the least. He spoke of Ardel with easy contempt, and that kind of pity one might feel for a hurt animal.

"It was a close thing for both of you, my boy," he said. "There would have been an inquest, of course, and all that kind of thing. But all well that ends well, and this business has ended well—very well indeed." His thoughts were evidently elsewhere: he was almost incoherent in his exultation.

At the top of the long stone steps Ardel was waiting for them, and Wickham, still brimming over with good humor, passed into the house with the man whose life he had three times attempted.

(To be continued.)

—

Wife—"How people gaze at my dress! I presume they wonder if I've been shopping in Paris." Husband—"More like they wonder if I've been robbing a bank."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Coughs and colds usually arise never so large as it is to-day, is sufficient proof of its merit. In the great majority of homes it is kept on hand for cases of emergency.

Mrs. J. Provost, Renfrew, Ont., states:—"My fourteen-year-old boy had a very severe cold in the chest last winter and I really thought he was going to die. He coughed nearly all the time and sometimes would spit up blood. We had about given up all hope of his recovery when I heard of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. After using one bottle there was a great change in his condition, and I can positively say that he was completely cured by two bottles and he has not been troubled since. I never saw medicine take such quick effect and can sincerely recommend it."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents bottle, family size (three times as much) 60 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

This great medicine has saved thousands of lives by preventing pneumonia, consumption and other forms of lung trouble.

It is mother's favorite remedy for croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, and the coughs and colds to which children are subject. Being pleasant to the taste, the little ones delight to take it.

It is prized by the old people because of the prompt and thorough relief it brings for asthma and other chronic ailments of the bronchial tubes.

The very fact that the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is more than three times that of any similar remedy, and was

ON THE FARM.

PRACTICAL CATTLE FEEDING.

I always have a lot of cattle on hand so I can begin feeding just as soon as I can get green corn, writes Mr. E. J. Waterstrip, I want it in the roasting ear stage. Then I cut and haul to the cattle and scatter on the grass. I always want to have my steers on a good pasture, as I get the greatest and cheapest gains by feeding on grass. Grass in connection with corn is the cheapest feed for producing gain. I begin feeding about August 1 to 10. I continue to feed this way as long as the stalks and blades remain green, or as long as the cattle care to eat the blades which will depend upon the condition of the grass. If I have good grass I do not feed too heavily, I want to get all out of the grass I can and in this way I do it.

After the blades become dry I pick the corn and feed in troughs, and at the same time let the cattle run on grass. I leave on grass as long as possible, for I claim there is where the greatest profit lies. I also see that our experiment stations say that the greatest gains are made or rather the cheapest are made while feeding on grass.

I have no special time to sell my cattle, but nearly always sell from November 15 to May 1. They have secured a good profit by making a short feed, but sometimes if I have plenty of corn it pays to feed longer and makes prime cattle. I do not know which has the most advantages, as conditions vary. The best way is to study the market conditions and the amount of corn you have on hand and use your best judgment.

I like to feed young cattle. I would not feed a steer that is over two years. I prefer yearlings and calves. These give me the greatest gains. Our experiment stations have also proved that the cheapest gains are from the youngest cattle. Then I find they will bring just as much on the market as older cattle if in the same condition.

By feeding in this way, the cattle at first get used to the corn with the grass, and as the corn becomes harder they get accustomed to it. If I feed later than I have grass, I put the cattle up in a smaller lot, and give hay with the corn. I prefer hay with as much clover as possible, or even clear clover. They have a shed with plenty of bedding and all the pure water they want. Take note that I said pure water.

POULTRY NOTES.

Roup is usually contracted in damp quarters. A dark comb indicates indigestion of some kind.

The business hen is the well-bred hen, selected for the purpose.

Many failures in poultry keeping have their origin in overfeeding.

Unthrifty hens that will not lay before next spring should be sold now.

Any excitement checks laying. Keep things quiet about the poultry quarters.

Try a spray pump for whitewashing and applying lime killers in the poultry-house.

We have no respect for age when it comes to old hens that have outlived their usefulness. Better sell them at the market price.

Now that cold weather is on, the fall-hatched chicks will need a warm place, plenty of wholesome food, water and grit. These late-hatched babies if neglected will simply grow into runts. Given food, care and an occasional meat ration they will make broilers in the late winter or early spring when scarcity brings the price up.

A broiler or fry tastes good at home at any season.

First make a few hens pay you a profit, then start the large flock. Many a man has made a failure by starting on too large a scale.

Pet the turkeys and get them ready to celebrate. Feed generously and in such a way that they will not be over-reached or deprived of their food by the quicker mentioned fowls.

No figures however large should tempt the grower to sell his best birds. The best is none too good for the breeder who wants to keep his stock up to high standards.

PLANT FOOD.

We know that all soil contains plant food enough to grow hundreds of crops if it could be utilized, yet in the midst of this plenty the plants often fail completely unless a small amount of plant food is added. The best way to find out what a soil requires is to ask it questions. Use some manure which contains nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash as the standard, and on other plots or squares have part or all of one or two together of the elements out. On other plots use double the quantity of one element and study the results.

Remember that nitrogen influences the growth, that potash affects color, flavor and firmness, and that phosphoric acid will show in seed, form and shape.

Fruit farmers who use stable manure heavily will most likely prove by these tests that they are using too much nitrogen in proportion to potash and phosphoric acid. As a rule heavy soils containing a large amount of humus or organic matter are likely to be rich in nitrogen.

The clays are usually rich in potash, and the soils phosphoric acid usually gives its best results on the lighter nitrogen and potash are usually lacking.

FARMING.

People of various occupations often speak of "going to farming" as if it were a new calling. This is because farmers are all that is needed. But living on a farm for a longer or shorter time is not necessarily farming.

It is the man who has discovered

an unskilled incompetent farmer will take the same low standing among his fellows as an ill-trained mechanic or clerk or a quack doctor. Even the possession of money will not prevent a good deal of rather contemptuous laughter over his tactless efforts and his ignorance of detail. Fortunately, however, farming is one of the very few occupations which is more or less natural to mankind, because of the strain of farmer blood which is the foundation and strength of most families. The requisites are good health, enthusiasm, persevering industry, some capital, plenty of good sons and a fair knowledge of the business. The more ability, character and intelligence can be added to these the higher the standing of the farmer.

THINGS FOR BUTCHERING.

Every farmer needs a building where there can be a fire to do the butchering work. It is a cold and disagreeable task to cut the lard and sausage and do other work outside, and it makes a man to take such work into the kitchen.

Some farmers use the wash-house for this purpose. We know of one farmer who neglected to put windows in the room used for work of this kind, and the door must be kept open to give light. This is not much better than outdoors.

Try to have everything warm, comfortable and handy as possible when you call in the neighbors to help you with your butchering work.

FLOGGING THE RESISTERS

IN SCOTLAND DEATH WAS THE PUNISHMENT.

And the Huguenots Were Massacred Because of Their Beliefs.

Rightly or wrongly, the Governments of past days were not nearly so tolerant of resistance, passive or otherwise, as they now are.

Probably the Camisards were the most strenuous "passive resisters," as the term is now understood, and the general way in which they were treated may be inferred from the following particular instance:

On Palm Sunday, April 1st, 1703, Marshal de Montreuil, being informed that some three hundred of the proscribed sect-men, women, and children—were assembled in a mill near Nismes for religious worship, hastened with a troop of soldiers to the place, burst open the doors, and started to put the sword to the entire congregation.

The process, however, proved somewhat slow, for the people being packed tightly together, the soldiers could not easily get at them. So the Marshal called his men outside, after about fifty or sixty had been slain, and set fire to the mill. Only one of the worshippers, a young girl, escaped, and she was hanged the next day.

Small wonder that people treated after this fashion were converted from "passive" into exceedingly "active" resisters; so that in the end they fought their persecutors with all the energy that they had.

BITTERNESS OF DESPAIR.

Much the same thing happened with the Scottish Covenanters. It was not until the cruelties inflicted upon them passed all bounds that they took up arms. The nature of these cruelties is again, perhaps, best brought home to the reader by citing a particular instance:

On May 11th, 1685, a detachment of soldiers surprised Margaret Wilson, the eighteen-year-old daughter of a Covenanter, as she was saying her prayers at the time.

"Say God save the King!" commanded the officer in charge.

"May God save him, if it be God's will," answered the girl.

"That is not sufficient," was the reply; and as the girl refused to repeat the exact words of the prescribed formula—which she deemed impious—she was bound to a stake in the Solway Firth, and left it to be drowned by the incoming tide.

By a refinement of cruelty, however, after the rising waters had completed their work, she was unbound and restored to life. When she came to herself, pitying friends and neighbors implored her to yield.

"Dear Margaret," only say 'God save the King,'" said the people thronging round the presiding officer.

"Very well; set her free," ordered that official, perhaps not unwilling to be convinced.

But Margaret disdainfully assented to the life, even to save her life.

"I have not said it," she cried above the din.

THE OFFICER TURNED AWAY.

Then minutes later the waters had closed over her for the second and last time.

The Albigenses were extirped in cold blood by Simon de Montfort and John Oppido, under circumstances such as wholesale cruelty as have scarcely any parallel in the world's history. At Beziers alone, not one of whom deigned to strike a blow in defense of their homes or their dear ones, perished in battle against God's law. At Carcassonne, 450 were burnt alive.

Altogether, all the inhabitants of twenty-two towns and villages were either put to the sword in the streets and market squares, or burnt to death at midnight in their own houses.

The Huguenots fared almost as badly. They were hunted with dogs like wild beasts, tortured, burnt at the stake, persecuted in a hundred different ways.

Even subsequent to the promulgation of the famous "Edict of January," which was supposed to guarantee them freedom from molestation, they only met together for worship in barns or other unclosed buildings; they were harried in every possible way.

For instance, on March 1st, 1562,

only a few short weeks after the edict had been signed, occurred the historical

"MASSACRE OF VASSY."

Twelve hundred Huguenots had assembled in a large barn, preaching and praying, and the weather being somewhat warm, the large door had been left open. The Duke of Guise came riding by with a large escort, jeers and laughter! Two elders of the congregation advanced to close the doors; whereupon the soldiers of the escort, urged on by their leader, drew their swords, burst into the building, and left among the kneeling worshippers. Sixty in all were killed outright. More than two hundred were wounded, and most terrible feature of all, not one of the murderers was ever called to account.

The above, however, was of course, but a small matter when compared with the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, which took place ten years later, and in which fifty thousand—some historians say eighty thousand—Huguenots perished. In Paris alone six thousand fell. The signal to begin was given at midnight, and all through the hours of darkness the city echoed to the shrieks of the dying and the roar of the burning houses. Next morning the King went in state to Notre Dame to return thanks, while all the bells of all the churches

RANG OUT JOYFUL PEALS.

This shocking crime was planned and instigated by a woman—Catherine de Medici, the Queen-mother. She had her prototype in the Empress Theodore, the persecutor of the Paulicians, who were the Huguenots of the eighth and ninth centuries. In a few years this terrible woman put to death by gibbet, stake or sword, one hundred thousand of those unlucky people.

The Waldenses, in Vaudois, were yet another brand of "passive resisters," who fared exceedingly badly at the hands of their persecutors.

For one thing, the town of Marindol, in Vaudois, was laid in ashes and its entire population exterminated, simply because it happened to have been at one time the abode of Vaudois, the founder of the sect.

The "Poor Man of Lyons," a French religious community with doctrines and habits of life not very much unlike the Quakers, were wiped out of existence by a dreadful series of persecutions and massacres extending over the better part of a century.

As for the Quakers—typical "passive resisters"—they suffered persecution of the bitterest everywhere. In England, during the reign of Charles the Second alone, 13,562 of them were imprisoned, 1,980 were transported as slaves beyond the seas, and 339 died in prison or of wounds received in violent assaults on their meetings.

Few among the leaders escaped whipping. James Nayler, a wealthy landed proprietor of Wakefield, in Yorkshire, was branded, pilloried, and flogged twice—one through the streets of Bristol. So unmerciful were these scourings that they

VERY NEARLY KILLED HIM.

Yet his undaunted spirit uttered neither murmur nor groan as the hangman lashed and gashed his bared back and sides, whilst with hands tied to a cart his horse dragged him slowly along.

THE BEST MARKET.

Fraise For the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

On the occasion of the recent visit of members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association to the Northwest, the Winnipeg Commercial said:

"Since the organization, or rather reorganization of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, a well organized and successful effort has been made to extend Canadian trade both at home and abroad. The Association is undoubtedly the most progressive, aggressive and enterprising business organization that Canada has ever had. It is working skillfully and energetically to extend Canadian trade, improve the quality of Canadian wares, and cultivate in Canada a patriotic and independent national spirit. Though yet a very young organization, the Association has already accomplished wonderful results. It is worthy of the support of every individual and firm who claims to be a manufacturer, for the work it is doing in building up Canadian industry.

"What does the expansion of Canadian industry mean? It means the creation or enlargement of the home market for the Canadian producer.

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The Unexpected Moose

A little band of hunters and their guides had reached the deserted lumber shanty which was to be their headquarters while deer hunting in Pontiac county. Supper was over, and the men were sitting around the fire smoking while the lad washed up. The ever restless guide was whistling softly to himself, as by means of long thorns he fastened in position a large square of birch bark he had carefully rolled into the similitude of a fair-sized megaphone. "Maybe 'Somebody else trying a call, and making a mighty poor hand of it," Merrifield whispered. "Too bad to spoil our fun that way. What a mess he is making of it! Hang it all, no moose that runs would ever mistake that row for anything but a fool crying."

"However, we sat still for a bit, waiting for developments, and by and by heard something splashing in the water. Just beyond the bushes which hid us from us. The old man was swearing about the clumsy way some folks went about their hunting, when I heard something behind us.

"When I turned round, to my surprise, there was a magnificent old chap looking around for a good place to travel down to the lake. He was not ten yards away from me, and I wheeled about and aimed right for the pit of his chest.

"By some lucky chance the ball found his heart and he dropped right in his tracks. Just after I had fired another young moose came plunging up out of the water and made off along the shore. That was the one which had called our big fellow, though old Merrifield had so much abuse for its method."

"Just what I said, you can never tell what is to be expected about moose," said the guide. "Remember once I was calling a moose a long way off. I was up on a knoll beside a shaking bog, which was thick with Labrador tea plant and cranberries, a first rate place for them I guessed it to be."

"I had one on the string, answering now and again and coming slowly my way. It was tiresome work, for the weather was hot and I had been calling for eight hours, and so I was sitting down waiting for my meat to cross the swamp.

"I couldn't smoke for fear he would scent me, and must have been dozing probably, because I was surprised when I heard my moose splashing along at the very edge of the water. He stopped to give a little grunt when he reached the shore, and I was just going to answer when I heard another grunt behind me.

"I suppose he heard that, for I could hear him tearing up that bank in a big hurry. I was just trying to get a line on him through my blind, when down the hill came another bull and charged right into him.

"I tell you that was what you might call a fight. They poked each other and pushed like two old rams; and they struck at each other with their clumsy big feet, and they jumped around one another, sparring for an opening; and in spite of their size, so quick were they about it that for the life of me I couldn't get in a good shot at them.

"At last one of them slipped and got onto his knees and the other was just broadside to me, pushing away at him with all his might. I took my chance then at the biggest one, and dropped him with a ball through both shoulders from the large military rifle I was using.

Each man held his breath as the creature turned himself around toward them, snorted, tossed his huge head and stamped angrily. Then the rifles rang out, and all rushed out of the shanty to see the result.

One bullet had gone through the neck, others through shoulders and chest. His fore quarters were prostrate, of course, but the gallant brute still kept his hinder part erect, and appeared to be amazed at the helpless inertness of his front legs and determined to overcome their weakness. But as one of the sportsmen slipped another cartridge into place he finally collapsed, and not without a certain kind of dignity stretched himself in death.

"What did I tell you?" began the guide after the carcass had been laid away for the night in the old stable alongside the shanty.

"Jake, you're a jewel," was the answer. "But, come now, you never expected to call up that moose to-night?"

"You can never tell about moose, you know," he said, as he rubbed the tobacco between his palms before loading his pipe. "I remember once when me and Joe were on a hunt for a big head New York moose, wanted, when I had just torn off my cap and was twisting up my call. Joe sings out: 'Heavens and earth, why he's right here.' And sure enough, there he was coming down the old road looking every way to see what all the row was about. We got him all right, but we had a son a man after him, for Joe's ball went through his lungs and he ran more than two miles before he bled to death."

"That was a kind of accident though, wasn't it?"

"Not much. We were young at the business then, or we ought to have known enough to have been a kind of expecting him. You see, very often in the fall, when a bull moose is feeling extra well, he rips off bark from trees or paws up sand banks or side hills with horns and hoofs, just as you have seen a cow do when she is excited.

"Another bull bears the noise and thinks it a challenge from the one that is rooting up things, and comes along in hopes of getting up a fight. Joe's moose had heard me tearing my bark off the tree, and thought it was another moose on the rampage. Sometimes the best kind of call is ripping up some bark or rubbing two rough sticks together to imitate the rubbing of the deer's horn against a tree."

"I am beginning to think the moose is about the most obliging thing a man can hunt," remarked the quiet man of the party. "The only time I ever got a shot at a

moose before to-night was in a similar unexpected sort of way."

"Old Merrifield was my guide, and was explaining to me about his call as he finished macking a horn near the Otter Lake one evening. We knew there was a big yard of moose not very far away, and were expecting to begin our fun next day."

"Just as the old man was trimming up his megaphone with his knife we heard some moanings and noises down in the water in front of us."

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About the House

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

Mock Sausage—Soak dry bread in water. Take as much cold meat, chopped fine, as you have bread, mix and season with salt, pepper and sage. Make into small cakes and fry.

Spirited Loaf—Cut fine 3 lbs. bread in second loaf. Add 1 egg, 14 cups of cracker rolled fine, 1 egg, 14 cups of sugar, 4 cups vinegar, 14 cups water, 14 teaspoon spice and butter size of cloves and pepper. Mold into a loaf and bake one hour.

Mock Minced Meat—Take 1 cup each of cracker crumbs, molasses and sugar, 4 cups vinegar, 14 cups water, 14 teaspoon spice and butter size of eggs. Let it come to a light boil. This will make three pies.

Cream Biscuits—Sift two cups of flour, measured after sifting, with four level teaspoons of sugar and a pinch of salt. Mix with one-half cup of cream and one egg well beaten. Handle the dough as little as possible and make into small cakes. Bake in a hot oven ten minutes.

Orange Cake—Boat one-half cup of butter to a cream, add one cup of eggs prepared in this fashion for a change. Beat them hard, cut them in two, remove the yolks, mash them, season with salt, pepper, butter and mustard, adding lemon juice if you like it. Fill the cavities with the mixture, put the eggs together again. If a small slice is cut from the bottom the eggs will stand alone. These are very nice for tea, and wrapped in waxed paper, are addition to the picnic lunch or the children's lunch basket.

There is only one right way to cook an egg, and that is not the one usually pursued. Generally the eggs are dropped into boiling water and boiled for from three to four minutes. The white is hard and practically indigestible in consequence. Egg albumen coagulates at temperature considerably below the boiling point. The proper way is to put the eggs in cold water and gradually heat it. By the time the boiling point is reached the eggs will be done. Or, drop the eggs in boiling water and set them where the water will keep hot but will not boil. In eight or ten minutes they will be done and the white will be a soft jelly instead of hard as a piece of rubber.

Very few people are as careful as they ought to be about what they let run through waste pipes and the kitchen sinks. Plumbers grow rich on housekeepers' carelessness. Greasy water, coffee grounds, tea leaves, crumbs, etc., are allowed to run down the kitchen waste-pipe, which eventually becomes stopped and entails endless annoyance and inconvenience to clear. Water in which ham, corned beef, etc., has been boiled should not be turned into the sink. It cools in its passage and deposits a coat of grease on the trap and on the pipe. Let it cool and remove the fat before pouring into the sink. If you do not use the fat for soap-making, burn it; it is cheaper and less trouble in the long run than to run it through the sink. Burn tea leaves and coffee grounds; it is surprising how much one can dispose of by fire with a little trouble.

Fruit rolls—Stir one tablespoonful each of butter and sugar and one teaspoonful of salt into one pint of scaled milk; when lukewarm add half a cake of yeast dissolved in one-fourth of a cupful of water and three cupfuls of flour or enough to make a drop batter. Let it rise until light, then stir in one-half cupful of sugar, and add sufficient flour to make a stiff dough. Knead until smooth, and when light roll it out thin and cut into squares of about four inches. On the centre of the dough lay half a canned peach, well drained, or four or five stewed prunes, or any preferred fruit which has been stewed and sweetened. Bring the corners up to the centre, and press them together, lightly, leaving spaces where the fruit shows. Lay them close together and when risen again until light bake in a quick oven.

Chocolate Dessert—Heat three cups of milk to the scalding point with a small piece of stick cinnamon. Mix one-half cup of cornstarch with one cup of cold milk and a level half teaspoon salt. Stir this into the hot mixture and cook until it thickens and cooks smooth. Melt two squares of chocolate over hot water, add half a cup of sugar add a little of the cooked mixture; then add to the first mixture and cook until the color is even. Add one beaten egg, cook two or three minutes and then turn into a serving dish. Serve with a fruit sauce.

Add a tablespoonful of chopped citron to half a cup of seedless raisins and a cup of cold water and set where it will heat slowly. Simmer until the raisins are plump and add enough hot water to make one cup. Quarter of an hour before serving stir in a rounding teaspoon of cornstarch and the same of butter and cook ten minutes; then add one-half a tablespoon of vanilla and a cup of beaten cream.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

A nice way to prepare Frankforts or other sausages of commercial brand is to parboil them, split them in halves and then broil them.

Baked beans to which sugar is added instead of molasses have not the

rank, strong taste that belongs to those cooked with molasses.

For stains of blood on pillows or mattress, moisten a little cornstarch with water and spread thickly on the spot. When dry brush off, and you will find that the stain has entirely disappeared.

It is well understood that water for drinking purposes should be boiled. The "flat" taste of boiled water can be removed, it is said, by beating rapidly with a Dover egg-beater just before using. This beats air into it, which was expelled in boiling.

Never throw combines, bits of string, threads, burnt matches, or any such refuse into the slop-pail or closest basin. Hair is particularly dangerous. It catches in the pipe and causes great difficulty in the progress of other waste until by accident it clogs the whole space.

A portable screen should be part of the furnishings of every bedroom occupied by two persons. Not a fancy affair, but a substantial frame extending to the floor and filled with a substantial but pretty material. It used to conceal a washstand, it may have hooks on the inside for towels. But such a screen is usually for privacy's sake where two use one room.

Almost every one gets tired of eggs plain boiled or plain fried. Try eggs prepared in this fashion for a change. Boil them hard, cut them in two, remove the yolks, mash them, season with salt, pepper, butter and mustard, adding lemon juice if you like it. Fill the cavities with the mixture, put the eggs together again. If a small slice is cut from the bottom the eggs will stand alone.

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Very few people are as careful as they ought to be about what they let run through waste pipes and the kitchen sinks. Plumbers grow rich on housekeepers' carelessness. Greasy water, coffee grounds, tea leaves, crumbs, etc., are allowed to run down the kitchen waste-pipe, which eventually becomes stopped and entails endless annoyance and inconvenience to clear. Water in which ham, corned beef, etc., has been boiled should not be turned into the sink. It cools in its passage and deposits a coat of grease on the trap and on the pipe. Let it cool and remove the fat before pouring into the sink. If you do not use the fat for soap-making, burn it; it is cheaper and less trouble in the long run than to run it through the sink. Burn tea leaves and coffee grounds; it is surprising how much one can dispose of by fire with a little trouble.

GENTLE SPEECH.

A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household; while a smile of sunshine may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our footpath, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, so kind words, gentle acts, and sweet dispositions make glad the saddest spot called home. No matter how humble the abode, if it be sweetened with kindness and smiles the heart will turn longingly toward it from all the tumult of the world, and home, if it be ever so humble, will be the dearest spot in the long run than to run it through the sink. Burn tea leaves and coffee grounds; it is surprising how much one can dispose of by fire with a little trouble.

WANTED A DEMONSTRATION.

A certain English judge, noted for corpulence and wit, as most men of bulk are likewise men of infinite jest, was greatly disturbed in mind by his tendency to over increasing stoutness. He tried many remedies, but without any success. At length a friend suggested that he should take a course of treatment at a certain hot springs. He immediately set out for the place, sojourning there for a few weeks, managed to get rid of a good deal of his superfluous flesh and returned home a most happy and jocular friend of mind. On the first morning after his return, when he was mounting his way to the courthouse, he came to the butcher's shop where his family were supplied with meat. Marching inside, he said: "Cut me off twenty pounds of pork." The butcher sharpened his knife and at once complied. The judge looked at the meat for a minute or two and then walked off. "Smell the pork to your house?" inquired the butcher, who felt that the judge had overlooked instructions. "Oh, no," was the reply, given with a smile. "I don't want it. I have fallen off just twenty pounds and I only wanted to have an idea of how much it was."

SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

Those who are matrimonially inclined feel some vague interest in the fact that the population of London includes 1,292,594 unmarried males (as against 777,363 who are married), and 72,228 widowers. Of the women, 1,403,842 were unmarried, 72 percent took place at the Established Church, 4.6 percent at Nonconformist chapels.

Of the 81,020 marriages the number of illiterates is 2,293, and of those under 21 years of age the number is 8,072, but of this number over three-fourths were females.

The number of men marrying under the age of 21 being 1,813.

Those married at the age of 16, fourteen

married at the age of 15, twenty-one

married at the age of 16, and 164 at 17.

There were two widows at

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THURSDAY, NOV. 19, 1903.

Rich in Minerals.

Recent Discoveries in New Ontario.

The Ontario Government has by order-in-Council, dated Nov. 11, 1903, withdrawn from sale, lease or exploration, under the provisions of the Mines Act, a belt of land 10 miles wide on each side of the Temiskaming and northern Ontario Railroad, beginning near the township of Widdifield, and extending to the town of New Liskeard. The reason of the action is that important discoveries of nickel, cobalt, silver, and arsenic have been made, and it has been thought best to reserve the land for the time being, since 20,000 acres per mile along the route of the railway have been set aside for the building of the road.

Prof. W. G. Miller, acting under instructions from Mr. T. W. Gibson, director of the Bureau of Mines, who recently visited the country, is at present examining the deposits, and his letters are most sanguine. The deposits discovered are entirely unlike anything that has hitherto been found in Ontario. One of the ores found is nicolite, bearing 44 per cent. nickel. Another is cobalt nickel arsenide, carrying 6 per cent. nickel and 18 per cent. cobalt. Arsenic occurs up to 72 per cent. in some of these ores. In addition some rare specimens of native silver have been found.

The veins so far discovered lie about five miles south of Haileybury. Prof. Miller describes some of the samples of ore as "wonderful."

Pointed Paragraphs.

As a rule the orator who uses the biggest words has the least to say.

It is easier to keep out of the matrimonial harness than it is to get out.

Knocking a man down for calling you a liar doesn't disprove the allegation.

Consider the ways of the humble dray; it has a tongue, but it never gossips.

It is easier for the average woman to land a husband than it is to keep him landed.

Beware of the man who never did anything wrong. There is a first time for everything.

It's useless to be in a hurry unless you can make it contagious.

If you haven't any enemies to forgive, pardon few of your friends.

For each big man at the top there are a million little ones at the bottom.

You may not get all that is coming to you in this world—but look out for the next.

Never ask a man how he likes married life in his wife's presence if you want to hear the truth.

Never kick a man for calling you a donkey unless you are anxious to prove the truth of his assertion.

That woman has yet to be born who would mistake a plush sack for a seal-skin on the back of a neighbor.

Deaf-mute wives must be worth their weight in gold if silence is golden.

A woman usually begins her life work when she marries a man to reform him.

Don't take chances of proposing to a girl on Friday; she might not refuse you.

A skating rink 60 by 175 feet is being built on the High School grounds at Trenton.

North Grey and North Ontario Dominion election petitions were dismissed on Saturday.

Mr. Robert Fraser has been appointed collector of customs at Trenton in place of Mr. F. J. McGuire, who has been supernumerary.

YACHT RACING.

This Expensive Sport Was Begun In England In 1662.

Though vessels answering to the character of yachts were in use by royal personages from an early date—Queen Elizabeth, for instance, had one built at Cowes, Isle of Wight, in 1588—the word "yacht" was not used until the year 1660, when the Dutch presented a "jacht" named the Mary to Charles II., says the London Chronicle. In Evelyn's Diary, under Oct. 1, 1681, occurs the entry, "I sailed this morning with his majesty in one of his yacht vessels not known among us till the Dutch East India company presented that curious piece to the king, being very excellent sailing vessels."

Yacht racing commenced in 1662, when Charles II., who had some yachts built for him by Sir Phineas Pett, wagered \$500 that a yacht of his would beat a Dutch one owned by his brother, the Duke of York, afterward James II.

But the growth of yacht sailing was slow, and it is not until 1720 that an authentic record of a yacht club is found, in which year the Cork Harbor Water club, now known as the Royal Cork Yacht club, was formed. In 1812 a similar club, the Yacht club, was formed at Cowes by some fifty yachtsmen. This club in 1820 attracted the notice of the Duke of Clarence, afterward William IV., when its title was altered to the Royal Yacht Squadron, Cowes. Fourteen years later William IV. presented the first royal cup to this club. But in 1851 only 500 yachts were in existence. Since the international yacht race of that year the increase in the number has been immense.

In America, the Chronicle says, "the sport may be said to have commenced in 1814, in which year the New York Yacht club was formed, and the history of that club is practically the history of American yachting."

IN DEFIANCE OF ANCESTRY

By M. LOUISE CUMMINS

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure...

tat, and Mrs. McGrath rubbing him with her two hands. And when he man out o' that 'twas only saving a candle he was and putting it in the winter until to quiet him!"

"Ellen?"

Miss Norriss' voice interrupted her serving woman in quick alarm. Miss Penelope had fallen forward in a limp heap with her head on the breakfast table.

"Half an hour she lay white and weak on her bed, while Miss Norriss sat stiffly beside her.

"I think," Miss Penelope said in a faint voice, "that I must have loved him from the very first."

Miss Norriss' thin nose drew down until the bone showed white through the skin.

"Dear!"—Miss Penelope stretched out one slender hand—"if he lives I think I ought to have the right—to take care of him."

In silence Miss Norriss rose and left the room.

But Ellen bore a note to the house next door that afternoon. Peter McGill brought the answer within five minutes, with a huge bunch of roses, a special pale pink variety of Mr. Babson's own cultivation, which he had named the Colonial Dame.

Mr. Babson still passed the contribution box in church, but he now returns to a seat beside a lady in silver gray silk, whose face holds the bloom and happiness of youth. Miss Norriss sits very straight at the other side of the lady in question, her eyes fixed resolutely on the stained glass window, as if she would propitiate the ghost of the departed Pettigill.

The Suburban Home.

The suburban home expresses freedom from restraint; it is the home of children; it means purer air; it means more room to move around in; it means gardens, and it implies a social life which years of city living may never engender. These are matters of first importance, and when to them is added the material advantage of lower rents the superiority of the suburban house over the city dwelling is established. There are long rides by trolley or train; there is the necessity of keeping early hours; there are difficulties with limited grocery, butcher and bakery service; there are other practical drawbacks. But over and beyond these is the abiding space of freedom of movement, of ample air and sunlight, of a place to live in.

And that is exactly what a house is for. It is neither to look at nor to serve as an ornament to a highway. That it should be ornamental and should be viewed with interest are matters of course that are extremely desirable, but after all it is the house within that counts; that makes suburban life bearable, adds to its joys, increases its advantages, cements its superiority to every other sort of living unless it were the country life pure and undefiled.—House Beautiful.

A Marvelous Memory.

Cardinal Mezzofanti was possessed of a very wonderful memory, which he applied to the learning of a great number of languages. Lord Byron described him as "a walking polyglot, a monster of languages and a Briareus of parts of speech." He could learn a new language in the course of three weeks on occasion so as to be able to talk fluently with those whose tongue it was. At the age of fifty-four Mezzofanti knew fifty languages. Before his death he is said to have known seventy or eighty. More of these were European than most people would imagine to be the case. For instance, Wallachian, Illyrian, the Romani of the Alps, Lettish and Lappish figured among the twenties in his list, for the remainder of which he went to other continents. Mezzofanti's system of learning languages was simple enough where books were available. He read the grammar through, after which he was its master, for he never forgot what he had read. Many of his languages were learned from prisoners whom he visited in their affliction.

That night in her own room Miss Penelope took out her terrible secret and thought over it tremblingly. She had seated herself at the window with her candlestick on the wide sill. Suddenly she became aware of similar illumination in the adjoining house. Scarcely knowing what she did, Miss Pen moved her light along the window ledge. The movement was immediately answered. With a heart beating to suffocation she raised it high above her head, her cheeks flushing like a girl's as she saw the small flame opposite take the same course.

After that the days to this little colonial dame were something to be got through as best she could. At night all the thoughts of her heart were told in the interchange of signals.

But there came an evening when Miss Penelope watched through long, silent hours of agony for the light which did not appear. A dull red glow showed through the lowered shade. At midnight a carriage drove up and stopped at Mr. Babson's gate. Then a sudden fierce resentment against her sister filled Miss Pen's soul. He was ill, dying perhaps, and she was barred out.

It was near dawn when the lamp's dull glow disappeared and the small point of flame caused by a candle showed near the window. Miss Penelope fell on her knees, with heavy breaths tearing her throat, while her clasped bands were raised in mute thanksgiving.

In the morning Ellen was full of the latest neighborhood news while she waited on the ladies at breakfast. "Oh, sure 'twas like to die," said Mr. Babson, "in the night, ma'am," she began. "He was took bad with pains in his side about 9 o'clock, and Mrs. McGrath sent Peter McGill flying for the doctor. When they got back 'twas on the dot of his back the master was, Peter says, not knowing man nor mox-

50c. French Flannels, 35c

This tells the story of another fortunate purchase. The wholesaler made an error in judgement and found his season closing with too many French Flannels on hand.

It's just our selling time. We saw a chance to save you money on Winter Waistings and picked it up at once.

The figure at which we closed the deal makes possible this unusual price.

15 patterns Fine French Flannels, in newest Reseda, Green, Blue and other stylish combination colors, our regular 50c. quality per yard **35c.**

LIGHTER WORK.

The Carpet Sweeper makes the hard work of sweeping much lighter work. It has been called, one of the greatest labor saving machines of the age.

There's no sweeper that will make the work quite as light or do it quite as well as BISSEL'S. It has none of the troublesome features found in other makes, requires no oiling, no adjusting for sweeping different grades of carpet, and runs so easily a touch will set it in motion. Economical too—one will outlast forty brooms. They make most useful Christmas presents.

BISSEL'S Fine Carpet Sweepers, in fine highly polished natural wood from **\$2.25** to **\$3.25**.

FLANNELETTE BLANKETS.

The Flannelette Blanket has become a bedding fixture in nearly every home. Their excellent service and moderate cost making them very popular.

In such household necessities you find the full benefit of trading at this store. Our ability to handle large quantities which have been bought for cash making possible prices which are only found here. We have a full assortment on hand now. Best do your buying at once as repeats promise higher prices.

Fine Grey or White Flannelette Blankets, 10/4, 11/4, 12/4, at per pair, **75c., \$1.00, \$1.25.**

The RITCHIE COMPANY

Limited.

BELLEVILLE.

Indispensable in Winter.

There's a need in every home for

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM

A few doses, at the first sign of a cold, will allay all throat irritation—take away hoarseness—check the inflammation—strengthen the lungs—ward off the cough.
All the healing, soothing, curative properties of Canadian Spruce Gum—combined with aromatics. Pleasant to take. 25 cts. bottle.

Farming For Profit...

for sale at Anson.

R. G. KINGSTON.

Every Farmer should keep these three words constantly in mind and conduct his farm on strict business principles. Guess work and haphazard methods are no longer used by successful and up-to-date farmers.

By reading THE WEEKLY SUN, the Farmer's Business Paper, you will get the very latest and most accurate information regarding your business.

THE SUN's market reports are worth many times the subscription price to you.

Every Farmer in Canada should realize the full value of the service THE SUN has rendered him in a public way. It was due to the action of THE SUN in giving voice to the opinions of the farmers that the law relating to cattle guards, drainage across railways, and farm fires caused by railway locomotives has been amended.

We will send THE WEEKLY SUN from now to 1st January, 1905, in combination with

THE NEWS-ARGUS

FOR \$1.75

Lumber and Shingles

for sale at Anson.

R. G. KINGSTON.

There's a way to provide

for your family after your death, and the head of every family should make such provisions. There never was a better time to take out a

LIFE INSURANCE POLICY than now. The older you get the more it costs. Let us talk the matter over with you.

BURROWS, of Belleville

Life and Accident Insurance Agent.

Xmas Fruits

are now in store. We direct attention to our exhibit of

Valencia Raisins,

Seeded Raisins,

Sultana Raisins,

Vostizza Cleaned Currents,

Patras Cleaned Currents,

Draned Peels,

Figs, Nuts, Essences, etc.

They represent the best goods that are offered to the trade.

J. C. HANLEY & CO.,

GROCERS, FEED & SEED

MERCHANTS,

BELLEVILLE - ONT.

IMPRESSIONS,

ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO.

At News-Argus Office

Belleville's

Big

Boom.

A BIG

WALL PAPER BOOM at Belleville.

100,000 rolls of choice all new 1903 Wall Papers to be cleared at actually half the regular prices, in order to make room for alterations in our store and for the placing of 1904 Wall Papers.

Every department is now crying for more room for Christmas, and as 12,000 sq. feet of space is now occupied by Wall Papers we feel we must make haste to secure at least half this room, and so we open fire with 100,000 rolls of the hottest ammunition you ever touched.

Prices cut in two and quartered, and in addition to all this we are giving away free, Bordering, two yards with each double roll of paper you buy.

This is a genuine Clearing Sale of 1903 Papers at less than half their regular prices and quarter what you would pay for the same goods elsewhere.

It is a known fact that we always meet our advertising. Let us again prove this to you.

C. B. SCANTLEBURY,
Decorator, Belleville.

Wall Paper, wholesale and retail.

Send for Samples if you cannot come.

Farmers, Attention.

Hawley secured a long lease of the Albion Hotel, Belleville, I intend to make it the best farmers' hotel in this city. In winter the house will be heated through by steam, so as to be comfortable in the most disagreeable weather. Our dining room will be supplied with the best to be had. Our stable is the largest in Ontario. It is built of brick and is supplied with water from a spring, so that horses can be watered without leaving station. We so little your trade, feeling sure we can please you in every way.

G. H. DROWLEY, Prop.

JOB PRINTING
OF ALL KINDS, AT
LOWEST RATES,

At News-Argus Office

Not a minute should be lost when a child shows symptoms of croup. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the cough appears will prevent the attack. It never fails, and is pleasant and safe to take.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

CHAS. F. WALT, D.D.S., L.D.S.
FIRST CLASS HONOR GRADUATE IN Dentistry of the University of Toronto, and of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto. OFFICES—Over Parker's Drug Store. Open every day and evening.

J. McC. POTTS, M.D., C.M.

GRADUATE MCILLI UNIVERSITY, G. Late House Surgeon, Montreal General Hospital; formerly resident accoucheur Montreal Maternity Hospital, and lecturer in the classes in Women in General Hospital, Licensed Illinois State Board of Health, and Monber College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—Front Street, Stirling.

HALLIWELL & BOLDRICK, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Public Commissioners, Conveyancers, &c. OFFICES—Stirling and Bancroft.

J. EARL HALLIWELL, B.A.
HARRY L. BOLDRICK.

FRANK ZWICK, M.B., GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO Medical College, Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—Dr. Boultier's former residence, Stirling.

G. G. THRASHER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c. Office over Brown & McEachron's Store, Stirling, Ontario.

W. J. MACAMON, BARRISTER, ETC., BELLEVILLE, ONT. Office—McAnally Block, Cor. Front and Bridge Streets.

MONEY TO LOAN.

JOHN S. BLACK. CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER FOR taking Affidavits, Office, over the store lately occupied by G. L. Scott, Stirling.

STIRLING LODGE NO. 239, I. O. O. F. Meets in the Lodge room, Conley block, EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING At 8 o'clock. L. MEIKLEJOHN, R. S.

DENTISTRY. C. L. HAWLEY, L. D. S. TO SCHOOL OF DENTISTRY, will visit Stirling professionally, the second and last Friday in each month, until further notice.

The Doctor will practice in Stirling, Gas, and all the modern improvements known to Dentistry, will be used for the painless extraction and preservation of the natural teeth. Room at Scott House.

SAVE MONEY BY JOINING the MUTUAL LITERARY-MUSIC CLUB OF AMERICA

25 cents pay for three months' membership. Each member receives the official club organ every month, containing news items, musical and instrumental new music each month, 18 pieces in all; also a Certificate of Membership with a portrait of the President, a map of New York City, and of buying literature, music or musical instruments of any description at wholesale prices. Send \$1.00 to the Secretary, Mutual Literary-Music Club, Dept. 150 Nassau St., N.Y.

Note Heads, Envelopes,

**Billheads, Circulars,
Cards, Posters,**

—AND—

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING

—AT—

NEWS-ARGUS Office

Oldest, Largest, Most Widely Circulated and Only National Agricultural and Home Paper in Canada.

FARMER'S ADVOCATE
And Home Magazine
PUBLISHED WEEKLY

After January 1st, 1904.

PRICE \$1.50

New subscribers get balance of this year free, including magnificent Christmas number. Don't miss a single issue. Agents wanted throughout the world; liberal terms given. Sample copy.

The William Weld Co., Limited, LONDON, ONT.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.
In the local column will be charged as follows:
To Regular Advertisers—Three lines, 10c.
To Local Advertisers—One line, 5c.
To Beach Institution, one three lines, 10c.
Per line, per line and insertion. No insertion less than 10c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.
Trains call at Stirling station as follows:
GOING WEST. GOING EAST.
Mail & Ex... 5.27 a.m. Accom... 10.32 a.m.
Accom..... 6.45 p.m. Mail & Ex... 3.45 p.m.

The Stirling News-Argus.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1903.

LOCAL MATTERS.

The cheese factories have all closed for the season.

Plenty of Rubbers at J. W. Brown's.

The East Lynne Co. will appear in the Music Hall to-morrow night.

Miss Gladys Trumper, of Adolphus-ton, is visiting relatives in town.

The cold weather of the past few days has completely frozen over the mill pond.

Mr. Isaac Denike, of Campbellford, was visiting friends in Stirling the first of the week.

The Sine Creamery will commence operations for the season on Tuesday next, Nov. 24th.

New Empire Shoes at J. W. Brown's.

Winter appears to have come to stay, though there has been no rain to fill the swamps with water.

WANTED—Good general servant. Highest wages paid to competent person. Apply Box 1013, Belleville.

The deer hunters have all returned bringing with them some very fine specimens, and venison is now on the bill of fare.

The members of Stirling Lodge No. 239, I. O. O. F., are requested to attend next Wednesday evening, as there is special work on.

Fancy Juliet Slippers at J. W. Brown's.

The pupils of the High School intend giving an entertainment on the evening of Friday, Dec. 18th. Something good is promised. Do not forget the date.

The year 1904 will be leap year, the first since 1896. February next will also be a month without a full moon—an occurrence which takes place every nineteenth year.

Beef in quarters from 4s. a lb. up. Pork very cheap per wt. from R. McDONELL.

Posters are out for a lecture and concert in the Orange Hall at Wellman's Corners on Friday evening, Nov. 27th. Mr. W. J. White, of Toronto, one of Canada's leading artists, has been engaged for the evening, and Rev. S. A. Duprav will deliver a lecture.

A hunting party composed of Mark Allen, David, Adam, and Edmund McGarvey, Matthew and David Emory, James Hamilton, James Gray, James Conley, and Willie Detlor, eleven in all, shot twenty-two deer at Burnt Lake during the hunting season.

A few fine heifers for milking purposes, and 30 shotts for sale at a bargain.

R. McDONELL.

John Nolan, who was taken to Belleville last week, was sentenced to six months in the Central Prison. The Ontario says he was only released two months ago, after serving a six months' term, so that the Central must be getting to like "home, sweet home."

A parlor-meeting, given by the ladies of the W. C. T. U., for the young people of the town over fourteen years of age, will be held in the home of Mrs. Jas. Currie, on Wednesday evening next, Nov. 25th, from eight to ten. Plenty of amusements and music will be provided, and a good programme given; also lunch furnished. All the young people are cordially invited.

A Kingston township farmer has sixteen cows, from which, so far this season, he received \$640 for milk supplied a cheese factory. This is an average of \$40 a cow, or the full value of the animal. No doubt many farmers in this district can show just as good or better results. There is no need to ask the question, "does farming pay."

A Double Entertainment.

Will be held in the Orange Hall, 8th Lane, Rawdon, on Thursday evening, Nov. 28th. Part I.—An eloquent and instructive lecture delivered by the Rev. Dr. Nimmo, on "The Destruction of St. Pierre." Part II.—A concert, consisting of comic songs, choice selections of instrumental music, dialogues, recitations, etc. Luncheon served between parts. Admission, adults 25c., children 15c. Doors open at 6:30; lecture begins at 7:30.

Mr. Jabez Robinson, M.P., the farmer representative for Elgin West, and President of the Canadian Grange, in a letter expressing his appreciation of the position taken by The Weekly Sun regarding the Cattle Guards and Drainage Bills, says:

The Weekly Sun has given much aid to myself and other members of Parliament in our endeavor to secure legislation favorable to the interests of Canada re Cattle Guards, Drainage, etc. We may thank the Sun for many of the laws that we placed on the Statutes last Session in aid of the farming community."

The farmers all over the country are showing their approval by subscribing to The Sun in combination with their local paper. The price of the News-Argus and Weekly Sun combined is only \$1.80. Leave your order at The News-Argus office.

Hon. John A. Davidson, Provincial Treasurer of Manitoba is dead.

Belleville electors will vote in January on a by-law to raise \$50,000 for the purchase of the gas works.

NOTICE.—The brick dwelling occupied by Mr. John Mcfee, on Gore St., will be ready for another tenant next week. Apply to Jas. BOLDRICK.

The Canadian Manufacturers' Association have appointed a committee to arrange to have a uniform Civic Holiday throughout Ontario. Where so many towns celebrate the event it is felt that it would be in the interest of business men generally to have the holiday occur on the same day.

FOUND.—Where the tent-meeting was held, in West Huntingdon, a lap rug. The owner can have the same by calling on Mr. Robert Thompson, West Huntingdon, and paying for this notice.

The Adm. Luton Concert Co. will appear in the Stirling Music Hall on Thursday, Nov. 24th. The company is comprised of Miss Luton, soprano, who has appeared before Royalty. At the last concert given to Lord and Lady Minto she was the soprano soloist. Mr. Smith has a deep baritone voice. Miss Irene Hitchcock-Bartlett is pianist and elocutionist, imitating the different birds perfectly. She is also a humorist. Admission 25c. and 15c.

Wright—McCaughan.

A very pretty home wedding was celebrated at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wickett, Foxboro, when Mrs. Wickett's only sister, Anne Victoria McCaughan, of Stirling, was united in marriage to Carlton G. Wright, of Stirling, on Wednesday evening, the 18th inst.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. S. Sutherland Burns, B.A., of St. Andrew's Church, Stirling. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Thos. McCaughan, of Campbellford, and was becomingly gowned in white, and wore a coronet of white blossoms in her hair. Her sheer bouquet was of large white carnations. Miss Nettie Human, who attended the bride, wore a pretty gown of pale blue, and carried a bouquet of scarlet and pink carnations. Tena Conley and Kathleen Lanigan, two little cousins of the bride, in pretty white frocks, acted as flower girls, and gracefully sustained their part in the ceremony. Mr. Clarence Lanigan ably assisted the groom. The wedding march was played by Mrs. Thos. McCaughan of Campbellford.

The whole house was prettily decorated. The arch in the drawing room was artistically banked with evergreens and white flowers, and from its centre was suspended a bell of the same decorations, under which the young couple stood while the ceremony was performed. After congratulations were offered, the guests adjourned to the dining room, where a sumptuous wedding supper was served. This room was beautifully decorated in green and pink, the tables being set in the form of a horse-shoe.

The many handsome presents which the bride received testified to the high esteem in which the young couple are held by their many friends. The bride's going away gown was a stylish blue cloth. Mr. and Mrs. Wright carry with them the best wishes of many friends for a long and happy wedded life. Upon their return they will take up their residence in Stirling.

Mistaken For a Deer.

A despatch from the north says:—Lorenzo Loveless, who lives in Combermere, was on Wednesday last shot by his brother, in mistake for a deer. He was carrying a paper-covered parcel, and while passing through the woods the white paper was seen by Wm. Loveless, who fired, thinking it was the tail of a deer. The result was that Lorenzo fell, shot through the abdomen. The unfortunate man was taken to the home of Wm. Miller, where he was attended by Dr. Yeomans, of Belleville, who was hunting in that vicinity. At last accounts Loveless was still alive, but there were only slight hopes of his recovery.

OBITUARY.

Died, October 15th, 1903, at his residence, Pash Farm, Waipu, New Zealand, after long illness, Mr. Wm. S. Hart, 57 years. Deceased resided in Canada for several years, first in the township of Sidney, Hastings Co., and afterwards at Goderich, Ont., where he was in the milling business with Mr. Rees Price. He was a native of Leicestershire, England, and returned to New Zealand, where he had gone early in life about 15 years ago.

Secret of Success.

The success which the Toronto Star has achieved during the past four years has been the subject of much comment in the newspaper and business world. From an average daily circulation of a little over 14,000 for the year 1902, The Star has now an average daily circulation of over 21,500. It has so grown in favor, too, with the general public that it now carries more advertising than any other paper, evening or morning.

THE LOAN & SAVINGS CO.

LIMITED.
CAPITAL, \$250,000
WITH POWERS TO ISSUE \$1,000,000 BONDS.

You may borrow any amount with which to buy a home, a farm or pay off a mortgage or on your personal note with absolutely no interest to you.

Taking 20 years or less to pay it back in small monthly payments without interest.

Why pay rent or be troubled with MORTGAGES when THE LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY will furnish you with the money to buy your home or pay off your INTEREST in any locality and charge you NO INTEREST.

No matter where you live lose no time but consult at once.

THE LOAN & SAVINGS CO., LTD.
Head Office, 20 St. Alexis St.,
MONTREAL, CANADA.

or Strictest Investigation courted.

E. W. BROOKS,
Glen Ross, Ont.
Agent for County of Hastings.

Hon. John A. Davidson, Provincial Treasurer of Manitoba is dead.

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.

THE O. R. MEDICINE CO., Limited,
TORONTO, ONT.

News-Argus to Jan. 1st, 1905

\$1.00.

Ayer's

You can depend on Ayer's Hair Vigor to restore color to your gray hair, every time. Follow directions and it never fails to do this work. It stops

falling of the hair, also. There's great satisfaction in knowing you are not going to be disappointed. Isn't that so?

"My hair faded until it was about white. It took just one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor to bring it back to its natural color again. Your Hair Vigor certainly does what you claim for it." — A. M. BOOGAN, Rockingham, N. C.

25c. a bottle.
All druggists,
for
Fading Hair

THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

TRIP THAT COMPARES FAVORABLY WITH THE BIG RIVERS OF EARTH.

He who has made a voyage from St. Paul to St. Louis by boat in the springtime or the autumn has seen the finest river scenery that may be observed from the deck of a steamer excepting that of the Hudson and the Rhine. Yet few people are aware of the pleasure and beauty of such a trip. I have floated down nearly all of the great rivers. The Amazon from Manaus, the great rubber market, about 1,500 miles from the sea, is a vast, ugly volume of water without any beauty whatever.

The Orinoco from Ciudad Bolívar is a small edition of the Amazon, although the tropical jungles which line its banks are mysterious in their denseness and are supposed to

conceal all sorts of wild beasts and creeping things.

The Parana, which flows from Paraguay down past Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, is more like the Mississippi than any of the others

except that it lacks the bold cliffs and charming towns and villages that over-

look the Father of Waters. The Magdalena of Colombia, the fourth largest

river in South America, is a turbid stream that is either very low or very high, according as you travel in the rainy or dry season of the year. Its banks are lined with tropical forests, often impenetrable, and it changes its course as often as the Missouri. It has a wild sort of splendor, but it does not compare with the Mississippi in any respect.

In Europe the Danube is more like the Mississippi than any other river and drains a similar country. The passenger boats are much superior because the proprietors cater to the tourist patronage. For several centuries the governments of the provinces through which the Danube runs have been improving its channel and walling up its banks so that along at least half its course it is now more of an artificial than a natural stream. At one point where it flows through a mountain gorge in the Balkans the scenery is more striking than any along the Mississippi, but for the rest of the way the latter is much superior. The Volga in Russia is a good deal like the Missouri, a tiny, muddy stream, with clay banks that are not at all attractive. The Rhine, of course, everybody knows about, and for romance, ruins and other artificial attractions and traditions it is incomparable.

The Nile has been utilized by tourist agencies greatly to their profit and equally to the pleasure of their patrons, although there is very little natural scenery, and the greatest attractions are the venerable ruins, the mysteries of the desert through which it flows and the picturesque Arab settlements that line its banks. If similar accommodations for travelers that are now found on the Nile could be placed upon the Mississippi and the boats managed with equal skill and liberality the enjoyment of the voyage would be much greater, but I suppose people will continue to visit and admire the attractions of Europe no matter what may be said of those lie nearer home.

It is said at Ottawa that the Federal Government has determined to at once assert Canada's jurisdiction over all portions of British North America as to the title of which there is no doubt. Steps will be taken at once to declare Canada's sovereignty over Hudson's Bay and adjacent waters.

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If you feel dull, have headaches, and sometimes seem to go wrong, it is because some little crystals of uric acid are stored in some small passage in your head.

If a sharp pain takes you in the shoulder when you are putting on your coat, it is because the shoulder is a weak or artery has become brittle. If you feel great pain when you are moving, and the limbs become swollen, it is called rheumatism.

It is because you are affected with these little crystals of uric acid.

They have changed the vessels and arteries from delicate, pliable ducts that follow every movement of the muscles without interfering or pinching, to stiff tubes which cannot carry the blood.

The heart becomes tired with these crystals, thus reducing its power, until finally the victim dies of heart-failure. It closes up the brain, and death is due to congestion. It clogs the blood-vessels of the lungs, and helps consumption.

It also affects the filters of the system, when they are in a normal condition of health and strength they carry off this deadly poison.

But they, too, become overworked and impaired by the ravages of uric acid.

It is said that the gums, balsams, roots and barks of the plants in the islands of Borneo and Sumatra have a wonderful remedial power.

This action acts directly on the kidneys and urinary organs, clearing them of the deadly poison that collects in the body.

It is said that the bark of the tree has no direct source of activity. It dissolves the uric acid crystals and they are carried away.

This is the reason why Old Reliable, from the fact that it never fails. By its use you will prolong your life, as well as cure many diseases.

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THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR CASH STORE.

Fill your Winter Wants at G. N. MONTGOMERY'S.

In MEN'S UNDERWEAR you need not go elsewhere. He has some values superior to any ever shown before. Don't miss looking at our 25c. line. They

THE WORLD'S MARKETS.

REPORTS FROM THE LEADING TRADE CENTRES.

Prices of Cattle, Grain, Cheese, and Other Dairy Produce at Home and Abroad.

Toronto, Nov. 17.—Wheat.—The market is quiet, with little change in prices. No. 2 white and red winter quoted at 77¢ to 77½¢ low freight; No. 2 Spring is quoted at 73¢ east, and No. 3 goats at 70 to 71¢ east. Manitoba wheat is steady. At upper lake ports No. 1 Northern is quoted at 85¢, and No. 2 Northern at 82¢. No. 1 hard nominal at 80¢ to lake ports.

Oats.—The market is quiet at unchanged prices. No. 2 white is quoted at 29 to 29½¢ west, at 29½¢ low freight to New York. No. 1 white, 36¢ east.

Barley.—The demand is moderate, with offerings fair. No. 2 quoted at 43 to 44¢ middle freights. No. 3 extra at 42¢, and No. 3 at 39 to 40¢ middle freights.

Rye.—The market is quiet, with prices steady. Cars are quoted at 50¢ to 51¢ outside.

Peas.—Trade is dull, and prices unchanged. No. 2 white quoted at 61 to 62¢ high freights, and at 63¢ east.

Corn.—The market is quiet, with prices easy. No. 2 yellow American quoted at 53¢ on track, Toronto; No. 3 yellow at 52¢, and No. 3 mixed at 52¢, Toronto.

Buckwheat.—The market is unchanged, with quotations 42 to 48¢ on outside points.

Flour.—Ninety per cent. patents are steady at \$1.10 middle freights, in buyers' sacks, for export. Straight rollers of special brands for domestic trade quoted at \$8.40 to \$8.60 per bushel. Manitoba flours are steady. No. 1 patents, \$4.55 to \$4.60; No. 2 patents, \$4.25 to \$4.30; and strong bakers', \$4.15 to \$4.20 on track, Toronto.

Milled—Bran steady at \$16, and shorts at \$18 here. At outside points bran is quoted at \$13.50, and shorts at \$17. Manitoba bran, in sacks, \$18; and shorts at \$20 here.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Apples.—The market is quiet, with prices steady. Winter fruit quoted at \$2 to \$2.50 per bbl. in car lots, and at \$2.50 to \$3 in small quantities.

Beans.—There is a quiet trade, with prices steady. Primo beans are quoted at \$1.70 to \$1.75 per bush.

Dried Apples.—The demand is fair, with prices unchanged, at 4½ to 5¢ per lb.

Honey.—The market is quiet at 6 to 6½¢ per lb. for bulk, and at \$1.25 to \$1.50 for comb. Choice clover honey, 7 to 7½¢ per lb.

Hay.—Demand is fair, with receipts only moderate. No. 1 timothy quoted at \$9.50 to \$10 on track, Toronto, and mixed at \$7 to \$7.50.

Straw.—The market is quiet at \$5.50 per ton for car lots on track.

Hops.—The market is quiet, with prices firm at 22 to 25¢.

Potatoes.—The offerings are moderate, with prices unchanged. Cars on track are quoted at 55 to 58¢ per bag for good quality.

Fowlers.—The demand is fair, with offerings moderate. Turkeys are quoted at 9 to 10¢ per lb., and geese at 7¢ per lb.; ducks, 8 to 9¢ per lb., or 75 to 90 per pair. Chickens, 8 to 10¢ per lb., or 50 to 75¢ per pair; old hens, 40 to 50¢ per pair.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter.—The market is steady, with receipts equal to the demand. The demand continues good for choice qualities. We quote:—Finest 1-lb. rolls, 15 to 18¢; choice large rolls, 16 to 17¢; fresh dairy tubs, 16 to 17¢; secondary grades, 13 to 14¢; creamery prints, 22 to 23¢; solids, 19 to 20¢.

Eggs.—Market firm. We quote:—Strictly new laid, 23 to 24¢; ordinary store gathered, 20 to 21¢; limed and cold storage, 17 to 18¢.

Cheese.—Market steady. We quote:—Finest, 1½¢; seconds, 10½ to 11¢.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Dressed hogs are unchanged, with car lots quoted at \$6.75 to \$7 here. Curd meats steady, with a fair demand. We quote:—Bacon, long clear, 10 to 10½¢, in ton and case lots. Mess pork, \$17; do, short cut, \$19½ to \$20.

Smoked Meats.—Hams, light to medium, 13½ to 14¢; do, heavy, 18 to 18½¢; rolls, 11¢; shoulders, 10 to 10½¢; backs, 15¢; breakfast bacon, 14¢.

Lard.—The market is quiet, with prices unchanged. We quote:—Tierces, 8½¢; tubs, 8½¢; pails, 9¢; compound, 8 to 9¢.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

St. Louis, Nov. 17.—Wheat closed December, 86½¢; May, 78¢. Durum, Nov. 17.—Close.—Wheat—To arrive, No. 1 hard, 78¢; No. 1 Northern, 77½¢; No. 2 Northern, 74½¢; December, 74½¢; May, 76½¢ to 76¢.

Milwaukee, Nov. 17.—Wheat—Weak; No. 1 Northern, 81¢; No. 2 Northern, 78¢ to 79¢; December, 76 to 76½¢. Rye—Steady; No. 1, 86½¢. Barley—Dull; No. 2, 64¢; sample, 39 to 50¢. Corn—Steady; No. 2, 46¢; December, 42¢.

Buffalo, Nov. 17.—Flour—Steady. Wheat—No offerings. Corn—Lower; No. 2 yellow, 50¢; No. 2 corn, 48½¢. Oats—Weak; No. 2 mixed, 37¢. Barley—5¢ to 6½¢. Rye—No. 1, 60¢. Canals—Frights—Steady.

Minnepolis, Nov. 17.—Wheat—Weak; No. 1 Northern, 81¢; No. 2 Northern, 78¢ to 79¢; December, 76 to 76½¢. Rye—Steady; No. 1, 86½¢. Barley—Dull; No. 2, 64¢; sample, 39 to 50¢. Corn—Steady; No. 2, 46¢; December, 42¢.

A Milwaukee, Wis., despatch says:—Thomas Shaughnessy, for 62 years a resident of Milwaukee, and father of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, died on Saturday, aged 81.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Toronto, Nov. 17.—There was a noticeable increase in activity in the cattle trade at the city market today, and a better feeling seems to prevail all round than has been the case the past two or three weeks. There was a good run of stock, fair to active demand in most lines, and a slightly upward tendency in prices. The run comprised 80 loads with 1,060 head of cattle, 2,315 sheep and lambs, 2,500 hogs, and 40 calves.

Exporters.—There were a few loads of export cattle offering, but more were wanted. Several lots of unfinished short-keep steers were bought for export, as being the best available.

These were a little too light and unfinished, but sold at \$4.20 to \$4.40 for the top.

Butchers.—There was a little better demand for good butchers' cattle, and a readiness to pay better prices for choice cattle. The decline in Tuesday's market was fully recovered to-day. Choice butchers' sold at \$4.10 to \$4.25, ordinary run of fair butchers' cattle at \$3.75 to \$4, common and rough butchers' were a slow sale, and fetches from \$1.75 to \$2.75.

Feeders.—The features of to-day's market was the active demand for short-keep feeders. One buyer said he could have taken 20 loads of feeders, but the fact was out of Sparks' confession, he will certainly be brought to Canada for trial. An investigation will be ordered to find out Sparks' record, and if it is such as to make it apparent that he was connected with the murder of Glory Whalen, it is thought extremely unlikely that the British authorities would insist upon holding him for a lesser crime in England. They would probably turn him over to the Canadian authorities for trial on the more serious charge, and have him arrested should he be acquitted.

Stockers.—There was a little better demand for light stockers. Sheep and Lambs.—The sheep trade was dull, lambs firm, and calves dull.

Hogs.—The market is weak, but no change in the quotation to-day. Prospects, however, for lower prices in the week.

Manitoba hogs are steady.

No. 1 patents, \$4.55 to \$4.60; No. 2 patents, \$4.25 to \$4.30; and strong bakers', \$4.15 to \$4.20 on track, Toronto.

Milled—Bran steady at \$16, and shorts at \$18 here. At outside points bran is quoted at \$13.50, and shorts at \$17. Manitoba bran, in sacks, \$18; and shorts at \$20 here.

GLORY WHALEN MURDER.

Man in Manchester Confesses the Crime.

A Toronto despatch says: A man who claims to be the murderer of Glory Whalen has turned up at Manchester, England, but there is little known at present to connect him with the crime.

Attorney-General Gibson on Friday received a cable from the Manchester police conveying the information that a man giving the name of William Joseph Carey, alias, who was in jail there on a charge of committing an unnatural offence, had confessed that he murdered Glory Whalen near Collingwood last June.

The despatch gave no particulars as to whether Sparks was white or colored. It will be remanded before the magistrate on Saturday morning for trial. He is accused of having committed the murder of Glory Whalen, and is charged with the same offense against another woman.

Immediately upon receipt of the cablegram, Attorney-General Gibson gave orders that the necessary extradition proceedings should be taken, and should the facts bear out Sparks' confession, he will certainly be brought to Canada for trial. An investigation will be ordered to find out Sparks' record, and if it is such as to make it apparent that he was connected with the murder of Glory Whalen, it is thought extremely unlikely that the British authorities would insist upon holding him for a lesser crime in England. They would probably turn him over to the Canadian authorities for trial on the more serious charge, and have him arrested should he be acquitted.

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DRAGOMIROFF DISMISSED.

Czar Summarily Dismisses ex-Governor of Kieff.

A Moscow despatch says: Gen. Dragomiroff, the retired Governor-General of Kieff, has left here for his estates, the Czar having no further use for his services. The circumstances of the summary dismissal of the General have just leaked out, and strikingly illustrate the humanitarian ideas of the Russian ruler. Dragomiroff, who enjoyed unbound favor at court, was the most popular man in the Russian Army, lost favor and his office because he did not show moderation in quelling the recent strike riots at Kieff, which practically involved all the working people of the town. Hearing that the strikers might cause a repetition of the Kishineff scenes, Dragomiroff called out the artillery and caused a wholesale slaughter of the rioters. It is said that several hundred of them were killed. When the Czar heard the facts he at once dismissed Dragomiroff with the words:—

"I cannot have that man at Kieff any longer. His hands are stained with human blood."

GERMAN LOCOMOTIVES.

Eight More Ordered by C. P. R. Have Reached Boston.

A Montreal despatch says:—Eight more of the German locomotives, several of which have already been delivered to the Canadian Pacific Railway shops in this city from Canadian steamers, arrived in Boston on Thursday. They will be shipped by rail to Montreal. Each locomotive weighs 40 tons. The whole order of twenty locomotives will be in the hands of the company in this city by the middle of December. Two or three of these German engines are already in active operation, and are giving satisfaction.

BUY LESS FROM GERMANY.

Commissioner Says Many Lines Suffer by Surtax.

An Ottawa despatch says:—It will probably require another twenty years to complete the delimitation of the disputed boundary between Canada and Alaska. There was something between 100 and 150 miles of the line that the Commissioners did not think they had data sufficient to exactly locate. Canada would rather have seen the whole matter cleared up while Lord Alverstone and the other representatives were about it.

Perhaps, though, a joint commission of surveyors may be able to present an unanimous report, and in that event the outlay would not be needed for another expensive arbitration.

ANOTHER TREATY.

May Be Necessary to Settle Alaska Case.

A Ottawa despatch says:—It will probably require another twenty years to complete the delimitation of the disputed boundary between Canada and Alaska. There was something between 100 and 150 miles of the line that the Commissioners did not think they had data sufficient to exactly locate. Canada would rather have seen the whole matter cleared up while Lord Alverstone and the other representatives were about it.

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BARS GERMAN TROOPS.

Britain Refuses to Pass Them Over Her Territory.

A Berlin despatch says: Seeing the great pains the Germans took in annoying the English in every way during the late war, the extraordinary bitterness now shown at the British refusal to let German troops through their territory scarcely seems reasonable. The said Vossische Zeitung with acerbity says:—"Germany does not need to land her troops at Port Nolloth. Friendly and spontaneous assistance from the Cape Government no man in the country expects. Who knows what difficulties England is preparing for us in our colonial territory?"

SITE FOR MUSEUM.

Government Purchases Estate in Ottawa for \$73,000.

An Ottawa despatch says:—The Government on Wednesday purchased Appin Place on Argyle Avenue, the old homestead of the Stewart family, for \$73,000. It lies at the foot of Metcalfe street, and is a magnificent site. The intention is to erect the new Dominion Museum upon it.

LIVERPOOL AROUSED.

Objects to Goods Made by United States Convict Labor.

A London despatch says:—Liverpool is aroused by cargoes of goods made in the United States by convicts and sold in England because they are not allowed in the home market.

CORRECTIVES FOR SWINE.

KEEP THEIR DIGESTIVE ORGANS RIGHT.

Tonic Used by One of the Most Successful Feeders in the United States.

Hogs that are closely confined and highly fed require a corrective of some kind to maintain the digestive system in a normal condition of health, and the fatter the pig the greater the necessity, says Live Stock Commissioner, F. W. Hodson. When the digestive organs become clogged with fat their ability to digest and assimilate is weakened. When a hog is running at large, he does not root up the pasture to do his food, and the clogged cecum is the result.

Hoofed animals are easily affected by the cecum clogged with fat. Hogs are particularly liable to this condition, and the cecum is the part of the digestive system that is most liable to become clogged.

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HOTEL WRECKED.

Terrible Explosion of Acetylene Gas at Ridgeway.

A Ridgeway, Ont., despatch says: At ten minutes after five o'clock on Wednesday evening the acetylene gas machine in the basement of the Lorraine House, Main Street, exploded with a terrific noise, wrecking the gas pipe in the front, and tearing a wide gap in the front facing on the street. The fire alarm was sounded and firemen and citizens rushed to the scene, and after a long struggle with the burning gas, succeeded in extinguishing the fire.

At least five persons were injured.

Two men were severely injured.

One man was moderately injured.

Two women were slightly injured.

One woman was moderately injured.

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One woman was moderately injured.

One woman was slightly injured.

WALL PAPER.

Big Reduction in Prices for the Fall Trade.

- Extra Value in Short Lots. -
PAPER FROM 3 CENTS A ROLL UP.

50,000 ENVELOPES

Just arrived, and we can offer special value in box lots.

Also, new lines in Plain and Fancy Stationery.

PAINTS AND OILS

DYES, in bulk and Package.

PARKER'S DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE

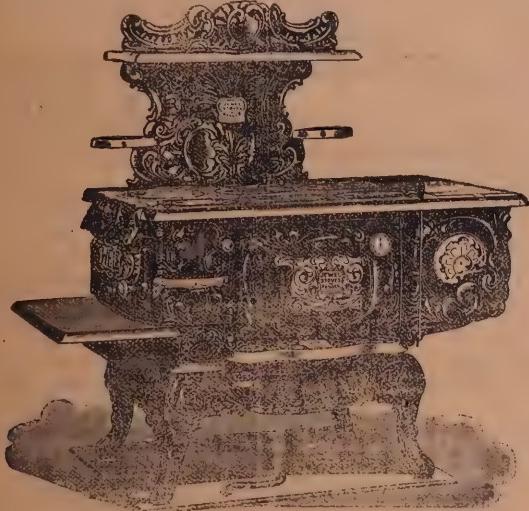
Canada's Great Illustrated Weekly.

A leading feature of THE WEEKLY GLOBE to be added this fall will be an

Eight-Page Illustrated Supplement

ON SUPERCALENDERED PAPER.

For the production of this great paper an immense new electrotyping, photo-engraving and printing plant has been added to The Globe's mechanical equipment. This will make THE WEEKLY GLOBE unquestionably the most desirable home paper in Canada.



"Dominion Jewel" Range
LEADS



REMOVAL NOTICE.

W. C. MIKEL, B.C.L., Barrister, Solicitor, Barrville, Ont., Solicitor for the City of Belleville.

Office removed to the City Hall where he will continue a general practice of law except as before the Corporation of the City of Belleville.

Money to Loan at 4, 5 or 6 per cent. according to quality of security. Telephone, No. 105

FARM FOR SALE

The subscriber offers for sale the West Half of Lot No. 2 in the 7th Con. of Rawdon, containing one hundred acres. Fifty acres cleared and under cultivation, barns in pasture and wood land. A spring creek and two wells on premises. Good buildings, furniture, new barn and drive houses. A good orchard. For terms and further particulars apply on the premises to JOHN T. HAGGERTY, Minto P.O.

For Sale Cheap.

A 2-horse Tread Power, in working order R. N. BIRD, Stirling, P.O.

FARM FOR SALE OR TO LET.

Being Lots 11 and 12, in the 6th concession of Shirley, containing 200 acres. For further particulars apply to

RICHARD LEONARD, Owner, or Wm. RODGERS, Stirling, Marmora.

Farm for Sale.

A fifty acre farm, known as the McConnel Homestead, situated in the immediate vicinity of Springbrook. Upon the premises is a good frame house, frame barn, and frame driving shed and other outbuildings.

The farm is well watered, and within one-half mile of church and three-quarters of a mile of school.

Sale on easy terms, and possession given at once, if required.

For particulars apply on the premises to MANLEY MC CONNELL, Springbrook P.O.

Palace Shaving Parlor.

The undersigned has now open to the public the finest Shaving Parlor ever opened up in Stirling.

Having been in Peterboro' for the past year, I am now prepared to do all work up-to-date. A call solicited.

Shop opposite Post Office, formerly Parker Brothers Bank.

W. W. HAGERMAN, Proprietor.

PATHS OF THE OCEAN

ORIGIN OF THE LANES TRAVESED BY ATLANTIC LINERS.

The Northern and Southern Routes to and From Europe, as Indicated by Lieutenant Maury—Minimizing the Danger of Collisions.

In reports of the arrival of an ocean liner the statement sometimes appears that she came "by the southern route" to avoid ice or that she made her first trip of the season "by the northern lane." To the ordinary reader the idea of lanes or pathways on what we have been taught to think of as "the trackless sea" seems somewhat paradoxical, but if you consult the charts in the office of a steamship manager or in the United States hydrographic office instead of the ordinary map you will find that there are four well defined highways across the north Atlantic as clearly marked to the navigator's perception as is a time worn turnpike on land to the eyes of the pedestrian.

It is over these great ocean thoroughfares that the Atlantic liners, with their tens of thousands of passengers and their hundreds of thousands of tons of freight, pass on their voyages between America and Europe. They are closely adhered to by all fast steam vessels and just as carefully avoided by sailing ships and by the fishermen who ply their trade off the Grand Banks. The situation of a small craft on the liners' route would be comparable to that of a man driving a light runabout along a railway track cleared for the fast limited, for these main traveled lines have been set aside by custom and agreement for the Atlantic's lightning expresses. Nobody is delayed at sidings or confined to special tracks, however, for the rest of the ocean is left to the ordinary mariner.

It is only a few years since the tracks upon which the great liners shall run have been so clearly defined. Ever since the commerce of the north Atlantic assumed important proportions sailing masters have followed in a general way the great circle that curves northward from the west coast of England and Ireland until it reaches about 46 degrees north latitude in midocean, then bears southward past the coast of Newfoundland and Cape Race. Early experience proved that this was the shortest and so, of course, the quickest route between Europe and such ports as Boston, New York and Philadelphia.

While steam navigators kept fairly near this course it was natural enough that they should vary from it somewhat according to the theories of individual captains. With the multiplication of steamships and the rapid increase in speed the very fact that all the larger and swifter vessels kept to one particular part of the ocean greatly increased the danger of collision between them. When forty or fifty swift steamers were crossing the Atlantic at the same time in one direction or the other, all keeping to the same general course irrespective of the direction in which they were traveling, it was obvious that the possibility of two of them coming together in thick weather was too great to be contemplated pleasantly.

So Lieutenant Maury of the United States navy made the suggestion that all fast steamships should traverse certain fixed routes, which he indicated—paths following the great circle pretty closely, for it was natural that the steamship companies would not agree to the adoption of any route that involved loss of time in making the ocean passage.

The most important provision suggested by Lieutenant Maury was that vessels going in opposite directions should observe the rules of the road by passing one another on the port side. To carry out this plan he proposed that west bound vessels should keep about one degree to the northward of those east bound. Thus the greatest danger from the following of indiscriminate routes—that of collision between fast ships—would be avoided. While it is desirable in point of time for ships to steer their course far to the north the presence of ice and fog in the high latitudes makes it impracticable for them to do so during fully half the year. Accordingly, Lieutenant Maury provided for two great highways, one for summer, the other for winter, one about three degrees to the northward of the other and each with west bound and east bound tracks.

The rivalry between the different lines was so great at that time that each hesitated to give unconditional adherence to the plan, fearing that some other would gain an advantage. Two prominent steamship managers, however, quickly appreciated the advantages of Lieutenant Maury's plan and independently of their competitors gave instructions to their captains to follow the lines laid down by him. These two men were Clement A. Griscom, then the head of the American Line, and Thomas H. Ismay, director of the White Star Line. As these two lines then owned the fastest and most perfect ships on the Atlantic, the influence of their example was very powerful.

There is no doubt that the adoption of these lanes has been of the utmost importance in increasing the safety of ocean travel and possesses distinct advantages aside from eliminating the possibility of head on collisions between the liners. Extra precautions are taken to keep the great highway clear of derelicts and other floating dangers or to give warning of their presence.

Since the masters of sailing vessels know the steamer routes, they consult their own safety by avoiding them and by keeping a sharp lookout whenever it is necessary to cross them in either direction.—New York Mail and Express.

Spring Brook.

From Our Own Correspondent.

The Women's Institute will meet at the home of Mrs. Levi Mason on the afternoon of Wednesday, Nov. 25th. All ladies are cordially invited to attend.

Mr. McHardy, of Toronto, will conduct revival services here, beginning on Dec. 15th. Rev. Mr. Houck will in all probability commence the work a week before.

Preacher hunters have returned from the north and report splendid success.

Thus, Oliver Clark of Mr. Nathan Clark, Killarney, Man., formerly of this place, is visiting his old acquaintances and friends. He took charge of the evening service on Sabbath last, and preached to a well filled house.

There has been no school in the senior department for three weeks, owing to the teacher's illness, but she is on the convalescent list now, and hopes to soon be able to resume her work.

Mr. Samuel Mumby and family, of this place, are busy packing their belongings in order to move elsewhere, as he has rented his blacksmith shop and dwelling to Mr. Ed. Sager of Norwood,

Wellman's Corners.

(From our Correspondent.)

Mr. Westcott has finished painting the Orange Hall. It is very nice, with its new coat of fawn, with border of brown. We have not seen the inside, but we are told it is very handsome done.

There was a meeting of the Orangemen in their hall on Friday evening for the purpose of initiating members into the Royal Arch degree. Thirteen candidates presented themselves for the honor, but the "goat" shook its head, so five received the elevation and the rest were reserved for the next meeting. A number of visitors were present from other lodges, and at the close of the ceremonies coffee, sandwiches and cake were served. No one can say that No. 172 keeps late hours, for it was quite early when they got home.

Our deer slayers have returned home, each, as far as we have heard, the returns, with the full complement of venison that the law allows them.

We regret to hear that while Mr. B. Nix was away on his hunt he lost two valuable cows from an overdose of apples.

Special services begin here in the Methodist Church next Sabbath.

Miss French of Campbellford, has been visiting at Mr. Joseph Hogle's.

Mr. Norris Hogle, of Napanee, has been visiting his mother, Mrs. Wm. Hogle.

Miss Wilson is the guest of Mrs. John Snarr.

Miss Olive Welsh of Springbrook, is visiting Miss Isobel Anderson.

Mr. John Pounder of Toronto is visiting his sisters, Mrs. Matthew Johnson and Mrs. Wm. Pounder.

Foxboro Notes

From Our Own Correspondent.

The Rev. Mr. Sexmith, of Bayside circuit, occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church last Sunday and conducted the missionary services. In the evening he told a great deal of his experiences on the Pacific coast, which was very interesting.

Some hunters returning from the north on Saturday evening tried to be cute, shooting at the milk cans, and putting holes through several. In one case two children of Mr. J. B. Gay were close to the milk stand on which they can see that shot was standing.

Messrs. Harry Frederick, Richard Snider, and Walter Gowself have returned from the Northwest, where they were for the past few months.

The anniversary services in connection with the Methodist church will take place Dec. 6th, followed by a concert on Monday evening.

The dedication of the new Presbyterian church will take place on Sunday, Dec. 20th, followed by a tea-meeting on Christmas night.

Mrs. Byron Rosebush is visiting friends in Stirling.

Decidedly cold weather has prevailed in the Northwest Territories, 18° below zero being reported from Calgary. A heavy fall of snow was reported at Winnipeg.

An Ottawa despatch says:—If the government decides on another session before appealing to the electorate it will probably begin in January. There will be no legislation of consequence beyond the passage of supply, and unless the Opposition is furnished with some sort of a text in the form of legislation they cannot keep things going very long. The meeting, in all likelihood, would be over long before the warm weather came on.

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THE STIRLING NEWS-ARGUS.

1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1903.

Vol. XXV, No. 11.

There May Be Cheaper Furs but the Furs at Fred. T. Ward's are RELIABLE FURS

sold on their merits, and the reputation we have gained of selling the Best Furs in Town. To purchase a poor Fur article because it is cheap is extravagance in the end. To purchase a good, reliable Fur article at a moderate price is economy. You can get the Economic Brand here in JACKETS, COATS, RUFFS, BOAS, CAPERINES, CAPES, CAPS, FUR LINED CAPES, GAUNTLETS, ROBES or anything good in the Fur Line.

OVERCOATS AND RAGLANS—We have the dressy kind here. The coats that gives you the swell appearance for \$7.50 to \$18.00.

SELLING READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHING.—We are doing a good share of it now. The right styles, the right make and the right price is here. We have the \$3.50 and \$4.00 Suits, but we would rather sell you something better. See our \$6.50 and \$7.00 Double-Breasted Waterproof Suits.

What about a CAP?

FRED. T. WARD,
YOUR TAILOR, FURNISHER & FURRIER.

For Children's Wear.

CLOAKINGS—Eiderdown Curl Cloth, seattle and bear, in white, cream, pink, crimson and grey, price from 50c. to \$1.75 and \$2.50.

In Fur Trimmings we have White and Grey Lamb, Wool Ruching, Swansdown, Thibet and Fur Fringes. A very large assortment.

Baby Hood, in all materials, wool, fur, eiderdown, silk and velvet, 25c. to \$2.50.

Baby Wool Toques, silk trimmed, extra heavy fleeced lining, 50c.

Two only, little boys' White Lamb Caps, \$1.75 were \$2.50.

Children's White Lamb Ruffs and Collars, 75c. and \$1.25.

Children's Wool Boas, 25c. White Wool Shetland Falls, 10c.

Children's White Wool Gloves and Mittens, 15c. and 20c.

Children's Mittens, cardinal, navy and black, 12½c.

Boys' Heavy Ribbed Toques, 35c.

Ladies' and Children's Wool Hoods, colors navy, black and cardinal, 35c.

and 40c.

POULTRY WANTED.

Bring in your Chickens, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, DEC. 1st and 2nd. Must be dry picked, leave on tail and wing feathers, and do not draw them. Highest price.

C. F. STICKLE.

NOTE.—A few Men's Heavy Overcoats and Suits to clear at Half Price.

BARGAINS IN Dinner Sets.

All our DINNER SETS are now opened up and they are a fine lot. Sets from \$10.00 up.

Also a fine assortment of 6 and 10 piece BEDROOM SETS from \$2.50 up to \$5.00. These goods have to be seen before you can really appreciate them. Grand value.

CHINA.

The largest assortment, best quality and the lowest price ever offered in Stirling. A look will convince anyone.

Come and see tons of Crockery and China displayed.

JOHN SHAW.

THE NEWS-ARGUS

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS,

To 1st of Jan. 1905, for \$1.00.

Your Opportunity

Never was better than now for seeing the grandest display of Furs ever shown in Campbellford.

Our Fur Emporium

Is filled with all the latest styles of JACKETS, COATS, CAPERINES, RUFFS, MUFFS, CAPS, ROBES, etc., in Persian Lamb, Grey Lamb Electric Seal, Bohemian and Astrachan, Columbian Coon, Wallaby, Bulgarian Lamb, Siberian Buffalo, and all other kinds.

Our HARNESS and VEHICLES command your attention.

Come and see us.

J. E. DIAMOND,
CAMPBELLFORD.

FARM FOR SALE.

Being East half of Lot 13, in the 5th Con. of Thurlow, containing one hundred acres. Seventy-five acres cleared and in a good state of cultivation. A good sap bush on remaining land. Good farm house. Barn 80 x 30. Large orchard. Terms easy. For further particulars apply on the premises, or by mail to Corybore, P.O.

JAMES BOLDRICK.

Fire, Accident & Plate Glass Insurance.

Guardian Fire Insurance Co. Norwich Union Fire Insurance Co. Liverpool, London & Globe " Sun Insurance Company. Gore Insurance Co. Lloyd's Plate Glass Insurance Co. Ontario Accident Insurance Co.

W. S. MARTIN,
Insurance Agent, STIRLING.

News-Argus to Jan. 1, '05, \$1.

Death of John S. Black.

The residents of Stirling and vicinity were greatly shocked on Tuesday evening to hear of the sudden death of Mr. John S. Black, Village Clerk. Mr. Black had been illing for a period of two years but his family had no presentation on Tuesday that the end was near. On the morning of that day the deceased transacted business as usual at his residence, and it was not until the afternoon had commenced to wane that his condition assumed a critical aspect. At 4 o'clock signs of approaching dissolution began to manifest themselves, and at 5.30 Mr. Black had passed away.

Additional paths is added to his demise from the fact that the day following his death had been fixed for the marriage of his elder daughter.

The late Mr. Black was the eldest son of the late Rev. John Black, a native of Gorey, Ireland, and one of the best known of the pioneer Methodist clergymen of Canada. His mother was Margaret Byrne, a native of Arklow, Ireland. On his paternal side Mr. Black was descended from German stock, one of his progenitors having been an officer in the large complement of troops raised by the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassell in 1688 to aid William of Orange in his struggle with James II. of England. On his mother's side Mr. Black was descended from an old Spanish Protestant family which was forced to leave Spain during the horrors of the Inquisition and seek a refuge in Ireland.

Mr. Black was born in St. Andrews, Quebec, on Feb. 15th, 1836. His early days were spent with his parents on the Methodist circuits in Ontario at which his father was stationed. He commenced his business career in Prescott, later removing to Shannonville, where he entered the general store of Mr. Hiram Holden. He remained there until 1866, when he settled in Stirling, where he commenced business on his own account in the stone store at the corner of Mill street, which has since given way to the establishment of Jas. Boldrick & Son. He continued in this business for some years, afterwards securing an agency for this district for the Dominion Piano and Organ Co. of Bowmanville. In 1882 he accepted a position as accountant for the wholesale tea firm of Morgan, Davis, & Co., of Bowmanville. Two years later he returned to Stirling, having accepted a position with G. W. Faulkner. On the death of the late Mr. Andrew Glass he was appointed Clerk of the village of Stirling, and Secretary of the School Board, both of which positions he held at the time of his death.

For a great many years Mr. Black was connected with the Masonic Order, and for some time acted as Secretary of the local lodge.

In politics he was a staunch Conservative, and in religion a Methodist.

In 1868 he married Ella Jane, daughter of the late James Monroe Merriman, Collector of Customs at Coborne, Ont., by whom he had issue five sons and three daughters. Of the sons, four survive, and of the daughters, two. Besides his children, Mr. Black leaves a wife to mourn his loss.

The funeral will take place to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock from the family residence to the Stirling Cemetery, where the interment will be made.

A doe with horns is somewhat of a curiosity, but two of them were shot near Bancroft during the hunting season.—Bancroft Times.

Mr. J. C. McCagaran, Fishery Overseer, of Belleville, was in town last week and placed a number of black bass in a lake near Combermere.—Bancroft Times.

Hungerford township council has decided to submit a local option by-law to be voted on at the next municipal election. Eighty municipalities in Ontario now have local option, and a number of others by-laws will be voted on at the ensuing municipal elections.

The Tweed News says the reports of smallpox cases in that town and vicinity have been greatly exaggerated. It says the disease is of a very mild character, and not a single death has resulted thereto. The few cases are strictly guarded, and there is no danger of the disease spreading.

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We have just mentioned a few lines. We can supply all the family with shoes at little cost. No trouble to show goods. There is nothing humble about our shoes except the price. Repairing done neatly at short notice.

J. W. BROWN,
RELIABLE BOOT & SHOE MERCHANT.

20th Wood, Eggs, and Butter wanted.



The Sovereign Bank OF CANADA.

(Incorporated by Act of Parliament.)

Capital Authorized - - \$2,000,000.

Capital Paid Up - - 1,300,000.

Reserve Fund - - 325,000.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO. D. M. STEWART, General Manager.

Special Attention given to Business with Farmers. Advances made at reasonable rates.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.
We accept deposits of One Dollar and upwards and allow interest from day of deposit. Absolute security.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS CONDUCTED.

STIRLING AND MARMORA.

W. M. CHANDLER, Manager.

Farmers' Institute Meetings.

The regular meetings of the North Hastings Farmers' Institute will be held at Stirling Music Hall on Friday, Dec. 4th, and at Madoc Town Hall on Saturday, Dec. 5th. The speakers and subjects have been arranged for as follows:

Mr. T. H. Masson, of Staffordville, will speak at Stirling in the afternoon on any of the following subjects—"The Hog as a Money Maker," "Care and Feed of Dairy Cattle," "Growing Corn for Silage." In the evening he will speak on "Changing Conditions in Canadian Agriculture."

Miss Laura Rose, of Guelph, will speak at Stirling on some of the following subjects—"The Production and Care of Milk," "Butter Making on the Farm," "Defects in Butter; their cause and remedy." The ladies are specially invited to hear Miss Rose, who is a very talented speaker.

The Institute has also been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. L. H. Newman, of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. Mr. Newman is connected with the "Good Seeds" department, and will speak on some of the following subjects—"Improvement of Cereal Grains by Seed Selection," "The Production and Marketing of High Class Timothy, Ailsike, and Red Clover Seeds," "Some recently introduced Weeds; how they have been introduced and Methods for Combating them."

Mr. Newman's subjects are of great importance to farmers, and his addresses cannot fail to be of interest and profit to all farmers, as well as others.

The same speakers will address the meetings at Madoc, but the subjects treated by Mr. Masson and Miss Rose will be different from those they will speak on at Stirling. Mr. Newman's subjects will be the same.

The afternoon meetings will commence at 1.30, and the evening meetings at 7.30 o'clock.

Ontario Bee-Keepers Association.

The annual meeting of the Ontario Bee-Keepers Association will be held in the Town Hall, Trenton, on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of December next. The sessions will commence on the afternoon of Tuesday, Dec. 1st, when Mr. B. O. Lott, of Anson, will give a paper on "The Advantages of Out-Apiaries; How, When, and Where to Move them." The other items on the programme are all interesting, and among them on Wednesday, Dec. 2nd, will be an address on "Experiments," by Mr. John Fixture, of the Experimental Farm, Ottawa; an address on "The Benefits of Organization and the Extension of Markets," by Mr. F. W. Hodson, of the Agricultural Department, Ottawa; an address "On the Storing of Comb Honey," and "Experiments in the Preparation of Vinegar from Honey," by Frank S. Shutt, M. A., F. I. C., Chemist, Dominion Experimental Farms; and an address by Prof. James, Deputy-Minister of Agriculture of Ontario.

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J. W. BROWN,
RELIABLE BOOT & SHOE MERCHANT.

20th Wood, Eggs, and Butter wanted.

"Sterling Hall."

Headquarters for Reliable Goods at Reasonable Prices.

BARGAIN DAYS FOR OUR FRIENDS.

Here are a few quick snaps from our Clothing Department:

MEN'S SUITS.

1 only, double breasted Tweed Suit, size 40, worth \$6.00 for \$4.00.
2 only, single breasted Tweed Suits, sizes 39, worth \$10.00 for \$7.50.
1 only, " " " Tweed Suit, size 38, worth \$7.00 for \$5.00.
1 only, " " " Tweed Suit, size 39, worth \$6.00 for \$5.00.
1 only, " " " Tweed Suit, size 38, worth \$10.00 for \$7.50.

BOYS' SUITS.

2 Tweed Suits, sizes 32, worth \$6.00 for \$4.50.
1 Tweed Suit, size 32, worth \$4.50 for \$3.75.
1 Tweed Suit, size 32, worth \$5.50 for \$3.00.
1 Tweed Suit, size 32, worth \$4.00 for \$3.00.
2 Tweed Suits, size 33, worth \$4.00 for \$3.00.
4 only, Boys' Reverses, sizes 22, 23, 25, 27, worth \$2.50 for \$1.75 each.

The above are all perfectly made, reliable garments, and can be seen in our Clothing room window, Saturday.

PUFF TIES—BUT NO PUFF ON THE PRICE—Five dozen Sample Ties, regular 25c. and 50c. goods, your choice for 15c. each.

A GAUNTLET YOU NEED—12 pairs only, Men's Gauntlets, mule faced, sheepskin back, plush lined, regular value 75c., for 50c.

39c. UNDERWEAR THAT IS NON-IRRITATING.—20 dozen, assorted sizes, Penman's make, blue grey, sanitary, wool fleeced Heavy Shirts and Drawers, the regular 50c. line for 39c.

Blanket Comfort for Cold Weather.

Our Blankets were bought before the advances in price of Cotton and Wool. Hence the values offered:

25 pairs White Wool Blankets, 7 lb. size, special at \$2.50 pair.
15 pairs White Wool Blankets, 7 lb. size, special at \$3.00 pair.
10 pairs White Wool Blankets, extra heavy, at \$3.50 pair.
10 pairs Grey Wool Blankets, extra heavy, at \$2.50 pair.
50 pairs, 10/4, Grey and White Cotton Blankets, best quality, 70c. pair.
50 pairs, 11/4, Grey and White Cotton Blankets, best quality, 95c. pair.
20 pairs, 12/4, Grey and White Cotton Blankets, best quality, \$1.25 pair.

LADIES' WEAR.

10 Dress Lengths in different effects of New Donegal Tweeds, \$1.25 yd. for \$1.00 yd.

15c. Wrappetters for 10c.—All good colorings and effects, in heavy twill finish, never previously sold for less than 15c. yd. now 10c. yd.

\$1.25 lined Black Sateen Skirt for 95c.

We have secured a second five dozen lot of our special highly mercerized, plush lined, Black Sateen Skirts, sizes 38, 40, 42, worth \$1.25 for 95c.

3 spools Coats' 200 yd. Cotton Thread for 10c.



"The Revelation."

We have just passed into stock, in four styles, sizes 2½ to 6½, "The Revelation" a specially high-grade

American Shoe for Ladies,

PRICE, \$3.75.

Have a look. It will indeed be a "revelation" in high art, style and finish.

RUBBERS.

Rubbers for Men, Women and Children, fine or heavy.

BUTTER CROCKS.

It's about the season now for the thrifty housewife to pack the Winter Butter. Well to know where to buy the crocks. We have the best stoneware with covers, sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 gals.

DINNER SETS

That will please you, and numerous enough for a choice. The newest effects in 97 to 100 piece, in best goods, at \$10.00 to \$15.00.

POULTRY SHIPMENTS.—Remember that the 27th November is our shipping day for Turkeys, Geese, etc.

W. R. MATHER,

Direct Importer of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods.

STRAYED.

Came into the premises of the subscriber, Lot 6, in the 5th Con. of Rawdon, in October last, a yearling Bull. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take him away.

T. J. THOMPSON,
Spring Brook.

Spring Brook Cheese Factory

The annual meeting of the stockholders and patrons of Spring Brook Cheese Manufacturing Company will be held at the Factory, on Saturday, Dec. 5th, at one o'clock p.m., for paying dividends, electing officers, letting milk routes, hiring cheesemaker and any other business which may come before the meeting.

T. J. THOMPSON, Pres.

None too soon to get ready. We are preparing for a large Xmas trade.

Our stock of FANCY CHINA and CROCKERY is larger and values the best we have ever offered. We invite inspection.

Conservative Meeting.

A meeting of Conservatives of the Municipality of Stirling, will be held in McKeen's Hall, on Monday evening, 30th November, instant, at 8 p.m., for the purpose of appointing delegates to attend the Convention for West Huron at St. Marys, on the 4th December, next, and for the transaction of general business.

J. EARL HALIWELL, President.

GEO. E. CRYER, Secretary.

Stirling Liberal Conservative Association.

Dated, 23rd November, 1903.

Our stock of GROCERIES you will always find fresh.

SALT—Just arrived another car of Fine Salt, in bags and barrels.

Highest prices paid for Dried Apples, Butter and Eggs.

S. HOLDEN.

STRONGER THAN DEATH OR A RANSOMED LIFE

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Cont.)

Trevor waited on the steps till the door closed on them. He was purposed to know why Wickham had been so anxious to walk home with him, and he solved the puzzle by starting straight back through the woods the way they had come.

At a turn of the path, a hundred yards from the point where they had met, he found the secret of Wickham's anxiety to carry him home again. With a fierce throbbing of his heart he recognized Lucy Ray on a low rustic seat, with downcast eyes, and sad pale face, so lost in thought that she did not see or hear him.

She started up with a little frightened cry as he touched her shoulder; then a faint wan ghost of a smile showed through her tears, a pitiful quivering of her lips, more pitiful than weeping.

"What is it, Lucy?" he said; "can I help you? You promised always to trust me—as a friend."

"And you will be my friend, Harry; always my friend."

"Always—unless—"

"There is no 'unless' now. You must forget all that folly. I have put a barrier between us you cannot hope to cross. I won't have your young life wasted, Harry. You said you would love me while I was free to love—well, I'm no longer free."

With a deadly sinking of his heart he knew what was coming.

"I have promised Colonel Wickham to be his wife. It was the only way out of all this tangled maze. He begged me hard. It was no use that I told him that I had no love to give. Love, he said, would come in time, and if it never came, Iking would content him. Half a life's devotion—never wavering, never faltering—he plied him some claim. I could see that he was terribly in earnest, and I had not the heart to refuse him the poor boon he had set his heart on having."

"It cannot be. You have not counted the cost, Lucy—the long, dolorous, loveless life at best—the bitter unavailing remorse if you find too late your love has been given to another."

She smiled at his earnestness in much curious contrast with the smooth boyish face.

"My poor Harry, how wise in the world's ways you have grown! I have counted the cost. I am not likely to fall in love again at my time of life, unless the lost Dr. Ardel should revive, and the hope of that has gone. If I cannot be happy myself, the next best thing is to make another happy."

"But you don't know this man, Lucy. If I were to tell you—"

She stopped him by a look and gesture full of quiet dignity.

"Don't, Harry," she said gently, but firmly. "It's not like you to speak evil of the absent. Don't let this folly that will pass away tempt you to injustice. Don't spoil our friendship by hasty words for which you will be sorry presently. Remember I am Colonel Wickham's promised wife."

"And you will keep that promise at all hazards?"

"May God so help me, I will keep my promise, if he holds me to it, though the whole world stand against me."

He turned from her in anger; but half a dozen yards off he came back hastily with love and hope re-kindled in his eyes.

"Even yet, Lucy," he said softly, "even yet I will not despair."

That was all, and for her there was no meaning in his words. But the courageous confidence in his voice cheered her. She felt, the load on her heart lightened, as the leaden day vaguely brightened while the rain pours and the clouds lower, when the sun, though hidden, makes his power felt through the gloom.

All through the day and well into the night, Wickham's exultation continued unabated. The exuberance of his spirits was exhausting to his listeners. He seemed intoxicated by joy, as by wine.

In the billiard room at night, he chafed Ardell continuously, with an undertone of scornful triumph in his voice and manner which nettled Trevor almost beyond endurance. But Ardell's frank good humor was slow to take offence. He retorted only by challenging Wickham to billiards, five hundred up; gave him two hundred and fifty odds; and then ran the game out triumphantly in a dozen breaks.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" said Wickham in mock admiration; "shows what a man can do when he gives his mind—his whole mind—to a thing."

Ardell beamed at the compliment. He set the red and white balls close together in the centre of the table, made the spot ball shoot round the four cushions, and then cannon so softly it hardly shook the other two apart.

"I have a shy, Harry!" he said. "I'll play with the butt end of the cue, if you like."

But Trevor did not care for billiards just then. He had another game to play, and Ardell, with a cheery "Good-night, boys; take care of yourselves," went gaily on to bed.

"What a big, blundering baby it is!" Wickham said to Trevor as they were left alone together. He paused for moment to sip his brandy and soda, and apply a lighted vesta carefully to one of Ardell's choices. Hannonnas. "It is hard to believe that man was once reputed the keenest intellect in Europe. What a wonderful transformation from that to a big, muddy-pated school-boy! I used to be horribly afraid of him at one time, I remember."

"Afraid of him?"

"Yes. Did you never hear the strange story? I suppose not; it happened when you were a baby. I was on trial for murder, your father defended me, but it was Ardell—the wonderful Ardell of those days—that saved my life. He mesmerized the jury with his deep indrawn breath. Then to the sleeper sternly: "How was the murderer done?"

"It was so simple"—with the first dreadful words all his hesitation had disappeared. He spoke quite freely now, with a kind of ghastly pride in his own cleverness. "I was with her by appointment in the morning—a full hour before the body was found. She was like a sentimental tigress, fawning one moment, raging the next. She showed me a letter she had written, threatening to commit suicide if I deserted her, and the revolver with which she meant to do it. It was that put the notion into my head. I knew she would be a curse and a plague to me all my life; I knew she would never have the pluck to kill herself; so I saved her the trouble. I left her letter on the table and her revolver on the floor when I made my escape. A verdict of suicide was a sure thing but for that devil Weevil. His verdicts came near hanging me. But you, in your wisdom, proved me innocent."

Even then there was a note of insolent mockery in his voice.

"Had you no pity for the girl that loved you—no remorse for her murderer?" Trevor asked.

"None—till there was danger I might be hanged for it. When the danger passed I was glad that I had got this trouble out of my life cheaply and safely."

"Is murder nothing to you?"

"Nothing; but hanging is a great deal."

"The man that saved you—Dr. Ardel—you were grateful to him?"

"Not bit. You saved my life to please yourself. If you had known everything, you would have let me hang."

"Why did you try to murder Vivian Ardel?"

"I hereby release you from your engagement. I do so to avoid deserved public disgrace and exposure for myself."

(Signed) Edgar Wickham."

He blotted the note, mechanically folded it in an envelope, and directed it, "Miss Lucy Ray."

"Now," he said to Trevor, "let us stop papers."

Trevor smiled, "I mean to have both."

"You shan't have both."

"Yes, I think I will. I cannot trust you, Wickham. You will readily understand that. I hold this paper as a life assurance. I will so arrange that at my death it will be read, with a short explanatory note by Miss Lucy Ray."

"Then I refuse."

"And hang?"

"But if I give the letter, what security have I?"

"My pledged word; while you keep faith, I'll keep it. You must not see Miss Ray again. You leave here tomorrow, and leave England within a week. These are my terms to take or leave."

Without a word Wickham handed him the note. With his hand still ready on the trigger, Harry Trevor watched him sink from the room, and so pass for ever out of his life.

(To be Continued.)

HER SELECTION.

"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride when they returned from their honeymoon trip, "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life. Are you the president or vice-president of this society?"

"I want to be neither president nor vice-president," she answered; "I will be content with a subordinate position."

"What's that?"

"Pleasure."

OLDEST TRADE SECRETS.

The two oldest secret trade processes now in existence are considered to be the manufacture of Chinese red, or vermillion, and the method of inlaying the hardest steel with gold and silver which seem to have been practised at Damascus ages ago, and is known only to the Syrian smiths and their pupils even to this day."

"I am using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food myself, and it is building me up wonderfully."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c a box, at all dealers, or Edmaston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

To protect you against imitations.

Mr. Arthur Walden, Ferryville,

Carleton County, N.B., writes: "My

wife was a great sufferer from kidney disease for several years. She was author, as are every box.

other. Trevor's young face was set in stone and hard as a stone. Yet degrees a strange light grew behind his eyes, steady, intense, the strong clear pure, one glowing through Wickham felt that strength vaguely, and put forth the utmost power of his will to resist it. It was as if two strong men wrestled—all their muscles taut and aching from the silent strain. One agonizing moment, and Wickham knew himself to be in the deadly struggle. He uttered a fierce curse, but the words died in the heat of the battle on his lips. He felt his consciousness slipping from him. He tried to turn his eyes away; but Trevor's steady gaze held them motionless. Then his eyelids closed softly, will and self-consciousness vanished together, and he lay back in the chair in a deep sleep at the mercy of his master.

"Do you know me?" Trevor asked. And the sleeping man answered, "I know you, Vivian Ardel."

"Answer truthfully the questions I shall ask of you."

"I must."

"Who murdered Bossie Blythe-

wood?"

There was a long pause. Some remnant of the man's reason and will was still awake, and in fierce revolt against self-betrayal, his lips closed tight in obstinate silence.

"Answer!" said Trevor again, more sternly than before.

The unconscious body quivered with the intensity of the struggle, but still no word.

Trevor pressed his hand upon his forehead. "Follow me!" he said quietly.

"Yes, I see that. What is that?"

"A big sheet of paper, scribbled on How does it concern me?"

"It is the detailed confession of

your crimes, written with your own

hand, signed with your own name—unmistakably yours."

The light fell clear on the paper.

Instinctively Wickham knew he spoke the truth.

All the bravado died out of him in a moment. He dropped back, huddled up in his chair in complete collapse. His voice came in broken gasps. "Why do you torture me like this? What do you hope for? What do you want me to do? If there is anything—" Then with a sudden burst of uncontrollable rage as he realized the trap in which he was caught and crushed. "Oh! you damned, devilish young cub! I wish I had put a knife or a bullet through you long ago."

The next moment fear mastered his rage and his voice again took a whining tone. "I hardly know what I'm saying, Trevor, but words don't matter, you know. You have me down and can make your own terms. What's the price of your silence—if it has a price?"

"I don't want to hang you," said Trevor slowly—and the abject wretch shivered at the word—"if I can help it. I don't want even your death on my conscience."

"Don't beat about the bush then. What must I do for my life?"

"You said just now you were going to America. You must go alone."

"I'll start in a week," and he moved towards the door.

"Stop! there's one thing more."

"Well?" facing him doggedly.

"A letter to Miss Ray."

"You torturing young devil. You don't want me to confess myself to Lucy!"

"No, I would spare her, not you, that pain. Less will serve. Sit down again at that table and take the pen in your hand. Now write; and he wrote:

"Miss Ray—

I hereby release you from your engagement. I do so to avoid deserved public disgrace and exposure for myself.

(Signed)

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As yet there has never been dis-

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prompt and thorough cure for de-

rangements of these great filtering

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Pains in the back, headache, un-

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TEDDY'S NOMINEE

Tom Dexter was sitting in his room at Balliol College, Oxford, doing some heavy reading, for school was in near proximity, and he was anxious to do well.

Presently the door burst unmercifully open, and a pair of mischievous blue eyes, in a sunburst, surrounded by a head of tousled, fair hair, peered round the corner.

"Come in, old man!" said Tom, when he saw who the intruder was.

Edward Parsons walked gracefully forward into the centre of the room and sank into the biggest armchair.

"Hanging schools!" he ejaculated thoughtfully. "Something fat and more important is going to happen to me at any rate. Tom, my best girl's coming down to the Balliol ball."

Tom wheeled round slowly. "And who is she?"

"Kitty Seymour," he said. There was silence for a moment, and then Teddy, who evidently considered this indifference heartless, waxed impatient.

"You can't ever have seen her, old man; or you wouldn't stand there looking like any gravestone image when I tell you that I love her. I know Edward himself is an awful ass, but say—oh, gods, she is the sweetest girl in the world!"

"So were they all in turn."

Teddy picked up a cushion which had fallen off the sofa and shied it at Tom's head.

"Don't be cynical, Tommy; it doesn't suit your style of ugliness."

Teddy paused for a moment; then: "The long and short of the whole thing is, Tommy, I simply found that I couldn't stand the suspense any longer, and decided to propose to her at this ball."

He paused again, as if expecting an answer, but Tom was still silent.

"The worst of it is Tom, I'm in a fearful fix. That's what I came to you about. My eldest sister's going to be married, and if she hasn't fixed the ceremony for the very day of our ball! It's just like a sister to go and do a silly thing like that! It's impossible for me to get back here that night, we live so far away, and I must be present at the wedding. You see, I'm her only brother, and she—she'd think it rather unkind if I didn't turn up, I suppose."

He broke off again, and leant back in his chair, frowning heavily and looking the image of dejection.

Tom racked his brains for means of comforting the unhappy lover.

"Can't you write to her?" he said at last.

Teddy sat up in his chair and stared at him as if he thought he had suddenly taken leave of his senses.

"Write! My dear fellow, do recall to your mind some letters I have written to you, and then tell me, as a candid friend, if in spelling, or legibility, or literary style altogether, you consider that one of them would be capable of conveying so delicate a matter as a proposal of marriage to a young lady? Write! My dear old chap, I wonder you don't want to telephone it!"

"No," he went on; "there's only one other course open," he said slowly, "and that is for you to propose for me."

"Good heavens!"

The pipe, loosened from Tom's hands, fell with a sharp thud into the grate.

"Well, of all the outlandish ideas he began.

Teddy interrupted him with a de-lightful, mischievous smile. "Not at all outlandish," he said affably; "but, on the contrary, extremely cute. All you've got to do, Tommy, is to ask Miss Seymour for one dance, and then, when you get her to some secluded, romantic spot, you—*we*—enter—*you*—ahem."

Teddy broke off, chuckling like a naughty schoolboy, and the rest of the sentence was left to an eloquent silence.

Tom frowned. "It's ridiculous—absurd! And as insulting to Kitty—*to* Miss Seymour—as it is—er—embarrassing for me! I've never proposed to anyone in my life, Teddy!"

Teddy's chuckle had evolved into a loud, irreverent laugh.

"My dear old chap," he said, "you're twenty-four years old, and the sooner you learn what to say to a girl when you want to propose to her, the better, I think. Anyway, we've been chums ever since we were little chaps at school, Tommy, and I don't think you've ever refused me a favor yet."

Tom looked up into the handsome young face bending over him. "You've never asked me to do anything harder, Teddy," he said, rather feebly.

Tom touched the programme that was dangling at the end of Miss Seymour's white-feathered fan.

"May I have the pleasure?" he said humbly.

The girl raised a pair of lovely, shining eyes and smiled encouragingly. She held out her programme toward him, and Tom bent over it.

"Thanks so much! No, 16? Thank you. It is a waltz."

He scribbled his initials opposite the dance, rather hastily, and then, with a courteous bow, walked swiftly away.

When he came up to claim his dance he held out his arms simultaneously. The girl took it without a word, and together they passed into the ballroom. They had not gone two turns round the room, when Tom suddenly stopped and looked into her eyes.

"Miss Seymour," he said, "don't think me awfully rude, but would you mind sitting this dance out, please? I've got something important to say to you."

The girl turned up at him, rather surprised expression in her eyes.

"Certainly!" she answered courageously.

H.

And Tom, without another word, led her away from the ballroom.

"It's a message," he continued nervously, when a moment later they were established in two chairs in a secluded sitting-out corner, "from Mr. Parsons. You know him, don't you?"

Miss Seymour smiled.

"It would be difficult to know you," she answered, "without knowing Mr. Parsons as well. My brother always calls you Jonathan and David."

Tom did not smile; he was fidgeting nervously with the buttons of his glove.

"I can't imagine what you will think of me," he said despondently.

"But Teddy made me do it—on my honor he did. And he knows—the young beggar! That I never refused him anything in his life."

He looked up at her and saw that the perplexed expression on her face had deepened.

"Yes?" she said. Tom sat down again in his chair and bent toward her.

"Miss Seymour," he said gravely, "Teddy sent a message to you, and the message was this." He bent a little nearer and almost unconsciously took her hand. "The long and the short of the whole thing is," he said, "Teddy loves you, and he wants to know if you will marry him."

"It was noble of you," she faltered; "but I am only so far as I can never marry Mr. Parsons."

"Not—not marry him?" he gasped.

"Not—not marry Teddy?"

"No," she said slowly; "I do not love him."

It was about five o'clock on the following afternoon when Teddy Parsons strolled leisurely into Tom Dexter's rooms.

"Come out of that, you fossilized idiot!" he remarked affably. "Drop classics for once, for goodness sake, and let's talk of something sociable! How did you get on last night, that's what I want to know?"

Tom laid down the book and looked up at his friend with very anxious haggard eyes.

"I'm awfully sorry, old chap," he said gently, "but I'm afraid I haven't good news. Perhaps you'd better see her about it, Teddy. I always was a stupid fool over that kind of thing, and I dare say I've blundered."

"She refused me, then?"

Tom turned his head away. He feared to meet the sorrow which he felt was rising up in those happy blue eyes.

"I'm afraid that's about it," he said sadly.

Another smile. Then:

"Does she love anyone else?" came in a queer, choked voice from the table.

Tom's head was turned still further away.

"I'm afraid so."

"Do you know who he is?"—again in that muffled undertone.

Tom's hitherto white face flushed suddenly scarlet. He did not reply.

"Because if you don't, I do."

Tom turned round sharply. There was Teddy lolling on the table, with his straw hat tipped over his eyes, shaking with suppressed laughter.

"Oh, you jolly old juggins!" he said weakly, when his laughter would allow him to speak. "Can't you see what I've seen all along, and have known for the last year? Don't you know that you are the man she loves?"

"Then you've been making fools of us both?"—hotly.

"And it's not me at all!"—ungrammatically. "Why, she never loved me, and I never thought about her; but—"

Tom sank into his chair again.

"Then you knew that I—that I cared for her?" he said, still rather sternly.

Teddy relaxed into another fit.

"Know it?" he said, after the necessary interval. "Bless you, Tommy, trust me for finding things out! Oh yes, I know it now! And I knew something else, too, just as well."

"And what was that?" interrupted Tom, still fuming.

"Why, though you're safe for a first-class in most things, in a simple matter like this you are about as big a duffer as ever was born! You've got no guile in you, Tom—no go! You ought to have more conceit. Why, d'you think that if I hadn't made you propose to Miss Seymour you would even have got up to the scratch at all? Of course not!"

Tom got up out of his chair.

"I—I can hardly believe it," he said, in a dazed voice. "It seems that, instead of having done you a good turn, you have done one for me—the best one I ever had, yet, Teddy. But she—she still doesn't know that I love her."

"Then go and enlighten her, Tommy."

"I can't do it, Teddy—I can't propose for the sake of obliging you, and I'm thinking, proposing for myself is another."

He paused abruptly, and stood with his head held high in a listening attitude. Down the passage a door was heard to open suddenly, and a man's voice called out:

"Dexter, come over to my rooms, will you, and have tea?"

Teddy chuckled delightedly.

"You see, even Providence is interested in your case," he explained roundly, "for here is everything being made smooth for you. Go in and have tea with Seymour at once; she'll be there."

Then another voice, much softer and more modious, and in gentle, though equally persuasive, tones:

"Mr. Dexter!"

"Forward young lady!" chuckled Teddy.

But Tom did not hear him. He was striding towards Seymour's rooms, as fast as his legs could carry him.—London Answers.

About the House

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

Eggless Ice Cream—Use 1½ pts. milk, ¼ pt. whipped cream, 2½ cups sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat ingredients thoroughly and freeze.

Silver or Delicate Cake—Whites of 6 eggs, 1 cup sweet milk, 2 cups flour, 4 cups flour, 2½ cup butter, 2 teaspoons baking powder. Stir flour and butter to a cream, add milk, flour, and sugar to the eggs. Bake carefully in moderate oven. This makes an excellent cake.

Higdom—Take 2 qts. green choppings cucumbers, 1 qt. chopped tomatoes, 1 qt. chopped cabbage, 1 qt. chopped onions, 1 tablespoon ground cloves, 1 tablespoon allspice and black pepper, or 6 large green peppers chopped fine, same of whole mustard, ½ cup sugar. Chop and cover with salt, let stand overnight. Drain off, add spices and sugar and cover with vinegar.

Banana "Cup" is made from the pulp of 8 not-over-ripe bananas rubbed through a fine wire sieve. Add the grated rind of ½ large lemon, the juice of 1 lemon and 1 orange, and pour over this ½ pt. boiling water. Set in a cool place for several hours. When quite cold, stir well together, taste to taste, add, if liked, a wineglass sherry, a siphon of soda water, and a few lumps of ice.

Eggs à la Goldorod—Boil 6 eggs 20 minutes and throw into cold water. When cold chop whites (not fine) and grate yolks. Make a white sauce by blending 1 tablespoon butter and 1 tablespoon flour. Stir this into ½ pt. hot cream.

Suet Pudding—One egg, ½ cup sweet milk, ¼ cup light molasses, ½ cup of suet, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1½ cups flour, 1 lb currants, 1 lb raisins or 1 pt. of any kind of fruit. Put this in a small tin and put into a kettle of boiling water and boil for four hours. It can be kept for weeks. Cut in slices and steam, and eat with cream and sugar. For a sauce to eat on this pudding, take ½ cup butter, 2 tablespoons flour, rub together till flour is mixed, add 1 teacup sugar and pour on boiling water and cook. Flavor with vanilla.

Bread Omelet and Potatoes—Soak three-quarters cup of fine stale bread crumbs in three-quarters cup of milk for twenty minutes. Drain off all the milk not absorbed by the bread, add a level teaspoon of salt, a few dashes of pepper, the yolks of five eggs beaten a long time, and when well mixed fold in lightly the stiffly-beaten whites of the eggs. Have a frying pan buttered and heated, turn the omelet in the pan and set where it will cook slowly; when the under side is set, turn the omelet in the oven to brown on top. Run a large knife under one-half of the omelet and fold over, tipping the pan sideways. Lay a hot platter over the frying pan, reverse both and lift the pan, leaving the omelet on the pan unbroken. Garnish with bacon cut in ribbons and crisp in hot spider. This may be made in a chafing-dish if desired.

Suet Pudding—One egg, ½ cup sweet milk, ¼ cup light molasses, ½ cup of suet, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1½ cups flour, 1 lb currants, 1 lb raisins or 1 pt. of any kind of fruit. Put this in a small tin and put into a kettle of boiling water and boil for four hours. It can be kept for weeks. Cut in slices and steam, and eat with cream and sugar. For a sauce to eat on this pudding, take ½ cup butter, 2 tablespoons flour, rub together till flour is mixed, add 1 teacup sugar and pour on boiling water and cook. Flavor with vanilla.

Water that has stood in an insufficiently ventilated sleeping chamber all night is not only unpleasant, but positively injurious to drink, since it readily absorbs the poisonous gases given off by respiration and the action of the skin.

If you sleep with your mouth open you will get about half the benefit you ought to from your night's rest. This is frequently the cause of "that tired feeling" on waking in the morning. The habit weakens the lungs.

of these old waterproof caps often throws it over her open piano while sweeping, thus saving the trouble of closing it.

CARE OF DRUGS AND POISONS.

Every little while we read of deaths due to accidental poisoning, where the fatal dose was administered from the wrong bottle, or where some little one had fallen a victim to carelessness. It cannot be too strongly urged that medicines and drugs of all kinds should be kept where the children cannot gain access to them.

If no special cabinet or case can be procured for the necessary and all important household remedies, an cupboard can be made from a shallow box fitted with narrow shelves and with cover fastened on with small hinges. It should be fastened securely to the wall, out of reach of baby fingers, a lock and key will make it doubly safe. The one now in use in our family is made of the case of a square cabinet clock. The works, having fulfilled their mission long ago, were taken out, and the space filled in with shelves which are deep enough to accommodate bottles of common size.

As to marking the bottles containing poisons, in addition to the gruesome labels attached by the druggist, we run a sharp pin through the cork of each bottle so that the point protrudes above the top of the cork, about a quarter of an inch. In this way, the bottle is easily distinguished from the others, even in the dark, and no mistake can be made if ordinary care is used.

USEFUL HINTS.

One servant girl in the kitchen is worth two at the front gate.

Vases and specimen glasses discolored by flowers are best cleaned with vinegar and tea leaves, used together.

To preserve the condition and color of the teeth, it is more important to clean them before retiring at night than on rising in the morning. Typhoid and scarlet and rheumatic fevers, measles and diphtheria are diseases of the autumn. Whooping cough, influenza and company usually wait until the weather grows cold.

To clean an oven, dust it thoroughly, plates and all, with powdered lime, and sprinkle this thickly at the bottom. Heat the oven well, let it cool, and then brush it out. The lime will soak up grease.

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THURSDAY, NOV. 26, 1903.

Rig Lead Mine.**Valuable Property at Bannockburn.**

Belleville Ontario.

Mr. H. F. E. Gamm, mining superintendent of the Ontario Mining and Smelting Co., paid a visit to Belleville on Saturday last. He is looking over the desirable building lots in the city, having decided to build a residence here for his family for occupancy next spring.

Mr. Gamm is in charge of one of the richest (if not the richest) ore deposits that have ever come to light in Ontario, namely, the "Wolf" lead mine, at Bannockburn, Ont. This property was originally owned by the Myer Syndicate, of New York, but has within the last year been bought up by the present owners, the Ontario Mining and Smelting Co., who are pushing the property for all it is worth.

For the past two months the miners have been working through a solid galena ore 30 inches wide, and running \$5 per cent. load, the smelted or pig lead of this mine having run by assay of Messrs. I. D. Dewar & Sons, of Toronto, 99.95% pure, a very close second to the best refined lead of the finest properties on this continent or Europe.

The buildings at the mine are just about completed, the company having decided to put in a specially adapted plant. It will be remembered that the Dominion Government, knowing the great commercial value of this product, has offered a bounty of \$15 per ton for every ton taken out.

Mr. E. Palmer Clarkson, of Belleville, is acting for the "Wolf" in the city, and has some splendid specimens of ore in his office on Bridge street, also photos of the property.

**Annual Meeting
Of the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union.**

The twenty-fifth annual meeting of the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union will be held at the Ontario Agricultural College on Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 7th and 8th, starting at 12 p.m. on the 7th.

Experiments in agriculture and horticulture have this year been conducted on nearly 4,000 farms throughout Ontario. The results of the carefully conducted work will be summarized and presented at the annual meeting, to which all interested in agriculture are invited.

The programme shows that addresses will be delivered by Prof. C. C. James, Toronto; W. J. Spillman, Washington, D. C.; U. S. A.; Dr. James Mills, Agricultural College, Guelph; Miss Martha Van Rensselaer, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.; Prof. G. E. Day, Agricultural College, Guelph; Dr. W. H. Muldrew, Dean, Macdonald Institute, Guelph; G. H. Clark, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, and others.

Ladies' Sessions, under the auspices of the Women's Institutes, will be held in the Macdonald Institute on Tuesday and Wednesday. On Monday evening a public meeting of interest to all will be held in the College Convocation Hall.

Arrangements have been made for single rates to Guelph for the Experimental Union meeting and the Provincial Winter Fair. The excursion rates start on Saturday, Dec. 5th. For full particulars in reference to the programme and the excursion rates, write to C. A. Zavitz, Secretary, Agricultural College, Guelph, Ont.

Two hundred lives have been lost by a flood in the Presidency of Madras, India.

Mr. J. H. Dumble, Police Magistrate of Cobourg, who in his youth was a well-known surveyor, is dead.

Rev. Wm. Tomlin, a superannuated Methodist minister, of Belleville, died on Monday last. He was in his 75th year.

Some idea of the number of deer killed during the hunting season can be formed from the statement that 50 deer were taken south on the C. O. R. on Saturday, 14th inst., and 55 on the following Monday.

Official circles at Ottawa are much dissatisfied at the announcement that the Transvaal Government has purchased 10,000 head of cattle in Texas. It is claimed that Canada is being discriminated against.

A big transaction in Ontario lumber is reported. A firm at Menominee, Mich., has purchased 200,000,000 feet of standing timber in the vicinity of Spanish River, and will move their mill from Michigan to Ontario next spring.

The last crop report of the Province of Ontario has been issued by the Department of Agriculture, and shows a satisfactory year. The farmers are largely turning to live stock, and thus becoming independent of fluctuations in the grain market.

For the nine months ending Sept. 30, about 185 wolves have been killed in various parts of Ontario, particularly in the Temiscamingue, Rainy River and Thunder Bay districts. A bounty of \$15 is given by the Ontario Government for every wolf killed, so that over \$2,000 has already been paid out.

An explosion of acetylene gas at a Sunday School entertainment in the Presbyterian Church at Kippen, Ont., seriously injured seven persons, and five others slightly, and caused damage to the building estimated at \$2,000. Rev. Mr. McLennan, pastor of the church, was badly burned, and is injured internally by inhaling the burning gas. His eyes are also seriously injured, and it is feared he may lose his sight.

RUN BY MOUSE POWER.**A Thrifty Scotchman's Scheme For Operating His Thread Mill.**

Thrift is generally acknowledged to be one of the leading characteristics of the native of Fifeshire, and it never was more forcibly exemplified than in the person of David Hutton, a native of Dunfermline, who actually proved that even mice, those acknowledged pests of mankind, could be made not only to earn their own living, but also to yield a respectable income to their owners.

About the year 1820 this gentleman actually erected a small mill at Dunfermline for the manufacture of thread—a mill worked entirely by mice. It was while visiting Perth prison in 1812 that Mr. Hutton first conceived this remarkable idea of utilizing mouse power. In an old pamphlet of the time, "The Curiosity Coffee Room," he gave an account of the way in which the idea dawned on him. "In the summer of the year 1812" he wrote, "I had occasion to be in Perth, and when inspecting the toys and trinkets that were manufactured by the French prisoners in the depot there my attention was involuntarily attracted by a little toy house, with a wheel in the gable of it that was running rapidly round, impelled by the insignificant gravity of common house mouse. For I shilling I purchased house, mouse and wheel. Inclosing it in a handkerchief, on my journey homeward I was compelled to contemplate its favorite amusement. But how to apply half ounce power, which is the weight of a mouse, to a useful purpose was the difficulty. At length the manufacturing of sewing thread seemed the most practicable."

Mr. Hutton had one mouse that ran the amazing distance of eighteen miles a day, but he proved that an ordinary mouse could run ten and a half miles on an average. A halfpenny's worth of oatmeal was sufficient for its support for thirty-five days, during which it ran 736 half miles. He had actually two mice constantly employed in the making of sewing thread for more than a year. The mouse thread mill was so constructed that the common house mouse was enabled to make atonement to society for past offenses by twisting, twining and reeling from 100 to 120 threads a day, Sundays not excepted.

To perform this task the little pedestrian had to run ten and a half miles, and this journey it performed with ease every day. A halfpenny's worth of oatmeal served one of these thread mill culprits for the long period of five weeks. In that time it made 3,350 threads of twenty-five inches, and as a penny was paid to women for every hawk made in the ordinary way the mouse at that rate earned nineteen pence every six weeks, just one farthing a day, or 7s. 6d. a year.

Taking sixpence off for board and a shilling for machinery, there was a clear yearly profit from each mouse of 6 shillings. Mr. Hutton firmly intended to apply for the loan of the empty cathedral in Dunfermline, which would have held, he calculated, 10,000 mouse mills, sufficient room being left for keepers and some hundreds of spectators. Death, however, overtook the inventor before this marvelous project could be carried out.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

A Surprised Duke.

Just after the late Duke of Richmond and Gordon received the latter half of his title—he was created Duke of Gordon in January, 1870—he was sent to this country as president of the British commission to our centennial exposition. While in this country he heard of a certain picture owned by a country woman in which he thought he might be interested, and so wrote to her, using the official stationery of the commission and signing himself, as a peer does, simply by the names of his title, "Richmond and Gordon."

Much to his surprise and a good deal to his disgust—for he had precise ideas as to his dignity as a duke—the letter which he received in answer to his was addressed: "Messrs. Richmond & Gordon," and began, "Gentlemen!"

At the Sociable.

Mr. Slipiton—I have not met your wife. Is she here this evening?

Mr. Hansome—Yes, just at this moment she is engaged over there at the piano.

Mr. Slipiton (with affected enthusiasm)—Ah, I see! She is that goddess-like beauty who is playing an accompaniment for the mountain of flesh who is singing.

Mr. Hansome (stiffly)—My wife does not play; she sings.—London Telegraph.

Why.

"Lillian is not sure that she loves Walter. Sometimes she thinks she does, and at other times she's convinced she doesn't."

"And yet she is going to marry him?"

"Oh, yes, that's all settled." "But if she is not sure she loves him why doesn't she break the engagement?"

"Because she is twenty-seven."

Fixing the Blame.

"The trouble ain't with the farm," said the old man. "If the farm didn't have to do anything but support itself, it could be made to pay, but it don't seem to be able to carry the burden of us livin' on it so I reckon we're to blame."

Losing an Opportunity.

"The curtain goes up at 8:15, so we'll be just in time."

"But if we have a box it really seems a shame to be so punctual."

His Good Behavior.

"Did your valet have a good reference from his last place?"

"Yes. The Judge gave him two months off for good behavior there."—Judge.

CONSTANTINOPLE.**It Has Perhaps the Finest Site For a City in the World.**

Constantinople looks much better from the water than it does when viewed ashore. The tourist who touches at the port, remains on board and sees the city only from the sea retains an entirely different impression from that of him who goes ashore. Seen from the water, Constantinople is very beautiful. Seen from the shore, it is the apothecary of everything that is filthy and foul. I do not say that he who stays on board will take away a much more picturesque impression.

The site of Constantinople is ideal. There is probably no finer site for a city in the world. It is situated on the Bosphorus, between the Mediterranean and the Black seas. It lies between Europe and Asia, for Scutari is part of Constantinople, and Scutari is on the Asiatic shore. It is cut off by natural boundaries into municipal divisions, for the Golden Horn divides Istanbul, the Mohammediyan, from Galata, the Christian city. So the Bosphorus divides Scutari, the Asiatic, from Constantinople, the European, city; yet all of these places make one great city under the general name of Constantinople. And this great city is guarded also by nature. It has the sea of Marmara close at hand, with fortifications at either end of this great water highway, rendering the city unassailable by sea. It has a peninsular conformation which also renders it properly fortified, impregnable by land as well as by sea. It is as if San Francisco were to have batteries of heavy artillery all around her water front, from India basin to the presidio, from the presidio to Lake Merced and then across the neck of the peninsula from Lake Merced to India basin. With all these factors in its favor no wonder that Constantinople has always been looked upon as an ideal site for a city. That so many races should have battled over Byzantium for so many hundreds of years is not surprising.

WISDOM OF NOVELISTS.

Adam invented all the different ways in which a young man can make a fool of himself.—G. H. Lorimer.

The man who overestimates the foolishness of others is himself the biggest fool concerned.—Seton Merriman.

Tell the truth, live openly and stick to your friends—that's the whole of the best morality in the world.—Sarah Grand.

Every wrong brings with it its own punishment. It may be added that it frequently leaves it at the wrong house.—Barry Pain.

With good luck one can accomplish anything, but good luck is just one of the things that cannot be arranged for, even by the cleverest people.—Frankfort Moore.

Really beautiful things can't go out. They may disappear for a little while, but they must come back. It's only the ugly things that stay out after they've had their day.—W. D. Howells.

Slow in forming, swift in acting; slow in making, swift in working; slow in the temple, swift down the other slope; it is the way of nature and the way of the human mind.—Anthony Hope.

Why do people with immortal souls spend their lives in leaving tiny oblongs of pasteboard on other people with immortal souls whom they scarcely know and don't care a straw about?

Will Make You Sleep.

An alcohol rub at bedtime will go far toward breaking up insomnia. Let the rubber begin with the forehead and temples of the sleepless one, paying particular attention to the spine and back of the neck. Rub the alcohol gently but firmly into the body, working gradually down to the feet, and probably the patient will fall asleep before the rubbing is completed. One night or even one week of rubbing would not be likely to bring back permanent habits of sound, healthy slumber, but each night there is a gain toward the normal equilibrium of the nerves, and a month of alcohol rubs should put one in a position to do without external helps of any kind.

Shook It Down.

There is a strong man in a certain village in Hungary. Not long ago he was building a stable for a farmer. Just as he was about to put the culminating brick in its place he happened to fall out with his employer and by way of working off his superfluous energy went up to one of the pillars and shook it. The entire building came down with a run. This is the most notable case of "it come apart in my 'ands," as servants say, since Samson.—London Globe.

Photograph Paste.

Dissolve half an ounce of hard gelatin in three ounces two drams of cold water until quite soft; then beat until melted. Now add one ounce six drams of glycerin. This will set hard and must be melted on the hob or in hot water for use. The advantage of this preparation is that there is no stickiness as with gum, nor does it leave a stain. It is excellent for mounting both photographs and scraps.

The Joys of Matrimony.

"Is your daughter happily married, Mrs. Caslegh?"

"Oh, my, yes! She and her husband are both devoted to their clubs and often don't see each other for weeks at a time."

Life Insurance.

"Did your valet have a good reference from his last place?"

"Yes. The Judge gave him two months off for good behavior there."—Judge.

Some people want you to give them

everything for nothing, including your life, your liberty (your labor) and your pursuit of happiness.

Time Tells.

Time brings many things to light. It will reveal whether you make your Fur purchase here or elsewhere. It will tell whether you got good or inferior value for your money.

Only the most skilled artists have a hand in the manufacture of our Furs. Men whose years of experience and ability make possible such beautiful Jackets, Ruffs, etc., as we display. Only the finest skins which the fur bearing world can produce are accepted in their make up.

Our many buying and selling advantages make possible the prices of inferior makes. You need not fear times revelation if you buy your Furs here.

Our guarantee of perfect satisfaction or money refunded stands back of every purchase. The present offers a fur buying opportunity you may never enjoy again. Wholesale prices are steadily advancing. A complete assortment of first-class Furs at lowest prices awaits your choosing. Could you want more?

SKIRT VALUES.

Don't forget the unusual Skirt Values in our mantel room made possible and necessary by the late arrival of the garments. It's not often you get such prices on latest New York styles as carefully tailored as these are. Many ladies have availed themselves of this offering. Every one should. Spring will show no neater styles.

Fine Navy or Grey Cheviot Skirt with corded yoke effect, strapped seams terminating at top of flare, bottom trimmed with 6 rows of silk stitching, \$3.50.

Stylish Black and White mixed Tweed Skirt, all strapped seams, trimmed with fancy buttons, tucked yoke and flare, very stylish, \$4.75.

The RITCHIE COMPANY Limited. BELLEVILLE.

Xmas Fruits

are now in store. We direct attention to our exhibit of

Valencia Raisins,**Seeded Raisins,****Sultana Raisins,****Vostizza Cleaned Currants,****Patras Cleaned Currants,****Dranied Peels,****Figs, Nuts, Essences, etc.**

They represent the best goods that are offered to the trade.

J. C. HANLEY & CO.,

GROCERS, FEED & SEED**MERCHANTS,****BELLEVILLE - ONT.**

WOOD FOR SALE

Standing hard wood timber.

R. N. BIRD,
Lot 28, Con. 8, Sidney,
Stirling, P.O.

AUCTION SALE

on LOT 2, CON. 1, MARMORA, on

TUESDAY, DEC. 1st, 1903,

at 1 p.m., the following Farm Stock:—1 span

Horses, one foal by thoroughbred Clyde;

1 span Horses, matched bays, 4 years old; 1

yearling Colt, by Arkland; 1 2-year-old by

pedigreed Bull; 1 3-year-old by 15 Milch

Cows, Durham grade; 6 Yearlings, Durham

grade; 4 Heifers, coming 3, Durham grade;

6 Grade Sows with pig; 1 pedigree Yorkshire

Hog; 1 2-year-old sow by 2-year-old Old

Bulls, pedigree Durham; 1 Bull Calf, pedigree

Durham; 1 Bull Calf, pedigree

Durham; 1 2-year-old Bull, pedigree

Not a minute should be lost when a child shows symptoms of croup. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears will prevent the attack. It never fails, and is pleasant and safe to take.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

CHAS. F. WALT., D.D.S., L.D.S.

FIRST CLASS HONOR GRADUATE IN Dentistry of the University of Toronto. Graduate of Late Dental Surgeon, Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.

OFFICE—Over Painter Drug Store,

Open every day and evening.

J. McC. POTTS, M.D., C.M.

GRADUATE MC GILL UNIVERSITY, Late House Surgeon, Montreal General Hospital; formerly resident accoucheur at Montreal Maternity Hospital and Assistant in the Dispensary. Licentiate of Women in Hospital. Member, Ontario Society of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—Front Street, Stirling.

HALLIWELL & BOLDRICK,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES,
Public Commissioners, Conveyancers, &c.

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FRANZ ZWICK, M.B.,

GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF Toronto Medical College. Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—Dr. Boulier's former residence, Stirling.

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SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c. Office over Brown & McGehee's Store, Stirling, Ontario.

W. J. McCAMON,

BARRISTER, ETC., BELLEVILLE, ONT. Office—McAuliffe Block, Cor. Front and Bridge Streets.

MONEY TO LOAN.

JOHN S BLACK.

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER FOR taking Affidavits. Once over the store lately occupied by G. L. Scott, Stirling.

STIRLING LODGE

NO. 239.

I. O. O. F.

Meets in the Lodge room, Coney block.

EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING

At 8 o'clock.

L. MEIKLEJOHN, R. S.

DENTISTRY.

C. L. HAWLEY, L. D. S.

TRENTON GRADUATE OF THE TORONTO School of Dentistry, will visit Stirling professionally, the second and last Friday in each month, until further notice.

The Dental Engine, Vitalizer, Mr. Gas and all the apparatus and instruments known to Dentists will be used for the painless extraction and preservation of the natural teeth.

Rooms at Scott House.

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A gem, beautiful colored plates; latest fashions, dressing-gowns, economics, fancy work, household hints, fiction, etc. Subscribers receive a copy of the organ and a copy of the Ladies' agent. Send for terms.

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All Sizes Allowed and Perforations show the Cutting and Sewing Lines.

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STRAYED

Light red Cow, pair of even horns turned in, a notch clipped in hair on back of right hip. Anyone who has seen her please send word to

ALBERT SEELEY, Stirling.

Lumber and Shingles

for sale at Anson.

H. G. KINGSTON.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.
The local column will be charged as follows:
For Regular Advertising.—Three lines, 10c.
per line; four lines, 15c.; five lines, 20c.;
six lines, 25c.; seven lines, 30c.; eight lines,
35c.; nine lines, 40c.; ten lines, 45c.; eleven
lines, 50c.; twelve lines, 55c.; thirteen lines,
60c.; fourteen lines, 65c.; fifteen lines,
70c.; sixteen lines, 75c.; seventeen lines,
80c.; eighteen lines, 85c.; nineteen lines,
90c.; twenty lines, 95c.; twenty-one lines,
100c.; twenty-two lines, 105c.; twenty-three
lines, 110c.; twenty-four lines, 115c.; twenty-five
lines, 120c.; twenty-six lines, 125c.; twenty-seven
lines, 130c.; twenty-eight lines, 135c.; twenty-nine
lines, 140c.; thirty lines, 145c.; thirty-one
lines, 150c.; thirty-two lines, 155c.; thirty-three
lines, 160c.; thirty-four lines, 165c.; thirty-five
lines, 170c.; thirty-six lines, 175c.; thirty-seven
lines, 180c.; thirty-eight lines, 185c.; thirty-nine
lines, 190c.; forty lines, 195c.; forty-one lines,
200c.; forty-two lines, 205c.; forty-three lines,
210c.; forty-four lines, 215c.; forty-five lines,
220c.; forty-six lines, 225c.; forty-seven lines,
230c.; forty-eight lines, 235c.; forty-nine lines,
240c.; fifty lines, 245c.; fifty-one lines, 250c.;
fifty-two lines, 255c.; fifty-three lines, 260c.; fifty-four
lines, 265c.; fifty-five lines, 270c.; fifty-six lines,
275c.; fifty-seven lines, 280c.; fifty-eight lines,
285c.; fifty-nine lines, 290c.; sixty lines, 295c.;
sixty-one lines, 300c.; sixty-two lines, 305c.;
sixty-three lines, 310c.; sixty-four lines, 315c.;
sixty-five lines, 320c.; sixty-six lines, 325c.;
sixty-seven lines, 330c.; sixty-eight lines, 335c.;
sixty-nine lines, 340c.;七十 lines, 345c.;
seventy-one lines, 350c.; seventy-two lines, 355c.;
seventy-three lines, 360c.; seventy-four lines,
365c.; seventy-five lines, 370c.; seventy-six
lines, 375c.; seventy-seven lines, 380c.;
seventy-eight lines, 385c.; seventy-nine lines,
390c.; eighty lines, 395c.; eighty-one lines,
400c.; eighty-two lines, 405c.; eighty-three
lines, 410c.; eighty-four lines, 415c.; eighty-five
lines, 420c.; eighty-six lines, 425c.; eighty-seven
lines, 430c.; eighty-eight lines, 435c.; eighty-nine
lines, 440c.; ninety lines, 445c.; ninety-one
lines, 450c.; ninety-two lines, 455c.; ninety-three
lines, 460c.; ninety-four lines, 465c.; ninety-five
lines, 470c.; ninety-six lines, 475c.; ninety-seven
lines, 480c.; ninety-eight lines, 485c.; ninety-nine
lines, 490c.;一百 lines, 495c.;一百一十一
lines, 500c.;一百二十二 lines, 505c.;一百三十三
lines, 510c.;一百四十四 lines, 515c.;一百五十五
lines, 520c.;一百六十六 lines, 525c.;一百七十七
lines, 530c.;一百八十八 lines, 535c.;一百九十九
lines, 540c.;二百一十 lines, 545c.;二百二十一
lines, 550c.;二百三十二 lines, 555c.;二百四十三
lines, 560c.;二百五十四 lines, 565c.;二百六十五
lines, 570c.;二百七十六 lines, 575c.;二百八十七
lines, 580c.;二百九十八 lines, 585c.;三百零九
lines, 590c.;三百一十 lines, 595c.;三百二十一
lines, 600c.;三百三十二 lines, 605c.;三百四十三
lines, 610c.;三百五十四 lines, 615c.;三百六十五
lines, 620c.;三百七十六 lines, 625c.;三百八十七
lines, 630c.;三百九十八 lines, 635c.;三百零九
lines, 640c.;三百一十 lines, 645c.;三百二十一
lines, 650c.;三百三十二 lines, 655c.;三百四十三
lines, 660c.;三百五十四 lines, 665c.;三百六十五
lines, 670c.;三百七十六 lines, 675c.;三百八十七
lines, 680c.;三百九十八 lines, 685c.;三百零九
lines, 690c.;三百一十 lines, 695c.;三百二十一
lines, 700c.;三百三十二 lines, 705c.;三百四十三
lines, 710c.;三百五十四 lines, 715c.;三百六十五
lines, 720c.;三百七十六 lines, 725c.;三百八十七
lines, 730c.;三百九十八 lines, 735c.;三百零九
lines, 740c.;三百一十 lines, 745c.;三百二十一
lines, 750c.;三百三十二 lines, 755c.;三百四十三
lines, 760c.;三百五十四 lines, 765c.;三百六十五
lines, 770c.;三百七十六 lines, 775c.;三百八十七
lines, 780c.;三百九十八 lines, 785c.;三百零九
lines, 790c.;三百一十 lines, 795c.;三百二十一
lines, 800c.;三百三十二 lines, 805c.;三百四十三
lines, 810c.;三百五十四 lines, 815c.;三百六十五
lines, 820c.;三百七十六 lines, 825c.;三百八十七
lines, 830c.;三百九十八 lines, 835c.;三百零九
lines, 840c.;三百一十 lines, 845c.;三百二十一
lines, 850c.;三百三十二 lines, 855c.;三百四十三
lines, 860c.;三百五十四 lines, 865c.;三百六十五
lines, 870c.;三百七十六 lines, 875c.;三百八十七
lines, 880c.;三百九十八 lines, 885c.;三百零九
lines, 890c.;三百一十 lines, 895c.;三百二十一
lines, 900c.;三百三十二 lines, 905c.;三百四十三
lines, 910c.;三百五十四 lines, 915c.;三百六十五
lines, 920c.;三百七十六 lines, 925c.;三百八十七
lines, 930c.;三百九十八 lines, 935c.;三百零九
lines, 940c.;三百一十 lines, 945c.;三百二十一
lines, 950c.;三百三十二 lines, 955c.;三百四十三
lines, 960c.;三百五十四 lines, 965c.;三百六十五
lines, 970c.;三百七十六 lines, 975c.;三百八十七
lines, 980c.;三百九十八 lines, 985c.;三百零九
lines, 990c.;三百一十 lines, 995c.;三百二十一
lines, 1000c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.
Trains call at Stirling station as follows—
GOING WEST.
Mail & Ex. 6:27 a.m. Account... 10:25 a.m.
Mail & Ex. 6:45 p.m. Account... 10:45 a.m.

The Stirling News-Argus.
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1903.

LOCAL MATTERS.

The thermometer registered below zero this morning.

Rev. J. C. Bell is conducting special services at Carmel Church.

We are anxious to clothe that boy of yours with a suit from Ward's.

The fine skating on the mill pond is being taken advantage of by the young people.

Special services are being held at Wellman's Corners, conducted by Rev. R. Duke.

The Presbyterian Sabbath School is preparing for an entertainment on New Year's night. A good programme may be expected.

See Ward's Gloves and Mitts for the best value in the trade. 25c. to \$3.00.

Mrs. Jas. Boldrick met with an accident on Tuesday, falling and breaking three ribs. The accident was caused by her feet slipping on an icy floor.

The anniversary services in connection with Mount Pleasant Church will be held on Dec. 20th, and the Sabbath School entertainment on Monday evening, Dec. 21st.

You buy your Furs at Ward's because they are reliable and you have a large assortment to choose from.

At the Stirling Cheese Board yesterday there were only a small number of cheese offered, many of the factories having closed out the season's make previously. The Board adjourned until next Spring.

Arrangements are being completed for the opening of Stirling Public Library. The room will be over the post-office block. The committee who have charge of the arrangements hope to have everything ready for the opening in a short time.

FOR SALE—Nine pigs, 3 months old.

GEO. DAFOE, Harold.

The East Lynne Co. played to a full house here on Friday night last, and also put on "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," the following evening to a good house. The plays were fair but not quite up to expectations, as at their visit to this town in June last they carried a much better company.

Special—100 yards Ladies Suitings in heavy frieze, colors grey, black and blue, at 60c. Fred Ward's.

The Adra Luton Concert Co. gave an entertainment in the Music Hall, on Tuesday evening last, to a fair, but intelligent and appreciative audience. The programme given by the three members of the company was fine, and the approbation of the audience was plainly manifested by the numerous encores given the different numbers. Miss Adra Luton, soprano, possesses a very sweet voice and her equal as a soprano singer is hard to find. Mr. A. Blackwell Smith, the boy baritone, has an excellent voice for one so young, and the solos which he gave were highly appreciated. Miss Irene Hitchcock-Bartlett, elocutionist, showed herself in her different selections to be a high-class artist, and her imitation of different birds was very perfect. The company were bidden to give another entertainment last evening but owing to poor attendance it was cancelled.

WANTED—Good general servant. Highest wages paid to competent person. Apply Box 1013, Belleville.

E. A. Lancaster, Esq., M. P. for Lincoln and Niagara, in writing to the Weekly Sun regarding the change in the law respecting the Cattle Guard question, says:

"I think it proper, now that the long fight over cattle guard legislation is at last determined in favor of enforcing the rights of the people, to write to you to express my appreciation of the assistance rendered the cause of the farmers by The Weekly Sun during the past three years. I trust the farming community will give you the appreciation which you deserve in regard to this matter."

Every farmer should subscribe for two papers, the News-Argus, his home paper, and The Weekly Sun. The Sun makes a specialty of market reports and farm business generally. The combined price of the News-Argus and the Weekly Sun is \$1.80.

An All-Round Newspaper.

The cable and outside news service which The Toronto Daily Star has built up gives it as full and comprehensive a gathering of outside news of the day as can be found in any other Canadian paper. In addition to this, its many special features give to The Star a particular character, and make it a specially readable newspaper. It gives more attention to "Women and the Home" than any other paper, recognizing the fact that half the readers of a newspaper are women. The Star also gives more attention should be paid.

In other departments—editorially in market reports, sporting, general and city news—The Star is no less complete and attractive.

The Star's subscription price is \$1.00 a year, with the balance of this year thrown in to new subscribers.

There was good sleighing in Bancroft last week.

Fatal Accident.

John T. Bateman, of Rawdon, Instantly Killed.

Last evening, about 9:30 o'clock, there occurred a sad accident at the level crossing of the G. T. Ry. on the Ridge Road, the exact circumstances of which will never be fully known, but the result of which was the instantaneous death of Mr. John T. Bateman, of Rawdon. It appears that the deceased, after having some conversation with several of our villagers at the Stirling House, started for home about 9 o'clock, and this is the last that was seen of him alive. He went by way of the Ridge Road, and as he was approaching the crossing going eastward, there was a long double-header freight train going westward approaching the same crossing at a speed of 18 to 20 miles an hour. The engine whistle had blown for the crossing, and the fireman took his lantern and looked out to see if the engine was taking up the water which he had just turned on from the tank, when he was struck in the face by something, and on looking forward he saw a buggy wheel on the front of the engine, and told the driver that they had struck a rig. The train was stopped at once, and as the fireman returned to the crossing small fragments of a buggy were found strewn along the side of the track, and the dead body of John T. Bateman was found lying between the track and the fence on the south side. There were some small cuts about the forehead, the lower jaw, neck, and left thigh were broken, and blood was flowing from the mouth. The horse was found where he had been thrown against Mr. McFee's barnyard fence, with both right legs broken 5 or 6 inches above the hocks, and otherwise bruised, and with only a bridle and one line on him. He died in a few minutes.

The train pulled up to the Stirling station, the trackmen of the section were soon on hand, and, under the direction of foreman of John H. Johnston, soon repaired the track, from which a number of spikes had been drawn. Coroner Dr. Bissonnette was notified, and he went to the scene, and after careful inquiry decided not to hold an inquest and gave a warrant to allow the body to be buried. It was removed to Mr. Ralph's undertaking rooms, and after being confined was removed to his late home in the 10th concession of Rawdon.

Mr. Bateman was a well-to-do farmer of about 45 years of age, and leaves a widow and several children to mourn his untimely end.

Well Deserved.

The immense value offered by The Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal this season is meeting with the success the publishers deserve. Their pictures—"Heart Broken" and "Hard to Choose"—are beautiful, and their other premium colored map of Canada is up-to-date. It is the biggest dollar's worth in Canada to-day. The Family Herald is securing thousands of new subscribers by their generous gifts this year; in fact, few homes will be found without that great paper and beautiful premiums when one dollar secures so much.

E. W. Rathbun, president and general manager of the Rathbun Company of Deseronto, died on Tuesday morning, of heart disease. He was 61 years of age, and was a native of Auburn, New York. He came over to Canada at an early age, with his father, the late H. B. Rathbun, who founded mill at what was then known as Culverton's wharf, later known as Mill Point, and now as Deseronto. At the death of his father, E. W. Rathbun took over the business, and showed a remarkable capacity for business. This was the nucleus of what is now one of the greatest lumbering businesses of the Province, with numerous connections, under the name of the Rathbun Company, of which he was long the head and guiding hand. Mr. Rathbun was married twice. His first wife was a Miss Burt, of Albany. His second wife was Miss McMurrich, a member of the well-known McMurrich family of Toronto, who survived him. The family surviving him are: E. Walter, assistant general manager of the Rathbun Co.; Mrs. C. A. Masten, Toronto; Harold M. Marvin, Adrian, and two daughters residing at home.

The Herald says: "The Orange Lodge at Marmora will build new hall here early in the spring. The old hall has been bought by J. H. Warren, and will be turned into a residence."

By The Weekly Sun during the past three years. I trust the farming community will give you the appreciation which you deserve in regard to this matter."

Industry and prosperity are spelled differently, but they mean about the same thing.

No woman ever admits outside the divorce court that she drew a matrimonial blank.

Some men waste a lot of time in wondering how the world got along before they came into it, and how it is going to get on after they leave it.

Let us hope that the winter will be a failure, instead of the coal crop.

There are a few things that even a very young man doesn't know.

Every time some women smile their husbands are reminded of dentists' bills.

Man would rather propel the bicycle of pleasure, than the wheelbarrow of necessity.

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THE WORLD'S MARKETS

REPORTS FROM THE LEADING TRADE CENTRES.

Prices of Cattle, Grain, Cheese, and Other Dairy Produce at Home and Abroad.

Toronto, Nov. 24.—Wheat.—The market is quiet, with demand confined chiefly to millers. No. 2 white and red winter quoted at 77 to 77½¢ low freight; No. 2 spring is quoted at 78¢ east, and No. 2 gosse at 70 to 71¢ east. Manitoba wheat is unchanged. At upper lake ports No. 1 Northern is quoted at 84¢ and No. 2 Northern at 82¢. No. 1 hard nominal at 90¢ lake ports. For grinding in transit quotations are 6¢ higher than above.

Oats.—The market is quiet at unchanged prices. No. 2 white is quoted at 28¢ to 29¢ west, and at 29¢ low freight to New York. No. 1 white, 30¢ east.

Bailey.—The market is dull, with the prices steady. No. 2 quoted at 43¢ middle freight. No. 3 extra at 40 to 41¢, and No. 3 at 38 to 39¢ middle freight.

Rye.—The market is quiet, with prices steady. Cars are quoted at 54¢ to 55¢ outside.

Pearls—Trade is dull and prices unchanged. No. 2 white quoted at 60 to 61¢ high freight, and at 62¢ east.

Corn.—The market is quiet, with prices steady. No. 2 yellow American quoted at 53 to 53½¢ on track. Toronto; No. 3 yellow at 52¢, and No. 3 mixed at 52¢. Corn.

Huckwheat.—The market is unchanged, with quotations 41 to 42¢ st. outside points.

Flour.—Ninety per cent. patients are steady at \$3.05 middle freights, to buyers' sacks, for export. Straight rollers of special brands for domestic trade quoted at \$3.40 to \$3.50 in bushels. Manitoba flours are steady, about 900 lbs., \$3.50 to \$3.75.

Stockers—Fair demand for good stockers, prices for the best quality, about 900 lbs., \$3.50 to \$3.75.

Sheep and lambs—Trade good, all sold; prospects steady. Prices, export ewes, \$3.25 to \$3.55; bucks, \$2.50 to \$2.75; rams, \$2 to \$3; lambs, \$2.75 to \$4.10.

Hogs—Market weak and prospects lower. No change in quotations today at \$5.10 for the best, down to \$4.75 for lights and fats.

Export, heavy \$4.10 to \$4.70

Export, light 3.80 to 4.00

Bulls, export, heavy, cwt. 3.75 to 4.25

do, light 3.00 to 3.50

Feeders, 800 lbs. and upwards 3.00 to 3.60

Show keep, 1,000 lbs. 3.65 to 3.80

Stockers, 400 to 800 lbs. 2.50 to 3.12½

do, 900 lbs. 2.75 to 3.50

Butchers' cattle, choice 3.75 to 4.10

do medium 3.30 to 3.50

do picked 4.00 to 4.30

do bulls 2.75 to 3.00

do rough 2.50 to 2.60

Light stock bulls, cwt. 2.25 to 2.50

Mil. cows 30.00 to 52.00

Hogs, best 5.10

do, light 4.75

Sheep, export, cwt. 3.25 to 3.55

Spring lambs 3.75 to 4.10

Bucks 2.60 to 2.75

Culls 2.25 to 2.75

Calves, each 2.00 to 10.00

INLAND REVENUE REPORT.

Details of the Inspection—Increase in Receipts.

An Ottawa despatch says: The annual report of the Inland Revenue Department was issued on Wednesday and contains the details with regard to the inspection of weights and measures and gas and electric light.

Potatoes—The offerings are moderate, with prices unchanged. Cars on track are quoted at 55¢ per bag for good quality.

Poultry—The demand is fair, and offerings moderate. Turkeys are quoted at 10 to 12¢ per lb., and geese at 7 to 8¢ per lb., ducks, 8¢ to 9¢ per lb., or 75 to 90¢ per pair. Chickens, 8 to 9¢ per lb., or 60 to 75¢ per pair; old hens, 45 to 50¢ per pair.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—The market is firm, with receipts of medium and low grades fair. Choice dairy tubs scarce and wanted. We quote—Finest 1-lb. rolls, 18½ to 20¢; choice large rolls, 16½ to 17½; selected dairy tubs, 17 to 18c; secondary grades, 13 to 14c; creamy prints, 22 to 23¢; solids, 19½ to 20¢.

Eggs—Market continues firm. We quote—Strictly new laid, 24¢; cold storage, 18 to 20¢; limed, 18¢ per dozen.

Cheese—Market quiet, with the best selling at 11½¢, and seconds at 10¢ to 11¢.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, Nov. 24.—Manitoba wheat is up again to 78¢ for No. 1 Northern, Fort William, November delivery, which leaves it still under the average quotation for December delivery. Green Peas, 71¢ to 72¢ a bushel; rye, 53¢ east, 58¢ afloat; buckwheat, 52¢ afloat, No. 2 oats, 35¢ in store, 43¢ afloat; No. 2 oats, 1c less; hexseed, \$1.15 on track here; No. 3 barley, 24¢; cold storage, 18 to 20¢; limed, 18¢ per dozen.

Business—The market is quiet, with the best selling at 11½¢, and seconds at 10¢ to 11¢.

SCHOOL GARDENS.

Regulations to Govern Them Adopted by Cabinet.

A Toronto despatch says: On the recommendation of the Minister of Education regulations have been adopted by order-in-council for the establishment of school gardens in connection with rural schools. Last session \$1,000 was set aside for this purpose, and the regulations framed provide for an initial grant of \$100, with a subsequent grant of \$10. The trustees must provide one acre of ground in addition to the school grounds, build a shed for tools, seed, etc., and make the necessary arrangements under the direction of the Public school inspector. This provision is intended to foster agricultural and horticultural nature study, and all matters appertaining to country life.

RECIPROCITY WITH CANADA

Resolution Introduced in House at Washington.

A Washington despatch says: Representative Williams, Mississippi, introduced a resolution on Thursday declaring—

A London despatch says: The past season has proved most unfavorable to the rearers of poultry both in England and on the Continent, so that reliance must be placed on the Canadian supply, especially the supply of turkeys. Importers and producers are looking for high prices.

A Turkish force lost many killed and wounded in a battle with Macedonian insurgents on Saturday.

THE DEADLY KISS.

Dr. Bryce on the Alarming Spread of Diphtheria.

A Toronto despatch says: Dr. Bryce, of the Provincial Board of Health, at a meeting of that body on Wednesday laid some facts before them concerning the alarming spread of diphtheria. He pointed out that in August twenty-seven municipalities reported 122 cases, with 24 deaths, and in September 88 municipalities reported 240 cases with 30 deaths. The returns for October show that in 52 municipalities there were 464 cases with 54 deaths, and letters for November indicate that the presence of diphtheria continues.

Speaking for Toronto, Dr. Bryce says that in August 51 cases were reported, which increased in October to 118 cases with 14 deaths. Out of 770 cases reported in October 445 were treated in the Isolation Hospital. These are an important factor he thinks in checking disease and lowering the death rate, and he learns with satisfaction that the new addition to the Isolation Hospital will soon be completed.

In Ottawa there were 319 cases and 19 deaths, and 57.0 per cent. were treated in the hospitals with the result that the death rate was only 12.72 and 9 out of the 19 deaths occurred in January before arrangements were made for treating these cases in the hospitals. Guelph had 9 cases with no deaths, all of which were treated in the hospitals.

London, while one of the best situated in point of site and sanitation, a number of cases of mild character occurred in January and February, and increased in virulence steadily up to the present. In June there were 23 cases and 1 death, July 35 cases and 2 deaths, August 18 cases and 4 deaths, Sept. 35 cases and 4 deaths, October 94 cases and 8 deaths. London, while more highly situated than many other localities, has fared worse than any in the province, but is now dealing with the disease in tents provided for the purpose.

Dr. Bryce attributes the cause of the spread of diphtheria and scarlet fever to lack of precaution on the part of parents and health officers, and says the disease is spread largely by school children with sore throats who play and kiss one another before the cases have been diagnosed. In Cheltenay recently 23 cases developed in 13 days, the result of milk being sold from the house in which a diphtheritic patient was being treated. Games at school are perhaps the most prolific cause of contagion.

THIRTY ONE KILLED.

Disastrous Collision of Trains on Illinois Road.

A Peoria, Ill., despatch says: Thirty-one men were killed, and at least thirty injured in head-on collision between a freight and a work train on the Big Four, between Mackinaw and Fremont, on Thursday. On a bank at the side of the track lie the bodies of the victims, cut, bruised, and mangled in a horrible manner. So far twelve only have been identified, the remaining being unrecognizable.

All the dead and most of the injured were members of the work train, the crews of both engines jumping in time to save their lives. The collision occurred in a deep cut, at the beginning of a sharp curve, neither train being visible to the crew of the other until they were within 50 feet of each other. The engineers set the brakes, sounded the whistle, and leaped from their cabs, the two trains striking with such force that the sound was heard for miles. A second after the collision the boiler of the work train exploded, throwing heavy iron bars and splinters of wood 200 feet.

Conductor John W. Judge, of Indianapolis, who had charge of the freight train, received orders at Urbana to wait at Mackinaw for the work train, which was due there at 2:40 p.m. Instead of doing this he failed to stop. The engineer of the work train, George Becker, had also received orders to pass the freight at Mackinaw, and was on the way to that station. One of the last bodies recovered had been lifted 30 feet into two rails which had been pushed up between the engines and the tender of the work train.

FAST VESSELS FOR MAIL.

Will Cross Atlantic in Five and One-Half Days.

An Ottawa despatch says: Before another season has passed there may be vessels in the Atlantic plying between the United Kingdom and Canada capable of covering the distance from Montreal to Riomouski in five and a half days. The contract with the Allan's expires next summer, and they will be given to understand that if they wish to retain the Government subsidy paid for the delivery of mails they must provide faster ships. Up to the present time no chickens have been exported by the Department to Great Britain. The price received per pound is from 10 to 13 cents, plucked weight. This course will be pursued so that farmers in any part of Canada fattening their chickens can sell them to dealers who recognize the value of fattened chickens and pay an increased price per pound for them.

It would be to the mail service of the Allan's have two turbines now building, which will be capable of steaming seventeen knots, and to those plying to Montreal or Quebec a service could be given that in point of speed and comfort would leave very little to be desired.

TURKEYS WILL BE DEAR.

Canadian Poultry Will be in Demand in London.

A London despatch says: The past season has proved most unfavorable to the rearers of poultry both in England and on the Continent, so that reliance must be placed on the Canadian supply, especially the supply of turkeys. Importers and producers are looking for high prices.

A Turkish force lost many killed and wounded in a battle with Macedonian insurgents on Saturday.

MODERN POULTRY HOUSE

WHERE THEY ARE LOCATED IN CANADA.

They Are Equipped with Incubators, Brooders, and movable houses.

The Dominion Department of Agriculture has in operation in Canada three poultry breeding stations, three chicken rearing stations, and ten chicken fattening stations—sixteen in all.

station, the farmers are pleased with the increased returns received from their fatted chickens, and are in a good way to realize a substantial poultry revenue. What has been accomplished in Renfrew can be repeated in other parts of Canada.

+

RAILWAY WRECK.

Fatal Accident on Pere Marquette Near Chatham.

A Chatham despatch says: A fatal accident occurred on the Lake Erie division of the Pere Marquette, a mile south of Chatham on Monday night. Fireman Robt. Hutchinson, of Walkerville, was instantly killed, and Engineer James Flowers, of Walkerville, was badly bruised about the hips, and had the back of his head cut. Brakeman Pensall, of Walkerville, Engineer Wanless and Fireman Hunter of Chatham, were also slightly injured.

The special freight train used for hauling sugar beets to the Dresden and Wallaceburg factories was just preparing to go into the siding near the cemetery at the yard limits. The Walkerville local, running forty miles an hour, and hurrying to get out of the way of the mail train, came around the sharp bend at this point, and crashed into the sugar beet freight, which had just started to back into the siding. It is said that the crew of the sugar beet train failed to put up the yard semaphore.

Engineer Flowers reversed his engine and applied the brakes, but he was so close on the other train that he had not time to jump. His fireman, Hutchinson, attempted to jump, but his feet caught and he was thrown under the engine. His body was cut in two. Engineer Wanless and Fireman Hunter on the sugar beet train jumped and escaped.

The engine on the sugar beet freight was knocked back over twenty feet, and lies a mass of scrap iron, the freight cars being piled upon it. The other engine is as bad as a wreck, the drive wheels being thrown back under the tender. Engineer Wanless, who weighs 250 pounds, was thrown upon the water tank by the force of the concussion. About ten freight cars are a total loss. A tank car of crude oil was upset and the oil flowed freely. Fortunately it did not catch fire.

FIRE KILLS TWENTY-SEVEN

Italian Laborers Caught in Blazing Shanty.

A Johnstown, Pa., despatch says: While over 100 Italian railroad laborers were asleep in a shanty near Lilly, Pa., on the Pennsylvania Railroad, early on Saturday, the building caught fire and before they could escape 27 were burned to death and a score or more were seriously injured.

The men were employed by McMenamin & Sims, on the Pennsylvania Railroad improvements between Lilly and Portage. The shanty was about 100 feet long and one story in height. One end was devoted to cooking and eating, while in the other end the men slept in bunks. There was only one door at each end and the windows were few and small.

The fire is supposed to have started from an overheated stove in the kitchen end. The building burned like tinder and the flames were upon the men before any of them were aroused. The men fought and scurried for the doors, and the weaker were crushed down and trampled upon. Others were roasted to death.

Those who strove for the door were in the wildest sort of panic. They fought and kicked, and among those who escaped there are many who bear marks of violence. A few got out of the small window minus clothes and with their bodies cut from broken glass.

Many had their savings of years in their trunks, which they left behind in the building. Remembering this fact, as soon as they got outside, they fought just as fiercely to get back. A few succeeded, but for the sake of their hoarded treasure they gave up their lives. In the ruins some of the corpses were close beside the hoisted bands of their trunks and melted gold and silver, which had been kept in those receptacles, indicated that they had fallen and died with their treasure in their hands. The bodies were all practically burned to pieces.

An Italian who looked at the scene and who knew every man in the shanty, was unable to identify a single one.

HEAVY GALES IN ENGLAND

Many Killed by Falling Walls and Chimney Pots.

A London despatch says: Heavy gales in England have caused much damage to property, and a number of deaths in the streets of Birmingham, Tipton, and Halesowen, the victims having been hit by falling walls or chimney pots. Thus far eleven deaths caused in this manner have been reported. A quantity of wreckage, including a small boat, has been swept up on the coast, leading to the fear that there have been more disasters at sea. Telegraphic communication with the Continent is partially interrupted.

MONKS EXPelled.

Police at Marseilles Drag Occupants From Their Cells.

A Marseilles despatch says: The expulsion of the fathers from the Convent of St. Valarie was achieved on Saturday by the police. In spite of strong resistance on the part of the fathers, the police were compelled to descend the doors of the convent, enter the chapel and sacristy, and then break down barriers which had been erected before the cells, and drag out the occupants. A large crowd witnessed the expulsion, but no interference with the police was attempted.

ONTARIO CROP REPORT.

Yield This Year Has Been as Good as Any on Record.

The returns relating to the crops in Ontario received by the Department of Agriculture show that the Province has had a crop well above the average of the past 22 years, and one which is almost as good as the best. Compared with last year's bumper crop, this year's yields show a few declines, but there are also a number of increases. Wheat, oats, rye, carrots, turnips, corn, and hay show yields lower than last year, but the difference is slight. All the other cereals and roots show material advances over last year. Only one crop, that of carrots, is below the average for 22 years. The yield in bushels per acre with comparisons is shown below:

Fall wheat 665,028 acres; 17,242,768 bushels, or 25.9 per acre. The yield for 1902 was 20,233,069 bushels.

Spring wheat 248,518 acres; 4,940,233 bushels, or 19.9 bushels per acre. The yield for 1902 was 6,048,024 bushels.

Bailey 709,829 acres; 24,378,817 bushels, or 34.3 bushels per acre.

Oats 2,645,965 acres; 110,228,103 bushels, or 41.7 bushels per acre.

Rye, 179,277 acres; 2,970,768 bushels, or 16.6 bushels per acre.

Durum 14,444 acres; 3,509,322 bushels.

Poas, 407,133 acres; 8,924,650 bushels, or 21.9 bushels per acre.

Barley 29,287,888 bushels, or 77.3 bushels per acre. The crop of 1902 was 20,512,194 bushels.

Corn for silo and fodder (green) 209,727 acres; 2,564,400 tons, or 12,23 tons per acre. The crop of 1902 was 2,611,364 tons.

Hay and clover 2,786,565 acres, 4,336,562 tons, or 156 tons per acre. The crop of 1902 was 4,955,433 tons.

Apples—43,659,413 bushels, or 16.15 bushels per tree of bearing age.

Tobacco—2,428,031 pounds. The yield of 1902 was 3,076,717 pounds. Threshing is more advanced than usual and in most parts of the province is practically completed.

The area of wheat sown this year has greatly increased, more particularly in the Lake Erie district and other localities where the Hessian fly did so much injury during the previous three or four years.

KILLED WIRING AID.

Operator Telegraphed Colleagues Begging Aid.

An Elmira, N. Y., despatch says: W. H. Clendenin, a telegraph operator at Browne, Pa., a station 15 miles north of Williamson, on the Beech Creek division of the New York Central Railway, was found dead in the telegraph tower shortly after 7 o'clock on Thursday night. At 6:50 o'clock the operator at Oak Grove, Pa., on the same road, received this message from Clendenin: "Send switch engine quick for me, I am being murdered by—" The wire opened and not another word came. A switch engine was sent to the scene and reached Browne in a short time. The body was found lying under the desk, the head crushed in. A bloody spike maul lay on the floor beside it. Robbery was apparently the motive, the watch and money of the operator being missing. No trace of the murderer has been found. Clendenin evidently recognized his assailant and was about to wire his name when death struck him from the key.

OUR FRUIT IN DEMAND.

Consumer Learning to Distinguish Grades of Apples.

A Ottawa despatch says: A marked improvement in the quality and packing of Canadian fruit sent to the British market this year is noted by Mr. Peter B. Ball, commercial agent at Birmingham, in his latest report to the Department of Trade and Commerce. He says that English buyers are now distinguishing between Canadian and American apples, and after this year's shipments the Canadians will certainly be preferred both for superior quality and the fact that our barrels hold more.

An London despatch says: Heavy gales in England have caused much damage to property, and a number of deaths in the streets of Birmingham, Tipton, and Halesowen, the victims having been hit by falling walls or chimney pots. Thus far eleven deaths caused in this

WALL PAPER.

Big Reduction in Prices for the Fall Trade.

Extra Value in Short Lots.
PAPER FROM 3 CENTS A ROLL UP.

50,000 ENVELOPES

Just arrived, and we can offer special value in box lots.

Also, new lines in Plain and Fancy Stationery.

PAINTS AND OILS

DYES, in bulk and Package.

PARKER'S DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE

Canada's Great Illustrated Weekly.

A leading feature of THE WEEKLY GLOBE to be added this fall will be an

Eight-Page Illustrated Supplement

ON SUPERCALENDERED PAPER.

For the production of this great paper an immense new electrotyping, photo-engraving and printing plant has been added to The Globe's mechanical equipment. This will make THE WEEKLY GLOBE unquestionably the most desirable home paper in Canada.

THE "LEADER"

Revolving Barrel Churn



Steel frame and double, reversible steel levers. Adjustable to sitting or standing position, or with foot lever.

The Rocker Washer.



The newest on the market. The results obtainable are astonishing. Uses less soap to the quantity of clothes than any other machine.

H. & J. WARREN,

Hardware, Stoves & Tinware,
MILL ST.

REMOVAL NOTICE.

W. C. MIKEL, R. C. L. Barrister, Solicitor for the City of Belleville, Ont., removed to the City Hall where he will continue a general practice of law except against the Corporation of the City of Belleville.

Money to Loan at 4, 5 or 6 per cent. accord-

ing to quality of security. Telephone, No. 195.

Farm for Sale.

A fifty acre farm, known as the McConnell Homestead, situated in the immediate vicinity of Springbrook. Upon the premises are a good house, barn, outbuildings, and frame dwelling and other outbuildings.

The place is well watered, and within one-half mile of church and three-quarters of a mile of school.

Sale on easy terms, and possession given at once, if required.

For particulars apply on the premises to

MANLEY McCONNELL,

Springbrook, O.

Palace Shaving Parlor.

The undersigned has now open to the public the finest Shaving Parlor ever opened up in Stirling.

Having been in Peterboro' for the past year learning all the latest ideas of the profession, I am now prepared to do all work up-to-date. A call will be made at the Shop opposite Post Office, formerly Parker Brothers' Bank.

W. W. HAGEMAN, Proprietor.

News-Argus to Jan. 1, '05, \$1.

JAMAICA'S MYSTERY.

THE FINGER OF FATE IN THE FALL OF HER CAPITALS.

Tragedies That Are Written In the History of Her Ruined Cities—Two of Them Vanished Utterly From on the Face of the Earth.

There exists in Jamaica, in the West Indies, a universal supposition that a curse rests upon any town chosen to be its capital. Since 1509, when the first chief city was founded, no fewer than three capitals have been ruined in mysterious and tragic ways. Two have vanished utterly from the face of the earth. Some of the more superstitions of the colonists, brooding over the strange history of their country, fear that Kingston, the present capital, a city of 70,000 inhabitants, will share the fate of its predecessors.

The first capital was Sevilla Nueva (New Seville), otherwise called Sevilla d'Oro (the Golden Seville), on account of its marvelous wealth. It was founded by Don Juan d'Esquivel and Diego, a son of Christopher Columbus. In a few years it became the greatest Spanish city in the new world. Thither flocked the blue blooded but impudent nobles of Castile, eager to rebuild their family fortunes at the expense of the poor Arawaks.

Cathedrals, palaces and monasteries, rivaling those of Spain in splendor, were erected. The marble streets were crowded with gayly clad courtiers and Indian slaves, who toiled for them and brought them tribute from mine and jungle.

Then, in a night, the city vanished, and no one can tell today what happened to it. No survivors and no records were left behind to tell the tale. Today one can see, buried in tropical jungle, a mile of marble pavement and a few broken columns and arches. Nothing else remains of the Golden Seville, once so prosperous and splendid, except a few contradictory native traditions. These traditions variously ascribe the destruction of the city and its inhabitants to a mutiny of the oppressed Indians, an earthquake, a sudden visitation of millions of red ants and an attack by French buccaneers. The very memory of what was once the greatest city of the new world has almost perished. Even in Jamaica few people know anything about the Golden Seville.

The Spaniards made Saint Jago de la Vega, now called Spanish Town, their second capital. Time and again it was devastated by hurricane and plague, harassed by Indian revolts or ransacked by adventurous picaros. Gradually it sank from its high estate until now it is merely a squallid village.

When the English conquered the island they made Port Royal their real capital, though Spanish Town remained for some time the official seat of government. The emporium of the Indies and the Spanish main, the market for the ill gotten gains of 10,000 buccaneers, Port Royal soon became the richest and wickedest city of the new world. At the height of its splendor and its vice it was destroyed within the space of two minutes by an earthquake.

"The ground opening in Several Places at once," wrote an eyewitness in 1692, a few days after the catastrophe, "swallowed up Multitudes of People together, whole Streets sinking under water with Men, Women and Children in them; and those Houses which but just now appeared the fairest and Loftiest in these Parts and might vie with the Finest Buildings in the World were in a moment Sun in the Earth, and nothing to be seen of them; such Crying, such Shrieking and Mourning I never heard, nor could anything in my Opinion appear more Terrible to the Eye of Man. Here a Company of People Swallowed up at once; there a whole Street tumbling down, and in Another Place the Trembling Earth opening her Ravenous Jaws let in the Merciless Sea, so that this Town is become a Heap of Ruins. Several People were Swallowed up of the Earth, when, the Sea breaking in before the Earth could Close, they were washed up again and Miraculously saved from Perishing. Others the Earth received up to their Necks, and then Closed upon them and squeezed them to Death, with their Heads above Ground, many of which the Dogs Eat; Multitudes of People Floating up and down, having no Burial. The Burying Place at the Palisades is quite Destroyed, the Dead Bodies being washed out of their Graves, their Tombs beat to Pieces and they floating up and down; it is sad to think how we have suffered.

"The Earth hath still fits of Shaking, with very much Thunder and Lightning, and dreadful Weather; yet this had so little effect upon some People here that the very same Night they were at their Old Trade of Drinking and Swearing, breaking up Warehouses, Pillaging and Stealing from their Neighbors, even while the Earthquake lasted, and several of them were destroyed in the very Act; and indeed this Place has been one of the Ludest in the Christian World, a sink of all filthiness, and a mere Sodom."

The Old Port Royal lies buried beneath the sea. The present town of Port Royal, a place of no importance except as a conflagration station, was built after the earthquake, a fire and a landslide having destroyed the few houses left standing.

Kingston was not founded until the early part of the eighteenth century, but it has already been thrice destroyed by fire and several times ravaged by hurricanes. The inhabitants naturally wonder what catastrophe will happen next.

Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing, but very few a generous thing.—Pope.

Foxboro Notes

From Our Own Correspondent.

Miss Nettie Homan has returned from Stirling, where she attended the reception given Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Wright by his parents on Friday evening.

Mr. Chas. Gardiner, our enterprising jeweller, has bought the property lately owned by Mr. D. F. Sills.

Mr. Edgar Burrell, formerly of Crookston, has bought the farm lately owned by Mr. F. S. Demarest.

Madoc Junction Items.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mr. Wm. Sparrow, of West Huntingdon, spent Sunday at Mr. Jas. Juby's.

Mr. E. G. Clarke, of Peterboro, spent Sunday at Mr. Geo. Clarke's.

F. J. Clarke spent Sunday at his home here.

We are sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Geo. Lyons, brother of Mrs. Geo. Cook of this place.

Mrs. Pearl Bennett spent Sunday at her home here.

Rain is needed here very much. Several wells are dry.

Wedding bells in the near future.

Mrs. J. R. Clarke is visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. Seeley, of Stirling.

Do not forget the tea-meeting at West Huntingdon on Friday, the 27th. A good time is expected. Go and enjoy it.

A Miss-Delivered Letter.

Judgment has been given in an interesting case by Police Magistrate Flint, of Belleville. Fred Hawley, of Thurlow, was charged with stealing a letter belonging to Mrs. W. S. Spencer, of Brockville, who had come to visit him and other friends in Thurlow. Hawley was asked by Mrs. Spencer to ask at the Belleville post office for a letter for her, which he did, receiving one. Then instead of handing the letter to Mrs. Spencer, who was still in the vicinity, he sent it to her husband, who retained it, and used it against his wife with great effect in a case in which the wife was endeavoring to make her husband support her. The magistrate acquitted the defendant of stealing the letter, but under a clause in the Post Office Act, convicted him of neglect to deliver the letter to whom it was addressed. A fine of \$25 without costs was imposed.

Cordova Desolate.

To visit Cordova these days has a very depressing effect. Closing down the mine caused general consternation. People who could make haste to get out, and already many have left. Naturally enough a good many had not been preparing for a rainy day, and had not sufficient cash to meet their obligations, or had an unwillingness to do so. Add to this the fact that the business places were largely stocked for the Xmas trade will give some idea of the hard blow it has been to those engaged in business.

As is usually the case, there was undue fear. That the mine is all right and will shortly resume work, there is little cause to doubt. The company is an English one of great wealth. They had become dissatisfied with the management and closed down the mine for investigation.—Marmora Herald.

A hockey club is being organized at Bancroft.

Orders have been issued from the headquarters of the Grand Trunk notifying the men in the shops at Belleville and elsewhere, that they will only have nine hours work per day with Saturday afternoon off, making five days work per week.

Clubbing List

THE NEWS-ARGUS will club with the following papers at the rates mentioned:

The Weekly Globe \$1.75
The Weekly Mail & Empire, with premium picture 1.75

The Family Herald & Weekly Star, with two premium pictures, and Map of Canada 1.75

The Weekly Sun 1.80

The Toronto News (Daily) 1.80

The Toronto Star (Daily) 1.80

The Toronto Globe (Daily) 1.80

The Farmers' Advocate, balance of this year free to new subscribers, (weekly after Jan. 1) \$2.30

We specially commend the Advocate as the best agricultural paper published in Canada.

Especially low clubbing rates with the Montreal Daily or Weekly Witness.

The Montréal Daily or Weekly Witness.

The New Improved Duck Rubber.

Every pair Guaranteed Perfect.

They are soft, light and pliable, but firm as a Rock. Will not crack nor break.

All shapes, high and low cut, buckle and lace. The heaviest sole on any Rubber now made.

Call before purchasing elsewhere and be convinced. We are sole agents for "Kant Krack" Rubbers.

We have a perfect range in RUBBERS this year, in quality, price and assortment.

Women's Fine Rubbers, rolled edge, narrow toe, from 25c. up.

Women's Lined Rubbers, newest toe, from 50c. up.

Men's Lined Rubbers, newest toe, from 60c. up.

Men's Fine Rubbers, newest toe, from 60c. up.

See our Field Boots and Slippers, Overgaiters, Leggings, Overshoes, Lambs' Wool Soles (Ladies', Men's and Children's), Fleece Lined Boots in Misses' and Women's. These are beauties.

We have a splendid stock of FALL and WINTER FOOTWEAR.

Of course our Hand Made Work is in the lead.

Remember Superb Black Cat Polish.

GEO. REYNOLDS.

SHOE KING.

\$2 Highest price paid for Eggs.

At J. BOLDRICK & SON'S Corner Store

Furs Are on The Move, SURELY AND STEADILY.

Winter's sultry blast is with us to-day, calling for warm Winter Overcoats and Fur Coats. People who visit our store are surprised to see such a fine stock of Valuable Furs, in a small place. We tell them, this place is the hub of the county. People around here believe in taking care of their body at least, and quite able to supply their family with proper comforts for Winter.

Our stock of Ladies' Fur Coats and Cloth Mantles are at every price, from \$4.00 up, to suit every sort of customer; and a visit from intelligent buyers we will consider an honor and a privilege, as we have the Furs for their discrimination in choosing from.

Our Ladies Coats comprise—PERSIAN LAMB in three grades. ELECTRIC SEAL, BOKHARAN, and ASTRACHAN.

All beautifully made and trimmed, and coats that fit.

J. BOLDRICK & SON.

REXALL HOUSE-HOLD DYES.

These Dyes will dye Wool, Cotton, Silk, Jute mixed goods in one bath—they are the latest and most improved Dye in the world. Try a package. All colors at

C. F. STICKLE, Agent.

PERSONALS.

Mr. H. L. Boldrick, of Bancroft, is in town.

Mrs. Alfr. Chard of Keene, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Heard.

Mrs. Hugh Denyes, of Carlton Place, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D.

Messrs. John M. and Harry Black, of Montreal, and Charles and Byrne Black, of Nanapane, are home to attend the funeral of their father, the late John S. Black.

Canada's Great Illustrated Weekly.

In keeping with the progress of the year, CANADA'S GREAT NATIONAL HOME NEWSPAPER, THE WEEKLY GLOBE, will be very materially improved for 1904. Numerous important changes are in contemplation, but the leading feature will be the introduction of an EIGHT-PAGE ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT ON CALLED PAPER. This will undoubtedly make it the most popular weekly offered to the people of the Dominion. For particulars see advertisement in another column of this issue.

The proceeds of the dinner held at Fuller on Nov. 5th in celebration of the Gunpowder Plot, and of the teameting held on the following evening, amounted to about \$200.

Auction Sales.

FRIDAY, NOV. 27.—On lot 22, in the 8th con of Rawdon, the farm stock and implements belonging to the estate of the late John F. Meiklejohn. Sale at 12.30 p.m., sharp. Wm. Rodgers, Auctioneer.

SATURDAY, NOV. 28.—At his residence, First St. S. Stirling, all the Household Furniture, stoves, etc., belonging to Mrs. M. Norris. Sale at 1 o'clock. Wm. Rodgers, Auctioneer.

SATURDAY, DEC. 5.—At the premises of Mrs. G. L. Scott, Front Street, Stirling, a Jersey Cow, two Buggies, Cutter, Robe, two sets of Harness, set of carpenter's tools, new Lumber Wagon, Coal Stove and other miscellaneous articles. Also five acres of land. Sale at one o'clock, p.m. Wm. Rodgers, Auctioneer.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 9.—At Nine, an extensive sale of Household Furniture, belonging to Mr. John Green. Everything to be sold without reserve. Sale at 12.30, p.m., sharp. Wm. Rodgers, Auctioneer.

BIRTHS.

BROWN.—In Rawdon, on the 19th November, Inst., the wife of Harry Brown, of a daughter,

Deaths.

CARR.—At River Valley, Sidney, Matilda E., wife of Jesse Carr, aged 60 years, 11 months and 11 days.

HEAGLE.—In Rawdon, on Nov. 18th, Olive Heagle, aged 45 years and 2 months.

LYONS.—In Rawdon, on Nov. 21st. George Lyons, aged 51 years, 10 months and 4 days.

MELLON.—In Rawdon, on Nov. 24th, Jane Mellon, aged 80 years.

THE CELEBRATED EYE SPECIALIST

Prof. J. H. De Silberg, Optician Specialist from Germany, will be in Stirling, at the Stirling House parlors, three times yearly. Watch for dates. All consultation fees should be paid. Those having weak or imperfect eyes should not fail to consult the professor. Next visit will be in February.

The Montreal Daily or Weekly Witness.

THE NEW IMPROVED DUCK RUBBER.

The New Improved Duck Rubber.

Every pair Guaranteed Perfect.

They are soft, light and pliable, but firm as a Rock. Will not crack nor break.

All shapes, high and low cut, buckle and lace. The heaviest sole on any Rubber now made.

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